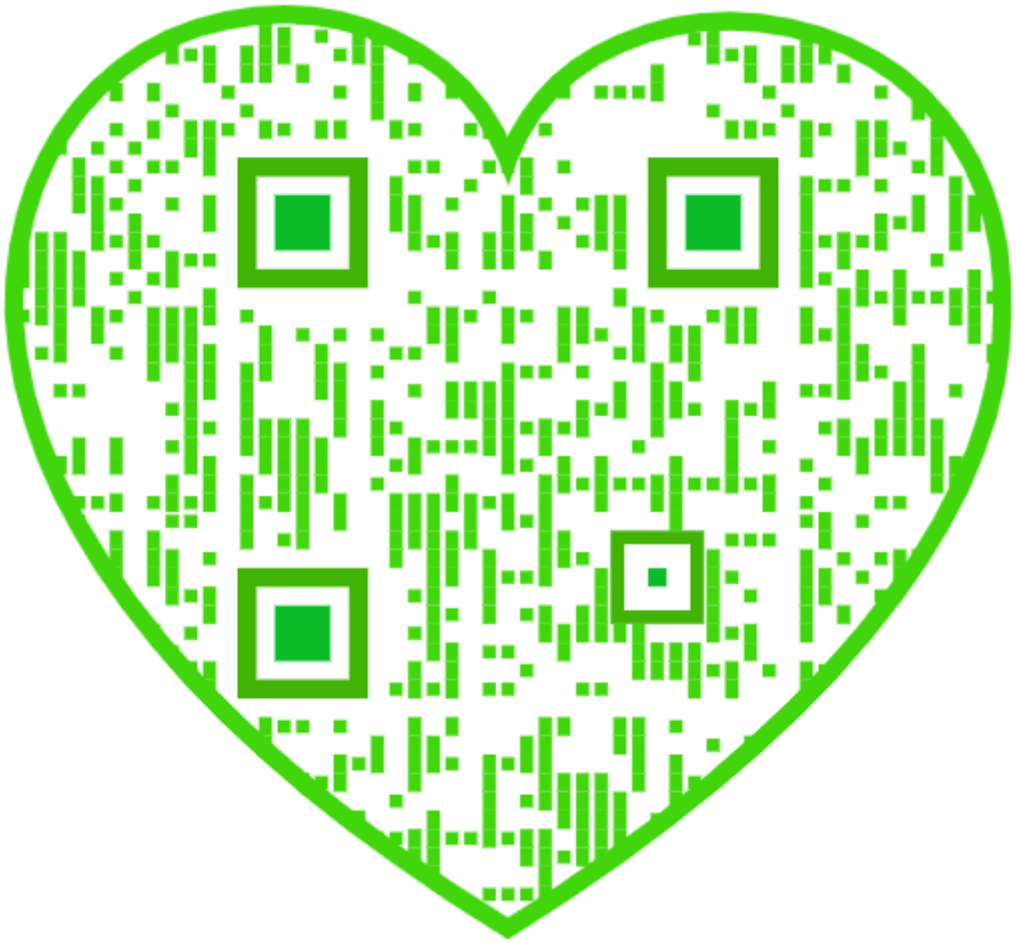

THE RISE AND FALL

OF

THE IRISH

FRANCISCAN MONASTERIES,

AND MEMOIRS OF

THE IRISH HIERARCHY

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE REV. C. P. MEEHAN, M.R.I.A.

THIRD EDITION.

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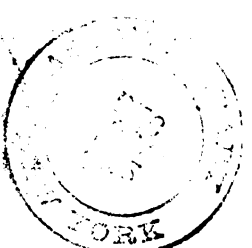

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TO

SIR J. BERNARD BURKE, C.B., LL.D.,

Ulster King-of-Arms,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS

AFFECTIONATELY AND RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated,

AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS PRIVATE VIRTUES,

AND IN

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS INVALUABLE HISTORICAL AND

GENEALOGICAL RESEARCHES,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND GRATEFUL FRIEND,

C. P. MEEHAN.

PREFACE.

THE papers in this volume first appeared in the *Hibernian Magazine*, and had the good fortune to be highly praised by the press, and many friends, clerical and lay, who urged that they should be presented to the public in a more durable form.

The opening part of the series can, as an original work, hardly be called mine; for I have done little more than give a free version of Father Mooney's Latin Manuscript History of the Irish Franciscan houses—a copy of which I procured from the Burgundian Library, Brussels—and enrich his details by gleaning from various quarters whatever could heighten the value of the good Father's performance. I have also cast it into a dramatic shape as the surest means of imparting to it a lively and engaging character.

I did not aim at producing a history of all the Franciscan houses which formerly existed in Ireland; but the reader will find an account of the most celebrated among them as they were before the Suppres-

sion, and as Father Mooney saw them either in their incipient decline, or in their desolation. The ruins of many of those establishments still remain. Whosoever visits them, with this book in his hand, will have for his guide the genial old friar, who, more than two centuries ago, described them so accurately and pathetically, and certainly in such way as none of his successors could pretend to do.

Archdall and others of his class furnish dry uncircumstantial dates; but Father Mooney peoples his periods, enables us to assist at the very founding of those venerable houses; nay, familiarises us with the inmates, their pursuits, and usages, and interweaves with his narrative many curious incidents, which, but for him, must have been lost for ever.

The study of his manuscript often solaced me in cark and gloom—for both will be, vigorous brain and disillusionised heart, notwithstanding; and I would hope that the perusal of this version may convince the reader that, be his ills or sense of wrongs ever so great, perhaps better men have known greater, and borne them with that indomitable patience which empowers us to possess our souls.

This virtue sustained Colgan during the composition of the Acta S.S. Hiberniæ; the Donegal Annalists, in their voluminous compilations, and

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This virtue sustained Colgan during the composition of the Acta S.S. Hiberniæ; the Donegal Annalists, in their voluminous compilations, and Father Mooney, while utilising monastic retirement in hoarding those precious reminiscences, which have been destined to secure the pre-eminent reputation of the Irish Franciscans. Neither warmed by the sunshine of patronage, nor encouraged by the smiles of fortune, but persecuted and depauperised, many a son of this illustrious order, must have frequently remembered the hopeful passage—

> "Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim
> Tollere humo!"

The papers on the Irish Hierarchy are derived from quarters not accessible to the general reader—the State Paper Office, London, the Bodleian, Oxford; Trinity College, Dublin; Rinuccini's Despatches; rare books, and manuscript compilations. I do not profess to give biographies of all the Irish prelates of the Seventeenth Century, but of those who figured most conspicuously in that interval. Need I say that such memoirs reflect strong light on our ecclesiastical and civil annals during the eventful period with which those personages are associated? Indeed, the fact was so palpable, that my labours in this special department have been largely used by many writers; some acknowledging the sources from which they borrowed their information; while others, heedless of the cost and trouble in discovering and accumulating them, disregarded such courteous honesty. Holy writ, however hath, "it is better to give rather than to receive." I will, therefore, console myself with the conviction that the ingrates are debtors to my unaided industry in those long-unfrequented and weed-hidden by-ways of our story. Seneca has said that large loans make enemies; but though the aphorism should prove true in my instance, I am more than compensated by being allowed to inscribe this volume with the name of a distinguished gentleman and author, whose affability and elegant erudition are the admiration of every one who has the happiness of being acquainted with him, either personally, or through his numerous charming works.

C. P. M.

S.S. Michael and John,
Dublin, Jan. 27, 1869.

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THE RISE AND FALL OF THE FRANCISCAN MONASTERIES IN IRELAND.

THE MONASTERY OF DONEGAL.

On the evening of the 16th of August, 1617, two Irish Franciscans were seated in the library of the house which they occupied at Louvain as a temporary domicile for themselves and community, pending the erection of the convent of St. Antony, the first stone of which had been laid a few months before by Albert and Isabella, joint sovereigns of the Netherlands. These two friars, fathers Purcell and Mooney, were both advanced in years; but the latter, though considerably older than his companion, was still hale and vigorous, notwithstanding the austerities of cloister life and the hardships of his early career; for in youth he had been a soldier, and served in the army of the great earl of Desmond, till the power of that once mighty palatine was utterly destroyed. Tired of camp life, and hoping to pass the remainder of his days in the calm seclusion of a convent, he ultimately took the habit of St. Francis, and, after due probation and a brief course of studies, was ordained priest, and advanced to various offices in the venerable monastery of Donegal, where he resided till the year 1601. Father Purcell, unlike his colleague, took the habit of St. Francis when he was a mere stripling, and proceeding to Rome, passed the greater part of his life in that city, where his learning, and, above all, his profound knowledge of the classics, placed him on a level with the most erudite of his day. Returning to Ireland, he resided

for some time in the convent of St. Francis at Kilkenny, till at length the combined forces of O'Neill and O'Donnell were routed at Kinsale, and he, like most of his brethren, had to fly for shelter and protection to Louvain, where the Irish Franciscans met cordial welcome from Albert and Isabella. Indeed, so solicitous were the archdukes—the title by which the joint sovereigns were designated—for the comfort and advancement of the Irish Franciscans, that they not only assisted in person and with great pomp at the laying of the first stone of the Irish monastery at Louvain, but also bestowed considerable endowments upon it, in order that it might serve as a sanctuary for the persecuted Irish, and a seminary for the training of future missionaries.

At the period of which we are writing, father Mooney was provincial of the Irish Franciscans, and father Purcell taught rhetoric, philosophy, and theology to the small community, the first of whom had been admitted to the noviciate in the year 1607. Next to his desire of beholding a spacious monastery erected for the Irish Franciscans in the old Flemish city, father Mooney had nothing so much at heart as to leave behind him a history of the houses of his own order in Ireland; but although thoroughly acquainted with the annals that chronicled their foundation, and having been a personal witness of the terrible calamities that befel most of them, he, nevertheless, felt himself incompetent to write anything like a succinct narrative of their rise and fall. A history of the Irish Franciscan monasteries should be written in Latin, and Mooney's imperfect knowledge of that language deterred him from undertaking such a task. A man, the greater part of whose early life had been spent among kerne and galloglass, bivouacking in the glens of Aharlow, driving preys, and making fierce inroads on the bawns of the English, when they were wresting the fair valleys of Munster from the followers of Desmond, had little time, and perhaps less inclination, for the study of Thucydides or Tacitus. Nevertheless, from the moment he had renounced sparth and matchlock, and taken the cowl in Donegal, his mind was constantly set upon his cherished project; and he resolved to collect all available fragments of the history of the Irish Franciscan monasteries, trusting that he might one day meet some member of his order able to cast them into a readable and interesting memoir.

This laudable ambition was stimulated by other considerations. The great families of O'Neill and O'Donnell had long been the benefactors of the Irish Franciscans in Ulster—nay, founders of their monasteries, and protectors of their order, at a time when English law proscribed their very existence, and decreed the dissolution of their time-honoured institutions. During the entire of that war which those two princes waged against Elizabeth, and which did not terminate till the disastrous victory of Kinsale, father Mooney passed much of his time in the camps of the chieftains, ministering to the wounded and dying on many a well-fought field, where their valour stemmed for a while the tide of English conquest. In fact, he witnessed all their fitful triumphs on the Blackwater, in Tyrone, as well as in the passes of the Curlew mountains in Connaught; and he finally beheld the French brigantine sailing away from Lough Swilly, freighted with the chief families of the old Celtic nobility, whose banishment and ruin involved that of his entire order. At the time when he conceived the idea of writing a history of the Franciscan monasteries in Ireland, most of those chieftains were lying in their foreign graves—one, the greatest of them all, in Valladolid, and the others in the crypts of the Janiculum at Rome: but their representatives were still living on the precarious bounty of the Spanish government, some serving in the armies and fleets of that power, and one in particular—Bernard, youngest son of the great earl of Tyrone—occupying the distinguished place of page in the court of Albert and Isabella at Brussels. Gratitude for benefits conferred on the Irish Franciscans by the ancestors of those fallen chieftains, and remembrance of the protection which the latter extended to the order during the reign of Elizabeth, were of themselves sufficient motives for leaving a lasting record of both—a record, too, which in all likelihood might advance the interests of the exiled nobles in the homes of their adoption, and secure for them the esteem and veneration of their compatriots, should heaven ever restore them to their forfeited domains.

Influenced by such motives, father Mooney spent the greater part of the year 1608 visiting the various monasteries of his order in Ireland, collecting, as we have already observed, every waif and stray that related to their early history, carefully treasuring the legends pertaining to each

of them; and what is still of greater interest to us, faithfully chronicling the vicissitudes of those venerable institutions, after the friars—or, as the annalists term them, "the sons of life"—had been obliged to emigrate and seek shelter either in the unfrequented glens of their own land, or in the hospitable asylums which were thrown open to them on the Continent.

The facts which he had thus gleaned and rescued from oblivion, needed some careful hand to give them shape and order; and to the end that such a work might deserve a place in the library of the Irish convent of St. Antony at Louvain, then fast approaching completion, father Purcell undertook the task of digesting the valuable papers which were committed to his charge, and translating them into Latin. On the evening we have already named, the two friars were seated together poring over the pages which father Purcell had just then completed; and no sooner did Mooney's clear grey eye light on the word "Donegal," than the tears streamed hot and fast down his channelled cheeks, and then, after a moment's pause, he turned to his companion, and said:—"Dear brother, read for me the history of that monastery I loved so well—aye, and that I love still, though it is now a lonely, rifted ruin. From time to time you must refresh my memory out of the pages which owe so much to your graceful Latinity; but mind that you read slowly, for I am growing dull, and without that Italian pronunciation, to which these aged ears are but ill accustomed."

Father Purcell crossed his arms on his breast, bowed reverently to his superior, and then opening the volume at the place indicated, read in the original Latin, of which we give a faithful paraphrase, the following history of the monastery of Donegal:—

It was in the year 1474, when the Franciscans were holding a provincial chapter in the monastery of Ross-Rial, that Nuala O'Connor, daughter of O'Connor Faily, one of the most powerful of the Leinster princes, and wife of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, came, accompanied by a brilliant following of noble ladies, and a goodly escort of kerne and galloglass, to present an humble memorial to the assembled fathers. When the latter had duly considered the prayer of the Lady Nuala's memorial, they deputed the provincial to inform her that they could not comply with her request

at that moment, but that at some future time they would cheerfully send a colony of Franciscans to the principality of Tirconnell. "What!" replied the princess, sorely pained by the refusal. "I have journeyed a hundred miles to attain the object that has long been dearest to my heart, and will you now venture to deny my prayer? If you do, beware of God's wrath; for I will appeal to his throne, and charge you with the loss of all the souls which your reluctance may cause to perish in the territory of Tirconnell!" Earnest and energetic was the lady's pleading; so much so, that she ultimately overcame the hesitation of the friars, some of whom professed themselves ready to accompany her to Tirconnell. Proud of her success, the lady Nuala then set out on her journey homewards, followed by a goodly number of Franciscans, who, when they arrived in the barony of Tir-Hugh, immediately commenced building the far-famed monastery at the head of the lovely bay of Donegal. The site, indeed, was happily chosen, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the prospect which it commanded. Hard by the windows of the refectory was the wharf, where foreign ships took in their cargoes of hides, fish, wool, linen cloth, and falding; and there, too, came the galleons of Spain, laden with wine and arms in exchange for the merchandise which the lords of Tirconnell sent annually to the Brabant marts, then the great emporiums for the north of Europe. In sooth it was a lovely spot, and sweetly suggestive of holy meditations. In the calm days of summer, when the broad expanse of the estuary lay still and unruffled, mirroring in its blue depths the overcanopying heaven, was it not a fair image of the unbroken tranquillity and peace to which the hearts of the recluses aspired? And in the gloomy winter nights, when the great crested waves rolled in majestic fury against the granitic headlands, would not the driving storm, wreck, and unavailing cry of drowning mariners, remind the inmate of that monastery that he had chosen the safer part, by abandoning a world where the tempest of the passions wreaks destruction far more appalling? But the lady Nuala died before the building was finished, and good reason had the friars to cherish lasting remembrance of her piety and munificence. Her remains were interred in a vault which her widowed lord caused to be constructed almost under the grand altar, and he also determined that thenceforth his entire posterity should repose in the same crypt.

In the course of that year (1474), Hugh Roe O'Donnell took to his second wife Fingalla, daughter of Conor O'Brien, king of Thomond; and this lady, emulating the virtues of her predecessor, spared no pains in forwarding the work, till at length she saw the monastery, with its church, cloisters, chapter-house, refectory, library, and other appurtenances, entirely completed. The dedication of the sacred edifice took place in the same year, and a more solemn spectacle was never before witnessed in Tir-Hugh—nay, not even in the days of blessed Columba, that greatest of all church-builders. The munificence of O'Donnell and his wife Fingalla to our friars was unbounded; for, not satisfied with presenting rich altar furniture to the church, they also bestowed some quarters of fertile glebe on the monastery, and, furthermore, gave the friars a perpetual right to fish for salmon—nay, and authorized them to build a weir just where the Esk empties its silvery waters into the bay. This was matter of great convenience to the monastery during the Lenten and other fasts which the rule of St. Francis prescribes; and, indeed, so much did salmon abound in the waters of the bay, that I myself, in the time of my noviciate, have often seen the friars taking, right under the windows of the infirmary, prodigious quantities of this delicious fish at one haul of the net.

In the year 1505, Hugh O'Donnell, who, at the instance of his first and second wife, conferred so many benefits on the Franciscans of Donegal, died in the castle which he had erected within bowshot of the monastery, and was buried with great solemnity in the sepulchre that he caused to be built for his last resting-place. After his demise the lordship of Tirconnell devolved on his son, Hugh Oge, who was duly inaugurated at Kilmacrenan. As soon as his mother saw him in undisputed possession of his rights, she abandoned all the pomp and state of a princess, and caused a small residence to be erected for her near the monastery, where she passed the remainder of her days in prayer, almsgiving, and penitential austerities, till she was finally laid in the same tomb with her husband. He, indeed, was a full moon of hospitality; and during his reign such was the security for life and property in all the borders of Tirconnell, that the people only closed their doors to keep out the wind!

In the person of his successor, the Donegal monastery had

a faithful friend and zealous patron, who desired nothing so much as to have the vacancies caused by the decease of its early colonists, most of whom came from Connaught, filled up by natives of his own principality. And, indeed, his wish was ultimately realized, nor was it long till he saw a community of forty Franciscans, mostly his own native-born subjects, domiciled in Donegal.

In 1510 this Hugh Oge set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he spent two years; and on his way back to Ireland, tarried sixteen weeks at the court of Henry VIII., who received him as an independent potentate. The career of this prince was singularly fortunate; for during his reign the seasons, and the sea itself, were favourable to the people of Tirconnell. As for the Franciscans, he was their constant benefactor; so much so, that when a general chapter of the order met in the monastery of Donegal, he generously supplied that large assemblage with food and Spanish wines. Always triumphant in the field, he achieved the still grander victory over self, by taking the habit of St. Francis in our monastery, where he died and was buried in 1537. Two-and-twenty years previous to that period, Menelaus MacCarmagan, bishop of Raphoe, took our habit, and was buried in the same monastery; and in the year 1550, Rory O'Donnell, bishop of Derry, feeling death approach, requested to be clothed in our coarse serge, and ordered that his remains should be laid in our cloister. Nor was it as a resting-place after their earthly race was run that the great and high-born desired our peaceful solitude: far otherwise indeed; for many a valiant chieftain, tired of life's transient glories, and many a noble of the oldest lineage, famed in bardic song or chronicled in history, severing every tie that bound him to the world, came to Donegal, and there cast away sword, scutcheon, and such worldly vanities, for our poor habit and holy conversation. Long before the great emperor Charles abdicated an empire for the solitude of St. Just, princes of Conal Gulban's line might be seen in the cloisters of Donegal, enjoying that peace which nor he nor they could ever find in mundane glories.

Indeed, during the one hundred and twenty-seven years of its existence, no house of our order, at home or abroad, could boast of men more distinguished for their virtues. But to anticipate all accidents of time, and rescue from oblivion the memory of one of our brotherhood, whose

wonderful sanctity shed lustre on the monastery of Donegal, I deem it my duty to record in these pages what I have learned of him from the lips of those who were living witnesses of his holy life; for, indeed, he was singularly blessed with the gift of miracles.

Father Bernard Gray—surnamed "Pauper," from his unparalleled love of holy poverty—was a native of the ancient city of Clogher, where his opulent parents bestowed sedulous pains on his early education. Even from his infancy the child was the admiration of all who came in contact with him, and as he grew up his virtues were the theme of every tongue. Arrived at man's estate, a powerful chieftain of Fermanagh offered him the hand, heart, and wide domains of his fair daughter; but the proposal was hardly made when Bernard disappeared from the scene of his childhood, and entered on his noviciate in the monastery of Donegal. During the entire of the probationary period, his whole life was a practical commentary on the rules of our sainted founder, whose self-denial, and above all, love of poverty, were the constant subjects of his meditations. After completing his studies, and receiving the order of priesthood, father Bernard's eminent virtues shone out, if possible, still more conspicuously, his love of retirement and total seclusion from the world notwithstanding. Faithful in the discharge of all the monastic duties—always the first in the choir, when the midnight bell called the friars from their hard pallets—and glorying in the coarse habit for which he had cheerfully exchanged purple and fine linen; he, to all appearances, seemed to have inherited the glowing fervour and profound humility for which holy Francis was celebrated during his mortal term.

The fame of this man's sanctity and wisdom soon sped beyond the borders of Tirconnell, and reached the ears of Gerald, earl of Kildare, who was then lord deputy.* Desirous of ascertaining what credit he should give to the marvellous anecdotes related of father Bernard, the earl summoned him to Drogheda, to preach in the presence of his entire court. Bernard obeyed; and so charmed was Kildare with his eloquence and piety, that he not only invited him to dine at his table, but gave him precedence of all his nobles.

* A.D. 1532.

After dinner, Kildare requested him to entertain the company by narrating some passages in the life of St. Francis, and proving, at the same time, that God had bestowed the choicest privileges on this holy personage. Bernard complied; and when he came to speak of the singular privileges with which God invested our holy founder, he pithily remarked: "Were there no other evidence of the transcendent honour with which the Lord has crowned blessed Francis, I think that what you have witnessed here to-day should be amply sufficient. Surely, my lord, when you treat with such deference a man wearing this poor habit, nay, and give him precedence of all your nobles, it must be manifest that God has exalted St. Francis to the highest place in the heavenly court." "I agree with you," replied the earl; "and I now proclaim to this noble company that you have read my inmost thoughts. I summoned you hither in order to test you in person; and when I gave you the most distinguished place at my table, I was actually thinking of the honour with which your holy founder has been received at the banquet of the heavenly court. I am now convinced that you are a special favourite of the Most High." Next day the earl craved his blessing, and dismissed him with many presents for the convent of Donegal.

As a complete narrative of the miracles wrought through the instrumentality of father Bernard would fill many a goodly page, I will mention only a few of them here. One night in Lent, when it was his turn to serve the brethren at supper, the guardian playfully remarked that the fish was very bad, and that the salmon seemed to have deserted the weir which prince O'Donnell built for the benefit of our community. "The Cistercians of Ashro,"* said the guardian, "have salmon in abundance; and surely the Esk was ever fishful a river as Saimer† of the blue streams. How comes it, then, father Bernard, that we take no salmon in our weir?" "I know not," replied the latter. "Well, then," continued the guardian, "I command you to bless the weir in the name of Him, at whose word Simon's net was filled with fish till the meshes snapped asunder, in the lough of Genesareth. I know that you are a special instru-

* Ballyshannon, where the O'Cananans founded the Cistercian monastery in 1184.

† The old name of the Erne, which falls into the sea a short distance below Ballyshannon.

ment in the Almighty's hands; do, then, as I tell you." Bernard obeyed; and thenceforth the weir of our monastery nevermore lacked abundance of salmon and trout. On another occasion a creaght,* who used to receive alms for our monastery, came to tell him that a fatal distemper was destroying his sheep and cows. Bernard pitied the poor man, and gave him a vessel of water which he had blessed, telling him to sprinkle his flocks with it in the name of the Trinity. "Avoid," said he, "the spells and incantations of wicked people, calling themselves fairymen; but recite the creed and angelic salutation." The creaght hastened home, did as he was directed, and lo! his sheep recovered, and his cows, ever afterwards, gave more than the usual quantity of milk. In gratitude to God and father Bernard, the man erected a mound of stones on the summit of *Drombearr*,† to commemorate such signal mercy; and even to this day that mound is called *Brian's Cairn*.

Singularly remarkable were the circumstances of this holy man's death; for, when worn down by penitential austerities, heaven forewarned him of the very hour of his dissolution. One evening, after vespers, the friars hastened to the infirmary, for they knew that he was in his last agony; and when they knelt round his poor pallet, after the supper-bell had rung, he raised himself up, and told them to go to the refectory. "Go, go!" said he; "for my soul shall leave earth to-night, in company with that of the chanter of Armagh cathedral." The friars obeyed his command, and on their return found him kneeling, though dead, his sightless eyeballs turned heavenwards, and his rigid arms outstretched in attitude of prayer. This occurred in May, 1549; and the guardian lost no time in sending messengers to Armagh, to ascertain if Bernard's friend was still living. On their arrival they learned that the chanter had died at the very moment of Bernard's departure, and after telling those about him that on that same night a sanctified soul should leave Donegal monastery for the kingdom of the just.

For fully half a century after the decease of this venerable brother, our monastery continued to flourish in peace and happiness, under the fostering protection of the princes of Tirconnell. In the interval, countless fugitives from the

* Anglicè, grazier. † The top of the reek.

Pale came with strange tidings to our friars, telling them how king Henry of England had decreed the spoliation of the religious houses, and how his immediate successor, and his wicked counsellors, had laid sacrilegious hands on the gold and silver of many a sanctuary. The Franciscans pitied their plundered brethren of the Pale, but they never thought that similar horrors were one day to overtake themselves. Wars, fierce and bloody, it is true, wasted Tirconnell, when Shane O'Neill, in his mad ambition, strove to reduce all Ulster to his sway; but although the fields of Tir-Hugh were desolated by fire and sword, and the prince and princess of Tirconnell lay fettered in the stronghold of Shane the Proud, still no faggot reached our roof-tree, and no hand profaned our altars. Nor is it to be supposed that we lacked wherewithal to tempt the cupidity of the sacrilegious, were such to be found among the clansmen of Tyrone or Tirconnell. Quite the contrary; for many years afterwards,* when I was sacristan, no monastery in the land could make a goodlier show of gold and silver than ours. During the time I held that office, I had in my custody forty suits of vestments, many of them of cloth of gold and silver—some interwoven and brocaded with gold—the remainder silk. We had also sixteen silver chalices, all of which, two excepted, were washed with gold; nor should I forget two splendid ciboriums inlaid with precious stones, and every other requisite for the altars. This rich furniture was the gift of the princes of Tirconnell; and, as I said before, no matter what preys the Tyronians might lift off O'Donnell's lands, there was no one impious enough to desecrate or spoil our sacred treasury. We fed the poor, comforted them in their sorrows, educated the scions of the princely house to whom we owed everything, chronicled the achievements of their race, prayed for the souls of our founders and benefactors, chanted the divine offices day and night with great solemnity; and while thus engaged, the tide of war swept harmless by our hallowed walls.

But it was not heaven's will that our peaceful domicile should always be exempted from outrage and invasion; for, alas! the mad dissensions of the native princes precipitated their own ruin, which involved ours. The O'Donnell who then ruled the principality had grown old and feeble; and

* A.D. 1600-1.

were it not for the energy of his wife, who possessed the heart of a hero and the mind of a warrior, her younger son Donnell would have wrested the wand of chieftaincy from the feeble grasp of his hoary parent. The latter, it is true, had been valiant in his day; but his wars against Turlogh O'Neill, then the ally of queen Elizabeth, and the blood and treasure he lavished in defeating domestic treason, rendered him unable to repel the encroachments of the English. To add to his miseries, his eldest son Hugh had been captured by the deputy Perrott, and recommitted to the dungeon of Dublin castle, after an unavailing effort to baffle his pursuers. A second attempt, however, proved successful; for when the avaricious Fitzwilliams replaced his attainted predecessor, the former, for a bribe of a thousand pounds, given, as was said, by the baron of Dungannon,* connived at the flight of the illustrious captive, who, after tarrying fourteen days in the fastness of Glenmalure, spurred hard across the English Pale, and finally reached his father's castle at Ballyshannon.

Good reason had the people of Tirconnell to rejoice at the escape of Hugh Roe; for during his imprisonment the entire principality was plundered by Fitzwilliams' sheriffs and captains, to whom he sold the appointments. The more remote the shire and the more Irish, the larger the sum paid. One Boen, for example, obtained a captaincy for a bribe of two gold chains, which he gave to the sordid deputy's wife; and another, named Willis, got a similar preferment for sixty pounds. These unscrupulous marauders pillaged the country and held the heads of families in their grasp till ransomed, some for two hundred, others for three hundred, cows; and when the cattle were not forthcoming, they tortured their prisoners by frying the soles of their feet in seething butter and brimstone. As for our friars, they were obliged to betake themselves, with their muniments and altar-plate, to the fastnesses of the mountains, to avoid Willis and his brigands; who, a few months before Hugh Roe's return, swooped down on Donegal in the dead of night, killing thirty of the inhabitants, and occupying the monastery as a garrison. But the day of deliverance was nigh; for Hugh Roe had hardly been inaugurated at Kilmacrenan, when he marched with his trusty clansmen

* Hugh O'Neill.

on Donegal, and laid siege to the monastery into which Willis and his rabble had driven three hundred head of cattle. Sensible of the straits to which he was reduced, Willis threatened to fire the buildings; but the young prince, anxious to preserve the sacred edifice, suffered him and his people to depart unharmed. The friars returned immediately afterwards; and O'Donnell, for such was now his name and title, seeing the poverty of the district—swept so bare by the English—offered to support the community and repair the buildings out of his own revenues, if we would forego our usage of questing from door to door. The proposal, however, was declined; and the people, their scant means notwithstanding, shared their last morsel with us.

For fully nine years after the inauguration of Hugh Roe, the monastery of Donegal enjoyed uninterrupted happiness; for indeed the young prince—or, as he was more generally styled, "the son of prophecy"—ever proved himself our special benefactor. After joining his forces with O'Neill's, these two great princes defeated queen Elizabeth's armies on many a hard-fought field—nay, and so routed them, that her craftiest deputies and bravest marshals were often fain to sue for truce and peace, no matter how humiliating the conditions. Right heartily did the friars of Donegal pray for the success of their prince, for the repose of the clansmen who fell in his cause; and oh, how their jubilant voices made vault and cloister ring, when forty throats pealed out "Te Deum" for the defeat of Norris at Clontibret, Bagnal, on the field of the Yellow Ford, and Clifford, in the passes of the Curlew mountains! The father of Hugh Roe always assisted at those grand solemnities; for, after resigning the name and title of O'Donnell, he lived almost constantly among us, preparing himself for the better life, and doing penance for his sins, the weightiest of which was a cruel raid on the wrecked Spaniards of the Armada, whom he slew in Innishowen, at the bidding of deputy Fitzwilliams. He died full of years, and we buried him, clothed in our habit, in the tomb of the lords his predecessors.

And lest it might be thought that the Franciscans were uncharitable to the enemies of O'Donnell, I will now state a fact which clears them of such an imputation. When Morrogh, lord Inchiquin, was slain by our prince's troops

at the ford of Ballyshannon,* Burrogh, the defeated deputy, had the body interred in the Cistercian church of that place. Three months afterwards, our friars claimed the remains; and when O'Donnell and two bishops decided the controversy in favour of us, we exhumed the corse, and buried it with great solemnity in the cloister of Donegal. Inchiquin was the foeman of our liege lord, but the O'Briens were always buried in Franciscan churches; and was not this Morrogh a scion of the race of the noble lady who did so much for the Franciscans when they first settled in Tir-Hugh?

In 1601 our community consisted of forty friars; and in that same year, so memorable for calamities, the English government landed a large force of horse and foot, under the command of Docwra, on the shores of Lough Foyle. This general was instructed to sow dissensions among the Irish, by setting up chieftain against chieftain, and holding out every bribe that might induce officers and men to abandon the standard of their liege lord. The scheme prospered; and—alas that I should have to record it!—Nial Garv, our prince's brother-in-law, went over to the enemy with a thousand of his followers. The perfidious wretch stipulated that he should have all Tirconnell as a reward for his treason, which placed Derry, Lifford, and many other strong places in the hands of the English. O'Donnell was in Thomond when the news of the revolt reached him, and he lost not a moment in hastening homeward to inflict summary vengeance on his faithless kinsman, who combined the venom of a serpent with the impetuosity of a lion. Having had timely notice that Nial, with the revolted Irish and his English auxiliaries, were marching on Donegal, we placed all our sacred furniture in a ship, and removed it to a place of safety. I myself was the last to go on board that vessel; and as for the rest of the brotherhood they fled to the wooded country, where they awaited the issue of the impending contest. On the 10th of August, the feast of St. Laurence, martyr, Nial's troops took possession of *our* monastery and of another belonging to the Franciscans of the third order, that lay close to it at Magharabeg.† Assisted by engineers from an English war-ship at anchor

* A.D. 1597.—Athcoolowing, on the Erne, between Belleek and Ballyshannon.

† The little plain.

in the bay, the traitor threw up earthworks before the two monasteries, strengthened the castle of Donegal, then considerably dilapidated, and made every preparation for a vigorous defence. Meanwhile O'Donnell arrived, pitched his camp at Carrig, within two thousand paces of Donegal, and resolved to give Nial and his followers no rest, night or day, as long as they remained within the desecrated walls. A series of hand-to-hand conflicts, in which Nial's people suffered severely, ensued; and in the course of a fortnight many of the revolted Irish, repenting their treason, deserted in twos and threes to our prince's camp. Cooped up in the monasteries, and so vigilantly watched by O'Donnell that they could not come out into the open country to lift preys, Nial's people began to mutiny; when, on the night of Michaelmas, the powder stored in the monastery of Donegal took fire, whether accidentally or by the special interposition of heaven I know not, and exploded with a terrific crash, that was heard far out at sea—nay, and scared the wild deer in the coverts of Barnesmore. Oh, the appalling spectacle! Hundreds of the besieged were blown to atoms; others, and among the rest Nial's own brother, were crushed to death by masses of the rent masonry; and all that night, while the woodwork of the buildings blazed like a red volcano, in whose glare friend and foe were distinctly visible to each other, O'Donnell's swordsmen pressed the survivors back across their trenches into the flames, where upwards of a thousand of them perished miserably. Nor should it be forgotten that a ship, laden with munitions for the besieged, ran on a rock, and went to pieces that very night, just as she was entering the bay of Donegal. Next morning Nial proceeded, unobserved by O'Donnell's troops, along the strand to Magharabeg, and returned, under cover of the guns of the English warvessel, with the soldiers he had left in that place, determined to maintain himself to the last, among the smouldering ruins.

O'Donnell immediately shifted his camp nearer to Donegal, and continued the siege till October; when, being informed that the Spaniards had landed at Kinsale, he struck his tents, and marched to their assistance.

Let me draw a veil over the disasters which befel our prince, and console myself by recording that O'Dunlevy, a friar of Donegal, received his latest sigh, and that the

Franciscan monastery of Valladolid holds his mortal remains.

In the year 1602, Oliver Lambert, the English governor of Connaught, seized the entire of our sacred furniture, which he desecrated, by turning the chalices into drinking cups, and ripping up the brocaded vestments for the vilest uses. Thus perished that fair monastery, with its treasures of gold, and silver, and precious books.

"Ergo tam doctæ nobis periere tabellæ,
Scripta quibus pariter tot periere bona!"

Some years afterwards, Rory, the brother of O'Donnell, who had obtained a considerable portion of the wide domains of his ancestors, together with the title of earl—ah, how inferior to that with which the prince of Tirconnell used to be invested on the sacred rock of Kilmacrenan!—set about restoring the monastery of Donegal; but learning that the English were plotting against his life, he fled with the great O'Neill to Rome, where they both died, and were buried in the Franciscan monastery on the Janiculum. Thus were our poor friars left without a protector, and the rebuilding of the monastery unfinished. The English, who now possess the whole country, suffer the old friars to pass the residue of their years among the mountains and glens, because they know that they must all die out very soon; but they will not allow them to receive any young members. Such is the actual condition of our community in the neighbourhood of that once fair monastery I loved so well, and over whose ruins mine aged eyes have wept.

"But, father," said Purcell, closing the book, "you have not told us how it fared with Nial Garv."

"May God assoil him!" replied Mooney. "He was treated as he deserved—for the English seized him; and although Apsley, lieutenant of London tower, reports '*that Nial did the state as great service as any man of his nation, in the late queen's reign,*' nevertheless, he and his son Naghtan, whom they took from Oxford college, are still held in chains, without hope of enlargement. Nial shared the fate of many other traitors—the English used them for their own purposes as long as they required their infamous services; and when their work was done, flung them to rot in a dungeon."

At this moment a lay-brother entered the apartment, and told father Mooney that a courier from the court of

the archdukes was waiting to see him on a matter of serious moment. "Let him come in," replied the good friar; "for assuredly the archdukes have unequalled claims to our poor attentions."

"Father," said the courier, as he crossed the threshold, "their highnesses have charged me with a doleful mission. I have ridden in hot haste from Brussels, to inform you that Bernard O'Neill, son of the great earl of Tyrone, and page to the infanta, has been found murdered in his apartment this afternoon."

"Murdered!" exclaimed the two friars.

"'Tis too true," continued the courier. "The fact has astounded all Brussels. The court goes into mourning this very night, and the obsequies will take place to-morrow, in the cathedral of Saint Gudule, where their highnesses expect the presence of your reverend community."

"But what Judas perpetrated the horrid deed?" demanded the aged friar, covering his face with his hands. "Was it some fiend in human shape, like those whom Cecil and Mountjoy employed to assassinate his illustrious father by dagger or poison?"

"I know not," answered the courier; "for, as yet, the whole affair is shrouded in mystery. The noble youth was found strangled in his own lodgings, to which the murderers got access in the absence of his tutor and two valets, mere striplings, one of whom was Irish and the other French. Doubtless it would have been perilous to attempt such an atrocity in the palace of the archdukes, and the murderers —be they who they may—sought their opportunity in the page's private lodgings. His throat bears marks of violent compression; and, after life was extinct, the perpetrators of this execrable villany suspended the corse by a cord five feet long, to make it appear that he committed suicide. Their highnesses' chirurgeon, however, affirms, after a careful autopsy, that he was cruelly murdered. Who could think that *he* would commit suicide?"

"He!" interrupted the provincial. "His noble soul never harboured such a base thought. Alas, alas, we knew him well; for his father entrusted him to the care of our friars here in Louvain when he was only nine years old. Would to God that he had brought him with him to Rome, where he would have been farther removed from the sworn

enemies of his race and creed! But heaven's will be done, and let us bow to its inscrutable behests. Dear, generous youth, what a hapless lot has been thine!—how rapidly hast thou followed thy glorious father to the grave!* Among all thy compeers there was none like to thee, for comely face, virile gravity, and heroic virtue. Foremost in our schools, most distinguished in all science that became thy lofty lineage, thou wouldst have rivalled thy father's deathless deeds, had heaven spared thee to our hopes and bleeding country. Ah, how often has this old heart thrilled with joy, when I heard the archduchess call thee the fairest rose in her garland—and oh, with what ill-suppressed emotion have I listened to our archduke—whom may God preserve!—telling how, instead of being enervated by four years of court life, thy knowledge of booklore, love of learned men, and skill in every chivalrous exercise, raised thee far above all thy young competitors. Woe to the impious hand that wrought the heinous deed!—woe to the envious heart that conceived it! Envious! Alas, doth not experience teach that the sordid and grovelling plod their way through life unharmed and little noticed, while those who channel a distinguished course for themselves, either by the innate force of their own genius, or the perpetuation of ancestral fame, become targets for the poisoned shafts of calumny—nay, and often objects of the murderer's implacable hatred? God rest thee, Bernard, son of Hugh! and since we cannot lay thee in thy father's grave, we will crave it as a boon that thy loved remains be given to us, and interred in our new church, where, unless my forecastings deceive me, many another Irish exile shall await the resurrection. Go, kind sir, and tell their highnesses that we will hasten to Brussels to-morrow morning, after having chanted mass and requiem for the soul so untimeously sent to its account."

"Father," continued the provincial, addressing his colleague, after the courier had retired, "let us try to snatch a few hours' sleep, if the dolorous tidings we have just heard will suffer it to visit us. We will resume our reading some other time, and I will unfold certain matters of great interest which do not come within the scope of your volume. Peace be with you!—good night!"

* Hugh O'Neill died in 1616, just one year before the murder of his son.

CHAPTER II.

O'Neill's letter to James I.—Carr earl of Somerset—Camden's Annals—The Spanish Armada—Lord deputy Fitzwilliams—Archbishop Loftus—Execution of Hugh Gaveloc—Monastery of Adare.

Two evenings after the obsequies of the young page, father Mooney and his colleague Purcell were seated in the little library, talking over the event which had spread consternation through all Brussels, and hazarding various conjectures anent the motives which might have led to the commission of such a horrid crime.

"For the present," observed the provincial, "the whole affair is shrouded in darkest mystery; but I trust that Providence will sooner or later overtake the murderer, and hold him up to the execration of mankind. For my own part, I am convinced that the atrocity was instigated by some of those who bore a deadly hatred to the great earl of Tyrone, and who at present have an interest in his plundered domains."

"But, father," asked Purcell, "what could the undertakers, or planters as they are styled, have to apprehend from a mere stripling, like poor ill-fated young Bernard? Surely, king James, the crowned pedant who now reigns, never entertained a thought of restoring Tyrone even to a portion of his vast estates!"

"Strange as it may seem to you," replied the provincial, "some of the undertakers did fear that king James would reverse the outlawry, and call back Tyrone to Ireland. As you may not be aware of the fact, I may as well tell you that there was a negotiation afoot for Tyrone's recall from Rome; and that James's prime favourite, Somerset, encouraged the noble exile to memorial the king for an act of oblivion and indemnity. Tyrone adopted the suggestion; and just three years ago, wrote to the king, stating 'that he had given no other cause of just indignation, than leaving the royal dominions without licence, having been thereunto constrained by unjust vexations, and sundry oppressions of some of his majesty's ministers.'* It is likely enough that such an appeal to mercy might not have altogether failed had Somerset continued in James's favour; but in the following year the murder of sir Thomas Overbury,

* See "Flight of the Earls," p. 356.

in which the minion and his countess were accomplices, and for which both would have been sent to the block, had they not possessed some awful secret affecting the royal character, put an end to all correspondence between the king and the earl of Tyrone. The latter died last year; and, although his brother Cormac is now a prisoner in the tower of London, it is not unlikely that the good offices of our archdukes, Ferdinand and Isabella, would have been employed in behalf of him and his lamented nephew. Intervention of the sort would not have been slighted; and it is for this reason I conjecture that the young lad's death was compassed by some of those undertakers, as they call themselves, who have an interest in his forfeited estates. Be that as it may, I pray God to avenge the blood of slaughtered innocence."

"Withal, father," resumed Purcell, "it is difficult to imagine that the king's pardon would ever have been extended to Tyrone; for, besides the war of ten years which he waged against the English, the greatest of their historians has charged him with an act which lowers him to the level of a vulgar hangman. Accident has just thrown into my hands a Latin work by one William Camden,* entitled 'Annals of England and Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth;' and I find that this very elegant and erudite author represents Tyrone in the most odious colours. Let me read the passages, for I have no doubt that you will criticise them fairly. Writing of the events of 1589, he says: 'Hugh *Gaveloc*, so called because he was a long time a *chained* prisoner, the natural son of Shane O'Neill, accused Hugh, earl of Tyrone, of holding treasonable parleys with certain Spaniards who were thrown on the Irish coast in the late wreck of the Armada. The earl desiring to escape the charge, ordered that Gaveloc should be arrested and strangled; but finding that no one could be had to do the office of executioner—so great was the respect for the name of O'Neill—he himself, it is said, adjusted the rope, and put the unfortunate man to death.' A little further on, Camden gives us a portrait of the great earl. 'His body,' says he, 'was capable of enduring hardships, long vigils, and want of food; and as for his mind, it was insatiable, equal to any sort of statecraft, skilled in

* Published in 1615.

warfare, and profoundly versed in dissembling ; so much so, that most people regarded him as born either for the great weal or the great woe of his country.'"

"You have read quite enough to convince me," interrupted the provincial, "that Camden, of whom I never heard before, is a plagiarist, or, as the adage has it, a beggar dressed in stolen clothes. Without pretending to a very extensive acquaintance with classics, I remember the same description of Catiline in Sallust ; and it seems to me that in this particular instance Camden hath appropriated another man's words. Doubtless the description is fair enough ; but anent that power of dissembling, which I do not gainsay, I will merely observe, that Tyrone acquired it in the school of Burghley and Cecil, who were masters of the craft. Then, again, it is said that dissimulation is the art of kings, and that he who does not know how to dissemble is not fit to reign. So thought the great emperor Charles V.; and assuredly Hugh, earl of Tyrone, was for a time a true sovereign in his own principality. As for the insinuation that he hanged Gaveloc with his own hands, it is absolutely false ; and I suspect that Camden was indebted to sir Nicholas White, master of the rolls in Ireland, for the statement he has left on record. Indeed, the said White wrote to Burghley, the high treasurer, that Tyrone did hang Gaveloc with his own hands, when he could get no other to do it—nay, and that he refused a ransom of 300 horses and 5,000 cows for the unfortunate man's life. This I had from Tyrone himself. But as you have alluded to the unfortunate Armada, I will premise some facts that may not have come to your knowledge, as you were in Italy when they occurred. At the time when the Spanish ships were wrecked on the northern and western coast of Ireland, Fitzwilliams, the lord deputy, and Adam Loftus, the queen's archbishop of Dublin, distinguished themselves in a manner that I think should not pass unnoticed. The deputy, who was the most sordid man that ever held that high office, lost no opportunity of making a profit of it ; and no sooner did he learn that some of the crews of the Spanish vessels had been saved in Galway and Inishowen, than he marched with a considerable force to the ancient City of the Tribes, where he caused the unfortunate sailors to be arrested, and closely searched for any valuables they might have on their persons. The search, however, was fruitless,

and so sorely disappointed was the avaricious deputy, that he ordered two hundred of those wretched men to be executed on the hill where the Augustin friars had their convent. Pursued by the curses of the people of Galway, who were unable to prevent this cruel butchery, Fitzwilliams hurried on to Inishowen, where, not satisfied with slaying many of the disarmed Spaniards, he carried off all the cattle of the district, burnt the haggards, and made prisoners of sir Owen O'Toole and O'Doherty, although the former had entertained him sumptuously in his own house. On arriving in Dublin, O'Doherty was set at large, but the aged O'Toole was thrown into the castle dungeon, where he died after a long imprisonment.

"It was precisely at this period that Loftus, the queen's archbishop of Dublin, made his celebrated reply to Burghley, the high treasurer, accounting for what he termed the general backwardness in religion, and showing how it might be remedied. A few extracts from that remarkable document, of which a copy has fallen into my hands, will show you how the archbishop and the deputy strove to forward the reformation. 'Your lordship,' wrote Loftus, 'hath most wisely considered that the *sword* alone without the *word* is not sufficient to bring the people of this realm from popery—a thing whereto they are misled over from their cradles. But I assure your lordship, that unless they be *forced*, they will not ever come to hear the word preached; as by experience we observed at the time appointed by the lord deputy, for a general assembly of all the noblemen and gentlemen of every county, after her majesty's good success against the Spaniard, to give God thanks for the same: at which time, although the sheriffs of every county did their duties with all diligence, and warned all men to repair to the principal church, where order was taken for public prayers and thanksgivings unto God, together with a sermon to be preached by choice men in every diocese, yet very few or none almost resorted thereto; but even in Dublin itself *the lawyers* in *term time* took occasion to leave the town on purpose to absent themselves from that godly exercise. It is bootless labour for any man to preach in the country out of Dublin, for want of hearers; but in mine opinion this may be easily remedied, if the ecclesiastical commission be put in force, and if liberty be left to myself to *imprison* and *fine* all such as are ob-

stinate in popery—nay, and to send such of them as are able to bear their own expenses to England, for example sake. The sooner this course of reformation is begun the better it will prosper, and the longer it is deferred the more dangerous it will be.'"

"A strange device," remarked father Purcell, "and assuredly a most cruel mode of propagating a creed. Fines and imprisonment for what they termed recusancy, were poor arguments for the apostolicity of the new religion. Nevertheless, Loftus's lament over the failure of his mission reflects credit on the Irish Catholics, and on the lawyers in particular. It is manifest, too, that the Irish did sympathize with the shipwrecked Spaniards."

"Most certainly," resumed the provincial: "and be it recorded to the honour of the women of Galway, that they provided shrouds and coffins for the mariners so inhumanly massacred by Fitzwilliams. O'Rourke, of Breffny, afforded protection to many of them—nay, refused to surrender them to Bingham, the queen's governor in Connaught; and the MacSwynes, of Tirconnell, treated others of them with their wonted hospitality. As for Tyrone, he entertained some of their most distinguished captains at Dungannon, thus bringing on himself the dark suspicions of the English, and giving Gaveloc a pretext for accusing him of holding a treasonable correspondence with king Philip of Spain. Touching the manner of Gaveloc's death, however, and the reasons which compelled Tyrone to compass it, Camden is entirely mistaken; and to show you how sedulously his enemies laboured to blacken the character of the greatest Irishman of his age, I will now give you a brief and veritable account of the circumstances which preceded and accompanied the execution. Hugh Gaveloc returned to Strabane early in 1589, after having spent a year and a-half in Scotland, where he met some of the survivors of the Armada, whom Tyrone had sheltered in Dungannon. Worming himself into their confidence, they unbosomed themselves to him, and gave a glowing description of the hospitality which they had received in the earl's house, at the very moment when Fitzwilliams's soldiers were searching for them along the coast, from Sligo haven to the headlands of Inishowen. What the Spaniards may have said of the earl's devotedness to king Philip, I have not been able to learn; but an intercepted letter, despatched by Gaveloc to the deputy, left no

doubt that he intended to impeach Tyrone of high treason before the privy council. In fact, he wrote that he '*had great matters to reveal, which would be more better for her majesty's commonweal than a thousand pounds*;' and concluded by '*craving his honour not to pardon any man of great estimation, and specially the man whom the bearer of the letter was to name, as he was forthcoming for matters of great importance*,' till he himself, Gaveloc, had repaired to Dublin castle. The man to be named by the messenger was the earl of Tyrone, who, as soon as the letter fell into his hands, resolved to keep close watch on the movements of the writer. Presuming that he had thus secured for himself the support of the English government, Gaveloc committed several murders and robberies on the people in and about Dungannon; till Tyrone, no longer able to endure such wanton atrocity, had him seized, and tried according to the ancient custom in Ulster, where, as yet, there was no course of English law, judge, sheriff, or magistrate, and where, from immemorial time, each lord of a sept had unrestrained power to deal summarily with evildoers. The lord deputy was in Galway at the time of Gaveloc's arrest, and the chancellor wrote to Tyrone, entreating him not to put the sentence in execution till his lordship had returned to Dublin. Out of respect to the chancellor, and yielding to the urgent instances of his brother Cormac, Tyrone gave the prisoner a respite of fourteen days, on the strict understanding that Bryan, Con, and the rest of Gaveloc's brothers, should submit themselves to him, and that one of the three should always remain pledge for the other two by turns, and at his choice, stipulating at the same time, that if they failed to perform this within fourteen days, then Gaveloc should be hung without further delay. Gaveloc, confiding in his brother Con, agreed to the arrangement; but the latter, setting no value on the compact into which he had entered, and caring little for the prisoner's fate, violated his solemn oath, and refused to return to Tyrone, who, at the expiration of the fourteenth day, caused Gaveloc to be executed, in presence of his brother Cormac, Art O'Hagan, and more than a hundred others, whereof part were of the most distinguished men in the country. The executioners were Loughlin Mac-Murtagh and his brother, who came from the borders of Meath and Cavan. Camden, therefore, ventilates a foul

calumny, when he insinuates that Tyrone lowered himself to the level of a hangman. The termination of this affair was very curious; for when the deputy affected to be wroth with Tyrone for hanging Gaveloc, he replied, that he *had done no injury to the latter, but that if any injury was done him, it was by Con O'Neill, who fell from a reasonable composition, in whose default execution followed.* Gaveloc's death took place in January, 1590; and in the March following, Tyrone obtained the deputy's licence to proceed to London, where, taking up his abode in the house of sir Henry Wallop, he remained three weeks restrained from her majesty's court and presence, till he convinced the lords of the privy council that he had only acted according to the ancient laws of his country, by ridding society of a notable murderer, whose father had slain his father and brother, and whose many crimes justified him in cutting off so vile a miscreant. Elizabeth was finally placated by his artful pleading, and Hatton, the far-famed dancing chancellor, and lord Ormond, offered themselves as securities that the earl would be forthcoming in Ireland whenever it might suit deputy Fitzwilliams to arraign him for having taken the law into his own hands. Tyrone soon afterwards returned to Ulster; but he had not been long there when Fitzwilliams summoned him to appear before the privy council. Having signified his readiness to obey the mandate, he despatched his secretary to Dublin, with orders to provide a splendid banquet, at which he was to entertain the chiefest of the English nobility on the night of his arrival. The guests were all assembled when Tyrone entered the city after sunset; but instead of going at once to preside at the feast, he rode to the castle, and presented himself to the deputy, who received him with great show of friendship, and told him to return on the morrow. Tyrone was well aware that Fitzwilliams had received private instructions to arrest him; but as he had no wish to join O'Donnell and the other nobles, then prisoners in the castle, he remounted his horse, and spurred hard all night, till daybreak saw him beyond the northern boundary of the Pale. The guests imagined that he had been detained by the deputy on matters of state; but Tyrone was fully satisfied that he had acted as became an honourable man, by presenting himself when summoned, and thus exonerating his bailsmen from all responsibility. These," continued

the provincial, "are some of the incidents which I said did not come within the scope of your volume; but let us now return to our subject; and as I forgot to give you my gleanings anent the monastery of Adare, take your pen and write while I dictate."

"Father," observed Purcell, "I was anxious to learn something concerning Tyrone's conduct in that extraordinary marriage with Mabel Bagnal, sister of the marshal of that name."

"Some other time," replied the provincial, "I will satisfy your curiosity on that head; but let us now save from oblivion the little that I have to relate concerning our monastery of Adare."

Father Purcell took a pen, and wrote, from his superior's dictation, the following narrative:—

"Of all our Munster monasteries, there was none more beautiful than that of Adare, whose ruins look down on the silvery Mague. This venerable edifice stands twelve miles south-west of Limerick, and within eight of the Shannon, where the Mague pours its tributary waters into that mighty river. The Franciscans are mainly indebted for this monastery to Thomas, seventh earl of Kildare, and Joanna, his wife, daughter of James, earl of Desmond, who laid its first stone in 1464, and erected the church and a fourth part of the cloister within the same year. Kildare and his countess were munificent benefactors to our brotherhood; for, not satisfied with furnishing the church with glass windows, they also bestowed upon it a bell of great value, and two silver chalices. The church was consecrated in honour of Michael the Archangel, on the saint's festival, in 1466, precisely one year before the decease of James, earl of Desmond, who was executed in Drogheda, for 'fosterage, alliance, and alterage with the Irish.'

"The places consecrated as cemeteries outside the church, were the cloister, within and without, and both sacristies, together with a field which was destined for public sepulture. South of this a small patch of ground was left unconsecrated, in order that it might be reserved for those who were deprived of Christian burial. The remaining portions of the building were completed by different persons, whose names are inscribed in an ancient register, which I saw in the hands of father James Hickey, formerly guardian of the convent, and which was read in the chapter-

room on all Fridays of the year, when it was customary to pray for the health of our benefactors' souls. Cornelius O'Sullivan erected the belfry, and made an offering of a silver chalice burnished with gold. Margaret Fitzgibbon, wife of Cornelius O'Dea, built the great chapel; and John, son of the earl of Desmond already mentioned, erected a second chapel of minor dimensions, to which Margaret, wife of Thomas Fitzmaurice, added a third, small, indeed, but exquisitely beautiful. O'Brien of Ara and his wife built the dormitory, while Rory O'Dea completed a portion of the cloister, and presented a silver chalice. Marianus O'Hickey, who subsequently took our habit and died in Adare, built the refectory; and it was he who furnished the northern side of the choir with its beautiful panellings and stalls. Donald O'Dea and Sabina, his wife, finished another portion of the cloister; and Edmond Thomas, knight of the Glens, and his wife, Honora Fitzgibbon, built the infirmary. The latter died May, 1503. Another lady, wife of Fitzgibbon, added ten feet to the length of the chancel, in order that the priests might have ampler space about the great altar, and she likewise caused a vault to be constructed for herself under the choir. O'Sullivan, who erected the belfry, died in 1492; and Margaret Fitzgibbon, who built the chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, deceased January, 1483. Donough, son of Bernard O'Brien, who built the dormitory, died on the vigil of the feast of St. Francis, 1502; and our founder, Thomas, earl of Kildare, departed March 25, 1478. Joanna, his wife, died on the feast of St. Antony of Padua, 1486, and was interred in the sacred edifice that owed so much to her munificence. Among the other illustrious personages buried in our convent of Adare, was Raymond de Burgh, a friar of our order, and bishop of Emly, who died July 29, 1562. He is said to have been the last bishop of Emly, for the see was united to that of Cashel in the time of his successor.

"When I was in Cork I saw a considerable portion of the sacred furniture of this convent in possession of father Thomas Fitzgerald, who showed me a very beautiful silver-gilt ciborium for the most holy sacrament, a silver cross used in processions, and six or seven chalices, nearly all of which were washed with gold. He also had the register of the convent, and various suits of sumptuous vestments, which were seriously injured by time

"During the wars of the great earl of Desmond, our friars were ejected from the convent of Adare; and when queen Elizabeth bestowed the desecrated edifice on one Wallop, a soldier of fortune, he allowed it to go to ruin. When I visited it the roof had fallen in, but the walls were still standing. Withal it may one day revert to the Franciscans for whom it was built; and even if it should not, these few particulars of its history cannot be wholly useless. Enough for the present; so let us postpone the narrative of Tyrone's marriage with Mabel Bagnal till we have more leisure for gossip."

CHAPTER III.

Tyrone and the Bagnals—His Marriage to Mabel—The Monasteries of Drogheda and Dundalk.

"Now, father," said Purcell, "I will remind you of your promise, and ask you to tell me all you have gleaned of Tyrone's marriage with Mabel Bagnal."

"In good faith, dear brother," interrupted the provincial, "'tis a subject that I would fain eschew, for '*quid monachis cum fœminis?*' or, in other words, what have we poor friars to do with gossip of the sort? Nevertheless, I will keep my word, and tell you all that I remember of an event which caused great noise in its day; for, strange as it may seem to you, Tyrone's marriage with Bagnal's sister was made a question of state, not only in Dublin castle, what time Fitzwilliams was lord deputy, but also in the Honor of Greenwich, where Burghley and other lords of Elizabeth's privy council treated the matter with as much gravity as if it perilled the continuation of English dominion in Ireland. I myself often spoke to Tyrone on the subject, and I need hardly tell you that he complained bitterly of the manner in which he was dealt with by sir Henry Bagnal, his brother-in-law, nay, and by the lords of the privy council, who insinuated that he not only carried off Mabel against her will and consent, but married her while his lawful wife was still alive. I could not enumerate all the letters that were written on this subject; but I remember well that Tyrone showed me the entire correspondence, including his own answers to the charges laid against him by Fitzwilliams, the lord treasurer. and others of

the queen's cabinet. Withal, as I said before, I'd rather eschew the subject altogether, and leave it to some Irish seanachie with the genius of that good Lope de Vega, who, after delighting all Spain with the exquisite beauty of his muse, renounced Parnassus for Calvary, and sword and shield for the cowl and rosary of a Carmelite in the monastery of Toledo.

"I deem it necessary, however, before entering into a detail of the circumstances connected with Tyrone's marriage, to inform you that sir Nicholas Bagnal, the first of that name who figures prominently in our history, came to Ireland in 1542. This Nicholas was a native of Staffordshire, in England; and being a hotheaded galliard, killed a man in a brawl, for which he had to fly his own country, and seek refuge in Ireland, where, at the urgent entreaty of Con, first earl of Tyrone, he received pardon of Henry VIII., and in course of time became an energetic enemy of the O'Neills. Having obtained large grants of land in Down—the principality of the MacGinnesses—he laid the foundation of the modern Newry, and there built a strong castle, in which he resided constantly. Early in the reign of Elizabeth he was appointed marshal of the queen's forces in Ireland, and when he died his son sir Henry succeeded to all his honours. The latter was a man of considerable ability at the pen, for he wrote a description of Ulster in 1587; but if fame does not belie him, he was at heart a very craven. Sharing his father's hatred of the Irish, and intent on his own aggrandizement, he lost no opportunity of adding to the grants which he inherited; so much so, indeed, that he ultimately became one of the most active of the supplanting foemen of the O'Neills and their subordinate lords. When the MacMahon of Monaghan was executed at his own door, by the infamous order of deputy Fitzwilliams, sir Henry Bagnal received a considerable portion of the murdered chieftain's lands; and there can be little doubt that he hoped to oust Tyrone himself, and share the partition of his wide domains. He was, in sooth, a greedy adventurer, restless, rapacious, unscrupulous; in a word, one who deemed it no sin or shame to aid in any process by which the rightful occupant might be driven from his holding, provided he got share of the spoil. This man hated Tyrone with implacable animosity; and indeed the earl reciprocated the sentiment—nay, branded

him in public and private as a coward, who shrunk from the ordeal of single combat."

"Single combat!" interrupted father Purcell. "Surely Tyrone was not justified in accepting or proposing such!"

"Have you not read," replied the provincial, "how Wenceslaus, the canonized duke of Bohemia, offered to enter the lists and fight his mortal enemy, Radislaus?"

"Yes," answered father Purcell; "but the legend tells how an angel armed Wenceslaus in celestial panoply, and forbade his adversary to unsheathe the sword."

"Be that as it may," continued the provincial, "Bagnal refused to encounter Tyrone, when the latter proposed to meet him—nay, slunk away like a craven, although the earl offered to allow the dastard to come armed from head to foot, against him in hose and jerkin, to encourage him the rather to accept the challenge. Bagnal was valiant enough with the pen, when indicting charges of covert treason against Tyrone—a perfect master of fence when nothing but the pen was needed to deal an assassin thrust; but when there was question of cold, glittering steel, his heart melted within him like wax. In fact, like the pedant king James who now reigns, he trembled at sight of a drawn sword."

"And yet," resumed Purcell, "is it not strange that this man allowed his sister to marry Tyrone?"

"Allowed her!" replied the provincial. "Therein you are wrong, for he did his utmost to prevent their union—nay, sought to dissolve it when it had been effected. But let me tell you all that I know of the wooing and wedding. Tyrone's wife, the countess Judith, sister of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, died early in 1590; and some months afterwards the earl met, I know not where, but most likely in Newry, Mabel, sir Henry's only sister. Fascinated by the beauty of the English damsel—for indeed she was a comely creature, just entering her twentieth year—and captivated by the winsome grace of her manners, the earl resolved to marry her, and, like an honourable man, declared his intentions to her brother. Sir Henry, on hearing the proposal, raised some foolish difficulties about the *incivility* of the earl's country, as though there were no lordly halls in Dungannon, sweet-sounding harps, tender matrons, white-bosomed maidens, blooming gardens, and genial hearts in all Tyrone; but his real objection was to part with the lady's dowry of

one thousand pounds, which he held in trust. Tyrone arranged to settle a jointure on Mabel; and she, dear creature, had made up her mind to marry him, with or without her churlish brother's consent. Finding that his sister had set her heart upon the earl, sir Henry refused to allow the nuptial ceremony to take place till he had received letters from queen Elizabeth's cabinet sanctioning the project; and in the meanwhile he caused Mabel to be removed from the castle of Newry to Turvey, some eight or nine miles north of Dublin, the residence of sir Patrick Barnwell, to whom her sister was married. How it fared with the marshal's application to the queen's ministers I never heard; but 'tis quite certain that Mabel's removal to her sister's mansion did not realize her brother's intent; quite otherwise indeed, for the earl followed her to Turvey, and employed all his persuasive eloquence to obtain lady Barnwell's consent to the match; and I need hardly say that she was little loath to see her fair sister mated with one whose ancestry, chivalry, and wide domains entitled him to the hand and heart of the most nobly-born dame in Christendom. Sir Patrick Barnwell gave willing ear to his pleading; and as for Mabel, such was the vehemence of her love, that she then and there solemnly trothed herself to Tyrone, who presented her with a chain of gold, as a symbol of that union in which their hearts were to be linked for evermore. The '*trouthal*' took place early in July (1591), and towards the close of that month the earl, accompanied by a gay retinue of English gentlemen, went to dine at Turvey, where their host made them good entertainment, and where it had been previously arranged that Mabel should bide her opportunity, and leave the mansion with a gentleman who came in Tyrone's suite. And in good faith she was true to her word; for, after dinner, when the guests were betaking themselves to various games, she mounted on horseback behind the earl's friend, who, followed by two serving-men, never drew bridle till they arrived at the house of a Mr. Warren, who lived at Drumcondra, within a mile of Dublin. As soon as the earl ascertained that his 'prey'—I use his own word—was well forward on her road to the place agreed upon, he, too, mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his English friends, spurred hard after his lady-love. There was no time to be lost in solemnizing the nuptials; and the earl despatched a messenger to Jones, the

queen's bishop of Meath, who happened to be in Dublin at that moment, praying him to hasten without delay to Warren's house, where his presence was urgently needed. The bishop, for aught I know, may have imagined that Tyrone was about to renounce his faith; but if any such idea haunted his mind it was soon removed, when, on entering the house, he found arrangements made for a wedding, and the fair girl in a noble apartment, attended by a considerable number of English ladies and gentlemen. 'My lord,' said the earl, 'I have invited you hither to marry myself and this gentlewoman, to whom I was betrothed about twenty days ago; and I am desirous that rather you than any other should perform the office between us, that the world may know we are *married according to her majesty's laws.*' 'What you require from me,' replied the bishop, 'is a matter of great importance; and you must first permit me to confer with the gentlewoman herself;' and with this he took Mabel aside, and demanded of her whether she had plighted her troth to the earl. To this she answered that she had done so twenty days before, and that she had received from him a gold chain, worth a hundred pounds, as a token. To the question whether she had come away voluntarily from Turvey, she replied that she had done so of her own free consent; and finally, when asked whether she was resolved to take the earl to her husband, she answered: 'My lord, you see in what case I am, how I came hither with mine own consent, and have already promised the earl to be his wife. I beseech you, therefore, for my credit's sake, to perfect the marriage between us; the sooner the better, for my honour's sake.' Satisfied with the examination, the bishop remarked that it barely remained for him to perfect 'the knot that themselves had already knytt;' and he instantly solemnized the marriage according to her majesty's laws. The merry-makings on this occasion lasted four or five days, and I need not tell you that such revel was never before witnessed in Drumcondra. At its conclusion, the earl hastened back to the north with his young bride, and Mabel was now countess of green Tyrone.

"But how am I to describe sir Henry Bagnal's conduct when he was certified of his sister's marriage? He stormed and vapoured like a very madman, accursing himself, that

his father's blood and his own, which had been often spilled in repressing this rebellious race, should now be mingled with so traitorous a stock and kindred!' And not satisfied with this, he vented his rage on Jones, his own countryman, for celebrating the marriage. 'The bishop of Meath,' said he, 'participated in this villany; and by such like examples in men of his sort, God's word is greatly slandered, and many men in this kingdom, who, I think, would otherwise willingly embrace the truth, are brought into detestation of the gospel!' But he made a graver charge against him; for he asserted, as I have already told you, that Mabel's nuptials were solemnized while the earl's wife was still alive, and that he, the bishop, was aware of the impediment. Burghley, on receiving this intelligence, wrote by the queen's orders, commanding Jones to account for his conduct; and the poor man, frightened out of his wits, replied 'that he never was cognizant of any such "barr;" and that if he had had an inkling of it, he would not have done what he did, *not even for the marshal's yearly revenue.*' Thus was the unfortunate bishop involved in a very perplexing embroilment; and what was still more ludicrous, a council of cabinet ministers bent all their energies to discover the truth or falsehood of the allegation against Tyrone. As for him, he satisfied deputy Fitzwilliams that the accusation was grounded on an intimacy which he had formed, in the days of his hot youth, with the daughter of sir Brian M'Phelim, from whom he was separated by order of the Church, long before he married his late wife, the countess Judith, daughter of O'Donnell. The sentence invalidating the former connexion, on account of a diriment impediment, was duly registered by the officials of Armagh cathedral; who, when examined by the deputy, produced the instrument signed and sealed, and furthermore declared, that, by reason of said impediment, the Church never could have sanctioned the sacramental union of the parties. Thus was the earl cleared of the charge which sir Henry made on such loose information—a charge, indeed, which, to use Tyrone's words, 'was meant to discredit him, and to *undo* his wedded wife.' Bagnal was utterly discomfited in his attempt to disgrace his own sister; and Burghley, the queen's favourite minister, pronounced that Tyrone had acted honourably in the transaction, when the latter wrote, that 'if he had not been *thoroughly cleared* from the gentle-

woman whom the marshal would now thrust upon him, he would not for any worldly goods have stained his credit and conscience by taking a second wife.' I have now told you all that I know of Tyrone's marriage with Mabel Bagnal; but I should not omit mentioning that she became a Catholic, and lived to witness many a glorious victory wrested from the soldiers of her own race by her gallant husband. As for sir Henry, his hatred of Tyrone grew more deadly as years sped onwards; so much so, that he never could be induced to pay the dowry which he held in trust for Mabel. She died in 1596; and two and a-half years afterwards her widowed lord and brother, at the head of their respective armies, confronted each other on the field of the Yellow Ford. Towards the close of that memorable action, Hugh, earl of Tyrone—or, to speak more correctly, the O'Neill—leading a squadron of horse, pricked forward in the hope of encountering his brother-in-law; but they were not destined to meet. In the confusion of the bloody rout, the marshal was in the act of raising his beaver, when a bullet pierced his brain; and thus deprived O'Neill of an opportunity of avenging with his own good sword the injuries and insults which long lay rankling in his heart. Happily for Mabel, she did not live to witness that day of fearful retribution!

"Now let me hear how you have dealt with the memoranda I gave you of our Drogheda monastery."

"Would that the details were more copious," replied father Purcell; "but, such as they are, they will perpetuate the memory of that house." And he then read:

"The Franciscan convent of Drogheda was founded by the Plunkets, barons of Louth, in 1240, and not, as some have asserted, by the Darcys of Platten; for the progenitor of the latter family did not come to Ireland till 1323, when he was appointed lord justice by Edward II. The site of this venerable edifice, in the northern division of the town and diocese of Armagh, was extremely beautiful, being within the walls, and close to the quay where ships receive and discharge their cargoes. The land belonging to this convent extended, on the south, from the river's brink to a street on the declivity of the hill leading to St. Laurence-street, and from a street on the west, near the quay, to the city wall on the east. The ground bestowed on our convent outside the walls, comprised a spacious garden and orchard east of the city; and our friars had a private gate which

gave them access to both places. As for the buildings, they were very magnificent; and nothing could exceed the beauty of the bell-tower, which was of cut stone, lofty, and encrusted with marble. The church was very elegant, having a choir capable of accommodating two hundred friars. In the centre of the choir stood the monument of the Darcys of Platten, surmounted by a marble bust of John, the lord justice, who was one of our special benefactors, and whose posterity were all buried within the same precincts. The fact of this monument having been one of the most conspicuous objects in the church, led many to suppose that the Darcys were founders of the convent; but, as I have already said, the Plunkets are entitled to that honour, although the Darcys frequently repaired the sacred edifice, and particularly the eastern window of the church, which was set in the city wall.

"Early in the reign of queen Elizabeth, the Franciscans were violently extruded from their venerable convent, which was then leased to Gerald Aylmer, of Dollardstown, who, in 1612, sold the buildings, together with their appurtenances, to one Moses Hill, a mere adventurer, who came to Ireland a beggarman, and enriched himself with the plunder of many an honest man's homestead. This Hill was an implacable persecutor of the Catholics, and an ever-willing instrument in carrying out the detestable policy of king James I. Intent upon his own aggrandizement, he spared no effort to add to his ill-got fortunes; and no sooner did a convent fall into his hands, than he began to remodel the entire structure, so as to accommodate it to the requirements of shopkeepers and others, from whom he exacted exorbitant rents. Father Baltassar Delahoyde, an aged ecclesiastic, and native of Drogheda, who for many years was vicar-general of the diocese of Armagh, informed me that he was an ocular witness of Hill's sacrilegious vandalism, and endeavours to derive an income from the tenants to whom he let the cloisters and infirmary of the convent, which stood right upon the river's brink; but, strange to relate, the shopkeepers who settled there, instead of becoming rich, grew poor, and had to give up their holdings; thus bringing on themselves the curse pronounced upon those who turn the house of God into a place of chaffering and profane traffic.

"Seeing that this speculation did not prosper, Hill resolved

to pull down the whole edifice, and sell the cut stones of which it was built; but, as he could not get any of the townspeople to carry out his wishes, he employed a number of strangers, at very high wages, to do his bidding. They commenced at the bell-tower, which, as I have already said, was a very beautiful object; but the first stone that was disturbed fell within a few inches of one of the masons, which so terrified his fellows, that they were all scared away, and refused to continue the work of demolition. A second attempt to destroy the bell-tower was equally unsuccessful; but, in the meanwhile, Hill had pulled down the infirmary and the guest-house, with a view, as I have heard, of erecting on their site a mansion for sir Arthur Chichester, who was then lord deputy, in 1614. Chichester approved the project, for he liked the locality; but being suddenly recalled to England, and replaced by Jones, the king's archbishop of Dublin, the undertaking was abandoned, and Hill lost much money in laying the foundation of an edifice which was never completed. Thus, by the manifest interposition of heaven, the bell-tower and eastern window of our once splendid convent were saved from destruction, while the rest of the sacred edifice was uprooted from the very foundations. Nor did it fare well with Hill, the author of all this vandalic sacrilege; for, when I visited Drogheda, in 1615, his wife was suffering from paralysis, and he himself was abhorred by the whole population. To us Franciscans he was another Heliodorus, desecrating our holy places, persecuting the members of our brotherhood, and laying sacrilegious hands on the consecrated utensils of the sanctuary. So perished the ancient convent of Drogheda.

"At present (in 1617), however, notwithstanding the despotism of the deputy, Oliver St. John, we have in that city a community of four friars, who live in a house which they rent, and in which they have erected an altar, pulpit, and confessionals. The secular priests have this house in common with our friars, and they all labour to preserve the faith among the people. As for the Franciscans, they live strictly according to their rule, wearing the habit in their conventual church, reciting the office in choir, and regretting heartily that they are obliged to exchange the garb of their holy founder for secular apparel when going abroad into the streets.

"A few incidents connected with this little convent—alas, how unlike the stately monastery founded by the Plunkets, on the bank of the historic Boyne!—which occurred under my own eyes, deserve to be recorded to the honour of our friars, and for the edification of future ages.

"It was in the year 1610 that father Maurice Ultan, O'Dunlevy, hired the house for our four friars in Drogheda; and soon afterwards, when it was noised abroad that the little community possessed some silver utensils for the altar, sir Arthur Chichester, then lord deputy, instructed his myrmidons to watch their opportunity and make a raid upon the house, in order to carry off the plate. The priest had hardly left the altar, when the ruffians forced their way into the chapel, and made off with the vestments, chalice, and everything else that they considered valuable. As for the friars, they escaped by secret passages known only to themselves; for Chichester's hirelings were too intent on plunder to think of arresting them. On another occasion, father Francis Helan, an aged man, was seized at the foot of the altar, and dragged into the streets, where the women of Drogheda assailed his captors with a shower of stones. The soldiers would willingly have released their prisoner to save themselves; but the old man, desirous of screening the people from Chichester's vengeance, surrendered himself voluntarily; and being conducted to Dublin, was arraigned in his habit before Adam Loftus, the chancellor. The officer of the escort interposed on behalf of father Helan, and generously represented that he had surrendered voluntarily; stating, at the same time, that he, the officer, had never been in so great peril of his life, as from the Drogheda women and their improvised artillery. The chancellor and his confreres laughed heartily on hearing this, but the old priest was flung into prison, where he had to dree six weary months. Ludicrous as the occurrence was, it exacerbated the hostility of the authorities against the good people of Drogheda. It would be tedious to narrate the stratagems to which the government had recourse for the total destruction of priests, seminarists, and friars in Ireland, ever since James I. ascended the throne. The seaports were vigilantly watched by ruffians hired to arrest those whom they supposed to be priests or students going abroad for education: and no one was allowed

to come or go without the scrutiny of those wretches. I myself was present on the quay of Drogheda in 1614, when a young priest, a native of Cork, who had just then returned from Flanders, was arrested on suspicion; but as he was in secular apparel, he contrived to get off, owing principally to the interference of some bystanders, who said he was a merchant from Cork, of which he was a native. I remember, too, when the lodging of Eugene Mathews, archbishop of Dublin, was entered by a posse of those vile miscreants in quest of his grace, who escaped through a window, and hid himself on the roof of a neighbouring house. I was in the metropolis when that event occurred; and seeing the house in which I lodged surrounded by a vast crowd, I rushed into the street, and being in secular apparel, mingled with the throng, and thus fortunately eluded my pursuers.

"Far more memorable was the case of John Stuart, a native of Scotland, and lay-brother of our little community in Drogheda. This excellent man was arrested near Dublin, and committed to the prison of that city, where he was detained for some months. He was subsequently sent to England, and brought before the king, who, as was his wont on all such occasions, waxed theological, and began to dispute with him about the dogmata of the Church. The poor friar was an illiterate man, but yet he was able enough to expose the sophistry of the royal logic, which was always employed to justify the most absurd paradoxes —one day proving the unlawfulness of smoking tobacco, and when tired of that thesis, strenuously maintaining the legality of smoking witches to death. When argument failed, the king had recourse to bribes, for he was very anxious to make a proselyte of a man who bore his own name; but finding that this sort of persuasion was of no avail, he ordered him to be imprisoned in the tower of London, from which he was liberated after a long detention. Brother Stuart did good service to our community here in Louvain, and returned to Ireland, where his zeal and fidelity shall not be forgotten, if these poor pages can serve to perpetuate his memory.

"I find," continued the provincial, "that I have not given you my memoranda of the Franciscan house of Dundalk; and as the volume would be imperfect if it lacked a notice of that convent, I will now narrate the little that I

have gleaned of its vicissitudes. It was founded in the thirteenth century, by John de Verdon, and was one of the first that was destroyed, when Henry VIII. decreed the dissolution of the religious communities. When I visited it, in 1616, nothing remained of the church except the bell-tower, and even that was sadly dilapidated. The entire of the sacred edifice, with its appurtenances, that is to say, about three or four acres of meadow-land, was held by John Brandon, a most respectable denizen of Dundalk, whose grandfather got a lease of the premises in the reign of king Henry. The said John waited on me when I was examining the ruin—alas, not so much the martyr of time as of man's wrath—and told me that he scrupled holding possession of the place without the consent of the friars. I, therefore, for the security of his conscience, laid the whole matter before John Cassel, a native of Dundalk, and syndic of the convent, who, by authority from Rome, allowed him to retain the dilapidated walls and the foresaid acres of land, on the following conditions: First, that he would renounce all right to possession whenever the Franciscans might claim it from him. Secondly, that he should not sell or alienate any portion of the premises, or their appurtenances, without consent of our brotherhood. Thirdly, that he should not suffer any one to do further injury to the place, but save it from decay, and pledge himself not to let any portion of the land to another. Fourthly, that he would give something annually, by way of alms, to our friars, out of the rents which he received from the land. Brandon agreed to these conditions, and indeed he has been faithful to his word. Such conduct deserves to be recorded; and who knows but this poor testimony to true worth may one day meet the eyes of some of his posterity!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE MONASTERY AT MULTIFERNAN.

Origin of the Name—Foundation of the Monastery—The Delamers—The Nugents of Delvin and Donore—The Monastery plundered and burnt by the English—The Friars imprisoned in the Castle of Ballimore—Escape of Father Mooney—Cruelties perpetrated on the Prisoners—Richard Brady, Bishop of Kilmore—Re-establishment of the Friars in Multifernan—Notice of distinguished Members of the Community.

"It will afford me great pleasure," said father Mooney to his colleague, "to give you an ample account of the vicissitudes of our once noble convent of Multifernan; for, indeed, of all our Irish houses, there is not one, that of Donegal excepted, with whose history I am better acquainted. And how could it be otherwise? It was in Multifernan I made my novitiate, and 'twas there I hoped to have made my religious profession, till ——"

"But, father," interrupted Purcell, "I thought you commenced your monastic life in the convent of Donegal."

"No, dear friend; 'twas in Donegal I renounced the world, abandoning sword and matchlock; and no sooner did I avow my intention of devoting myself to the service of God and St. Francis, than our good provincial sent me to Multifernan, to enter on my novitiate. I was then in my twenty-fourth year, strong and active, inured to hardships and privations, having served some time under the banners of O'Neill and O'Donnell, in their campaigns against Elizabeth's choicest generals. I, too, had my share of martial glory; for I may say, without any idle self-laudation, that I bore myself as it became a true soldier on many a battlefield, from Clontibret to the Yellow Ford, where the clans of Tyrone and Tirconnell routed the English army under marshal Bagnal. Reminiscences such as these may not beseem a poor disciple of St. Francis. so let me rather proceed to satisfy your inquiries concerning the rise and fall of the monastery of Multifernan.

"I need hardly observe that that venerable house, now, alas, a charred and mouldering mass of ruins, stands hard by the river Gain, in the county of Westmeath. Our annals, as well as the traditions of the locality, date its erection in the year 1306, when William Delamer, whose ancestor, Herbert, came to Ireland in the days of Henry II.,

built the church and convent to the honour of God, and his chosen patron, St. Francis. As to the meaning of the word Multifernan, it may not be amiss to inform you, that it signifies *Fearnan's Mill;* for it appears that an Irish family of that name owned the territory, and had a mill on the Gain, long before the Delamers—or, as they were subsequently styled, in the Irish vernacular, *MacHerberts* —possessed a single rood in the county of Westmeath. The appellation '*Montis Fernandi*,' given to the monastery and village, is doubtless a euphonious latinizing of the primitive Celtic word, and must have been invented by the first guardian of the convent, in his correspondence with the general of our order in Italy.

"The site which Delamer selected for this monastery, was admirably suited to the contemplative life of its inmates; for it was in low ground, at a considerable distance from the village, away from frequented thoroughfares, and in the vicinity of the lake of Derreghvera, through which the sweet Inny flows to join the Shannon. In fact, there is only one road by which the place can be approached—the great highway leading from Mullingar to Longford. The monastery itself was very spacious, capable of affording accommodation to a large number of friars, having all requisite appurtenances, such as cloisters, refectory, dormitory, guest-house, library, and chapter-room. The church, which is still surmounted by a graceful belfry, was of exquisite architecture, and amply furnished with all requirements for its sacred purposes. The groined ceilings, panelled choir, and richly-carved altars, bore ample testimony to the devotion of the lordly Delamer and his posterity, who for many centuries were our unfailing benefactors; and, indeed, I may justly style them such, for not satisfied with building the church and convent, they endowed the latter with many acres of rich land, and empowered our friars to erect mills and weirs on the Gain. Thus did the Delamers provide for the wants of the community; and, in return for such bountiful munificence, the friars of Multifernan prayed for the souls of their illustrious patrons, preserved their tombs from decay, and took special care to guard against all accident the beautiful south-eastern window of the church, once all ablaze with their armorial cognizance.

"In progress of time, however, the lands which Delamer

won by the sword, lapsed to the no less illustrious family of the Nugents, barons of Delvin, who, like their predecessors, proved themselves constant benefactors and patrons of the friars of Multifernan. How many instances could I give you of the fostering protection which the Nugents bestowed on that convent! At the time when Henry VIII. decreed the dissolution of the Irish monasteries—especially those in the English Pale—Multifernan, withall its appurtenances, was granted to Edward Field, Patrick Clynch, and Philip Penteney, at a fine of eighty pounds, and the annual rent of four shillings Irish. Yet, notwithstanding this sacrilegious alienation of our venerable house, the friars were not disturbed; for, owing to the interposition of the barons of Delvin, they still continued to retain possession of the church and monastery. In fact, the Nugents were so devoted to our order, that they always contrived to purchase the monastery and church from the grantees, as they were styled; who cared far more for a round sum of money than they did for the dispersion of a poor community, or the few acres which they cultivated. The fidelity of the Nugents to the English government in the reign of Elizabeth, enabled them to extend protection to the inmates of Multifernan; and although the monastery was frequently garrisoned by English troops, during the war between O'Neill and that queen, it sustained little or no injury from such visitors. Seven years before Elizabeth's decease, James Nugent of Donore died, seised in fee of the manor of Multifernan; and in the succeeding reign, his son Richard purchased the monastery from alderman Jans of Dublin, to whom it was granted by James the First. This Richard, who died in 1615, and was buried in the ancestral tomb in Multifernan, was a great benefactor of our order; for, not satisfied with repairing the church and monastery, he bestowed additional grants of land, and several costly pieces of altar-plate, on our community. His son Andrew, who succeeded him, was a worthy representative of a sire whose memory shall never perish, if my poor words can transmit it to posterity.

"Let me now relate to you what I myself witnessed during my novitiate in Multifernan. In October, 1601, a strong detachment of English soldiers, commanded by Francis Shane, was sent from Dublin by Charles Blount, the then deputy, with instructions to pillage the monastery,

and seise the friars. On their march, and within bowsholt of the convent, they arrested Richard Brady, bishop of Kilmore, a member of our order; Father John Gray, the provincial; Father James Hayn; and Bernard Moriarty dean of Ardagh. On entering the convent, they seized father Nehemias Gray, the guardian, together with five or six other members of the brotherhood; it was then dark night, and we were returning from the church to our cells, when we found ourselves in the hands of the soldiers. In the confusion, some of the friars escaped out of the convent, and sought refuge in the neighbouring woods. As for the bishop, Shane sent him and some others under escort to the castle of Ballimore on Loughshodie, some twelve miles south-west of Mullingar; while I, the guardian, and a few other members of the community, were detained prisoners in the monastery. Thus were we kept for two days. Shane, indeed, hoped to light on some rich treasure in our poor house, but he was disappointed; for, after searching the entire edifice, he could find nothing save a goodly store of provisions, which was sent to the monastery by the nobility and gentry, who were wont to come thither on the feast of St. Francis, then nigh at hand. This was an old usage in that place, as there were no inns in the neighbourhood. In the meantime, while the soldiers were making merry on the good cheer, never intended for them, I contrived to effect the escape of the guardian and some others; and, indeed, I too might have got off, had I so willed it, but as it was within two days of the time appointed for making my religious profession, I preferred remaining in custody, knowing right well that Shane would send me to the castle on Loughshodie, where the provincial was confined. On the expiration of the second day, Shane ordered me and a lay-brother out of the convent, and setting us on horses, sent us prisoners to Ballimore. Alas, I never will forget the horrors of that day; for we had gone hardly a mile when Shane came galloping up, and commanding us to halt, directed our attention to a mass of fire and smoke clearly visible in the distance, exclaiming at the same time, with fiendish malevolence: 'Vile poltroons! see how I have burnt your monastery to the ground.' Thus, on the 3rd of October, 1601, did that inhuman monster give our venerable house of Multifernan to the flames.

"With a heavy heart we held on our way to the castle

of Ballimore; and as we rode along, Shane, who did not venture to do me personal harm, waxing jocose, began to banter me about the habit I wore. 'You,' said he, 'have been a soldier, and you ought to be ashamed of that papistic dress. Cast it off; I don't ask you to abjure your popery; but come and take service under our queen, and you may be certain that you will not be forgotten when Blount, our puissant deputy, has crushed O'Neill and O'Donnell. The broad lands of those base traitors shall soon be given to her majesty's true lieges; and, assuredly, fingers like yours were better employed with sword or matchlock than fumbling a rosary.'

"Little did I heed the ribaldry of the profane soldier; and weary as was the road to the castle of Ballimore, it seemed light and pleasant when I reflected that it led to the crowning of my most cherished aspirations. At length we reached our journey's end, and I had the happiness of finding myself face to face with the bishop of Kilmore, the guardian of Multifernan, father Bernard Moriarty, and some other members of our community. They all were astonished at seeing me, for they knew that I could have escaped from the convent had I wished to do so; but when I explained to them the motives which induced me to remain a prisoner in Shane's hands, nothing could exceed the joy which each of them evinced. 'You know, dear father,' said I to the provincial, 'that the term of my novitiate expires to-day, and that I desire nothing so much on this earth as to be enrolled a poor and humble disciple of St. Francis. If, therefore, you deem me worthy of such an honour, permit me this instant to make my profession.'

"'What!' said the venerable bishop, from whose aged eyes the tears streamed fast and hot, 'are you prepared to renounce your liberty for the poor habit of our order? do you consent to forego the enjoyments of a secular career for a life of penance and mortification? You told us that the man into whose power we have fallen has promised you much, provided you would divest yourself of the habit, and betake you to your old profession of arms. Ponder, therefore, what you should do, lest, perhaps, you might one day repent your precipitancy.'

"'Most reverend father,' I replied, 'nothing can shake or alter my firm resolution. I have long yearned for this day; and if it be not presumptuous in one unlettered

as I am to make the reflection, I would humbly submit that all the calamities which have overtaken us of late should be regarded as so many stumbling-blocks cast by Satan across my path, to divert me from the goal for which I have been struggling.'

"'Enough, enough,' replied the bishop; 'your desire shall be satisfied; and may heaven help you on the rugged road you have chosen!'

"I then threw myself on my knees at the provincial's feet, and in the dim light of the prison-chamber made my profession, and was duly received into the order of St. Francis. Never, never shall I forget the joy I felt on that day; never while I live shall the recollection of that hour fade from my memory. Countless are the splendid functions I have witnessed since then here in Louvain and in Brussels; but I doubt much if any of them all could equal the solemn rite of my profession in that castle of Loughshodie. Realize it to your imagination, dear brother: picture to yourself a young man, in the plenitude of his strength, kneeling at the feet of an aged bishop and his provincial, both captives for their loyalty to God and the faith of their fathers; and there, in the gloom of that dungeon, pronouncing with unfaltering tongue those irrevocable vows which consecrated him the liege servant of God, and doomed him to the persecution of ruthless laws.

"The recollection of that crowning moment of my life has made me digress. So let me now relate how it fared with myself and fellow-captives soon after my profession. Young and vigorous as I was, it was only natural that I should think of effecting my escape from the castle of Ballimore; and I accordingly took counsel with father Bernard Moriarty, to whom I communicated the various projects which presented themselves to my mind. He and I were lodged in the same tower every night; and our jailors, acting more from caprice than system, occasionally secured us with a ponderous iron chain. It occurred to me, then, that we should bide our time, and break prison some night when our limbs were unshackled; but on proposing this idea to my fellow-sufferer, he would not entertain it. I next bethought me that we might watch our opportunity when the soldiers were out exercising; bolt the gates against them, and hold the castle till such time as either of the native princes, O'Neill or O'Donnell, then

in arms, would send troops to our rescue. This expedient seemed to me very feasible; but, after a careful scrutiny of the premises, I discovered that we had not as much gunpowder or food as would enable us to maintain ourselves in the place longer than four days. Then again it occurred to me that such a proceeding would necessarily be attended with bloodshed; and as my conscience rebuked me for entertaining so hazardous a scheme, I resolved to abandon it. At length I found a quantity of tow, of which the soldiers used to make matches for their arquebuses and the falconets mounted on the ramparts; and I immediately set about twisting it into a rope, by which I might, whenever a favourable moment appeared, let myself down from the window of the tower into the ditch of the castle, and thus regain my liberty. It was idle to think that father Moriarty would adopt my plan, and I therefore did not impart it to him. At last the long-wished-for night came; and commending my soul to God and St. Francis, I fastened one end of the rope to an iron stanchion of the window, and gradually lowered myself till I was within ten or twelve feet of the ditch. At this critical moment the strain on the rope caused it to break, and I fell into the ditch, receiving in my rapid descent some trifling bruises from the projecting wall. Fortunately for me the ditch was full of water, which reached above my chest; and still more fortunately the ward on the castle-tower was quite unconscious of what was passing. Nevertheless, I had hardly cleared the ditch when I saw the shadowy figures of the soldiers running hither and thither in the little camp outside the castle, with blazing torches in their hands, as if alarmed by an unexpected onfall. There was no time to be lost: so, nerving myself for the worst, I made what haste I could; and, although not very well acquainted with the locality, I walked fully ten miles that night, till I reached the house of a friend, who gave me shelter and cordial welcome. Thus was God pleased to deliver me from that stronghold of Ballimore.

"Almost immediately after my escape, Shane resolved to send his remaining prisoners to Dublin castle, for he thought that the Irish princes, O'Neill and O'Donnell, would attempt their rescue. However, as the bishop was far advanced in years, and very feeble, Shane allowed him to take up his abode in the house of a Catholic nobleman,

living in the neighbourhood, who pledged his honour that the prelate would present himself to the English authorities in Dublin at the close of winter. The bishop was faithful to his engagement; for he set out for the metropolis about the end of March, and on his arrival was thrown into prison, where he remained till the summer of 1602, when his friends effected his enlargement by paying a heavy fine.

"As to the other prisoners, among whom was my friend father Bernard Moriarty, they were sent under a strong escort to Dublin; but no sooner had they reached the neighbourhood of Multifernan, than they were met by Walter Nugent, standard-bearer to the baron of Delvin, who commanded a company of thirty soldiers in the queen's pay. This valiant young officer demanded the release of the prisoners; but when that was refused, he and his men attacked the escort, and eventually succeeded in liberating the friars. Unfortunately, however, two other companies of the queen's troops, on hearing the musketry, came speedily to the scene of action, and overpowered Walter Nugent's detachment, six of whom lost their lives in the skirmish. The friars were then sent on to the prison of Dublin castle. As for my friend Moriarty, he received a gunshot wound, which fractured both his thighs; and after lingering a short time in intense agony in a dungeon, where they refused him bed, medical attendance, or any other comfort, he finally surrendered his pure soul to God, and was buried in the cemetery of St. James, outside the city wall. Thus terminated the career of this venerable priest, who, in my opinion, deserves to be styled a martyr. He was profoundly versed in civil and canon law, and distinguished himself by his acquirements, when a mere stripling, in Spain. He was dean of Ardagh, archdeacon of Clonmacnoise; and when Matthew de Oviedo succeeded to the archbishopric of Dublin, he appointed my lamented friend his vicar-general.

"Meanwhile the provincial and another priest remained in custody, and I need hardly tell you that I spared no effort to obtain their enlargement. My exertions were finally crowned with success; for, on representing the matter to the princes O'Neill and MacMahon, they willingly exchanged two English prisoners of war, then in their hands, for my two reverend confreres.

"Elated by this favourable turn in our affairs, I assembled

as many of our friars as had survived such a sad series of calamities, and exhorted them to join me in re-establishing ourselves in Multifernan. They one and all adopted my views; and owing to our untiring efforts, we contrived to erect, before the festival of the Nativity, 1601, a small dwelling-house within the ruins of our burnt monastery. In the following year, however, father Nehemias Gray, our guardian, resolved to repair, as far as he could, the church and the monastery; and he therefore procured a large quantity of timber from the barony of Garrycastle, in order to roof one of the chapels and a portion of the ancient dwelling-house. The undertaking prospered beyond our expectations; but scarcely were the partial restorations completed, when a body of English troops, commanded by Francis Rochfort, came suddenly upon us, and mercilessly burnt down every inch of the work on which we had expended so much toil. As for the friars, some saved themselves by flight, and others were carried off to Dublin, where they were thrown into prison. The bishop of Kilmore was among those whom Rochfort arrested on that occasion; but as he was decrepid, and unable to walk or stand, they flung him into a brake of briars, and there left him, as they thought, dead. Notwithstanding this second demolition of our poor house, the friars returned to Multifernan as soon as they were released from prison; and even now, despite unrelenting persecution, we have there a community of eighteen, including lay-brothers, who reside in cabins which they raised within our ancient precincts.

"Lest, however, their names or memories should be forgotten, I would have you know that, of all our enemies, none were more cruel than sir Dudley Loftus, sir Richard Grear, Patrick Fox, high sheriff of Westmeath, and sir Oliver Lambert, formerly president of Connaught. As for Loftus, he came accompanied by the said Grear to Multifernan, and carried off five of our brethren to Dublin; where, after being detained in custody eighteen months, they were ultimately released, on pledging themselves to appear whenever it pleased the authorities to summon them. This occurred, as well as I remember, in 1607. In 1613, Fox came stealthily on our poor friars, and arrested, among others, father Bernard Gray, who, after a year's confinement was suffered to seek refuge in France, where

he died of disease contracted in the dungeon of Dublin castle. In the following year, sir Oliver Lambert came with a company of soldiers to Multifernan, seized the few friars he found there, and committed them prisoners to the jail of Mullingar. Nevertheless, as I said before, Multifernan has never lacked a community of Franciscans, for whose maintenance we are mainly indebted to the illustrious house of Nugent, and the unfailing charity of the Catholics residing in the neighbourhood and throughout Westmeath.

"But as these reminiscenses of Multifernan would be imperfect without some notice of the most distinguished members of our order, whose society and friendship it was my happiness to enjoy there, I will now furnish you with a few particulars which I think deserve to be recorded. Let me, therefore, begin with Richard Brady, bishop of Kilmore, whose virtues and sufferings should never be forgotten by the future historian of our calamitous times.

"That illustrious individual sprang from the noble house of his name, which for many an age ruled with princely sway in Breffny-O'Reilly. At a very early period of his life he distinguished himself as a jurist, for indeed he was profoundly versed in the canon and civil law. Family influence and talents such as his would, doubtless, have raised him to eminence had he chosen a secular career; but, caring little for the fame or fortune which he might have won so easily in the senate or in the forum, he renounced the world, and took our poor habit in the convent of Cavan. His piety, learning, and prudence, were the theme of every tongue; and although he never left Ireland or sought for himself any dignity, the supreme pontiff promoted him to the bishopric of Ardagh, on the 23rd of January, 1576. Resigning that diocese, he was translated to the see of Kilmore, and held the office of vice-primate after the death of Raymond O'Gallagher, bishop of Derry, who was slain by the English in 1601. It may not be superfluous to inform you, that during the vacancy of the see of Armagh, or the absence of its metropolitan, the office of *vice*-primate has, according to immemorial custom, devolved on the senior suffragan of the province. Thus, O'Gallagher succeeded to that dignity when Edmund MacGauran fell in an action fought by M'Guire, prince of Fermanagh, against the troops commanded by Bingham,

president of Connaught; and when the bishop of Kilmore departed this life, Cornelius O'Deveny, the martyred bishop of Down and Connor, filled the vacant place. I have deemed it necessary to make these remarks lest such a venerable usage should ever be forgotten. Now let me resume my narrative of our bishop's life. He dwelt constantly in Multifernan, and never left it except on the business of his diocese, when he always preferred such accommodation as he could find in some house of our order to the comforts and hospitality which he might have received from the Catholic nobility and gentry. During his residence among us, he invariably wore the habit, partook of such fare as our poor refectory afforded, and never dined apart from the common table of the friars, except when strangers were entertained in the guest-house. His entire retinue consisted of his confessor, chaplain, and two boys, who attended him when saying Mass. I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the austerities he practised; and can vouch that Franciscan never lived who took greater delight in obeying the rigid ordinances of our holy founder. Even when broken down by old age and infirmities, he could not be induced to wear a coarse linen shirt; and despite all remonstrances of our friars, he rejected any little luxuries we could procure for him, graciously thanking those who offered them, and saying, at the same time, that he had chosen a life of mortification, and would die as he had lived. He, as I have already told you, was arrested three times by the English authorities, who, on two occasions, set him at large on payment of a heavy fine; but on the last they tore the habit off his aged person, and left him for dead in a thicket. Towards the close of his days he resigned the see of Kilmore, and finally departed this life, September, 1607. In compliance with his wishes, we interred him in the usual burial-place of the friars, that is to say, in the cloister, and right under the door leading to the church.

"Another remarkable personage who entered our community of Multifernan about the time of the bishop's decease, was Andrew Nugent, a member of the illustrious house to whom we owe so much. This gentleman was for a long time anxious to take our poor habit; but as he was married, he could not be received till his wife died. On her decease, however, he entered as a lay-brother; and during

the five or six years he survived, he was an exemplar of every virtue that might be expected from a sincere follower of St. Francis. Having completed his seventieth year, he died in 1614, and was buried with his brethren.

"A few of my old confreres are still living, after having passed through the fiery ordeal of persecution. Among them is father James Hayn, who, when a very young man, was sent by Gregory XIII. with a consecrated banner to James Fitzmaurice, when he entered on that campaign in which he laid down his life for his religion and country. This reverend father, now in his ninetieth year, was among those arrested by Shane at the first burning of Multifernan. At a subsequent period, when Rochfort invaded our precincts, father Hayn received three severe wounds, and was committed to a dark cell in the castle of Dublin. Owing to the humanity of a fellow-prisoner, he recovered, and was finally set at large. He is now living at Multifernan. Father John Gray, whom I mentioned before, was again arrested in 1608, together with the baron of Delvin, on a charge of having aided the flight of the princes O'Neill and O'Donnell. As soon, however, as the baron cleared himself of complicity in that transaction, father Gray was dismissed, and suffered to pass the remainder of his days in the neighbourhood of Multifernan.

"Two others are still in prison, namely, father Charles Crassan and father Didacus Conry, who were arrested by Daniel, the king's archbishop of Tuam, in 1617, when questing alms for their brethren of Multifernan. I have now detailed to you all that I know of that venerable monastery, where persecution raged against us, and where our brethren comported themselves with a heroic fidelity that should never be forgotten. Let me add that father Maurice Ultan is at present guardian of the community."

CHAPTER V.

MONASTERIES OF KILCREA AND TIMOLEAGUE.

Church and Monastery of Kilcrea—Its beautiful Site and Architecture—The Tomb of MacCarthy of Muskerry—The Church and Monastery plundered in 1584—Again in 1599—Fathers MacCarthy and O'Sullivan—Church and Monastery of Timoleague—Plundered and damaged by English Soldiers, who are cut to pieces by O'Sullivan, Prince of Bear—Lyons, Protestant Bishop of Cork—Dilapidates Timoleague—Persecutes the Catholics.

"NONE of our Munster monasteries," resumed the provincial, "were more famous than those of Kilcrea and Timoleague; and having made a pilgrimage to both some years ago, I took good care to collect every particular relating to their foundation and fall. Centuries hence, the notices I now detail to you may help to throw light on a dark and tempestuous period of our history; and I would fain persuade myself, should it please God to restore those sanctuaries to their rightful owners, that you and I shall not be forgotten when their altars have been re-erected, and matin and vesper song resounds as of old, in choir, chancel, and cloister, now, alas, desecrated by the impious."

"The memorabilia you are giving me," observed father Purcell, "make a goodly volume; and who knows but it may yet fall into the hands of some one who will turn it to account, and make future generations familiar with the vicissitudes of our venerable houses."

"Doubtless," replied the provincial; "and you may be assured that a time will come—be the fate of our houses what it may—when the historian and antiquarian will thank us for having saved even fragments of our monastic records from oblivion. I would fain persuade myself that the Irish Franciscan monasteries will yet revert to the uses for which they were founded; but even though that wish never may be gratified, and those venerable piles should totter into shapeless ruin, rank weeds growing out of their altars, mournful ivy clothing their mullions, gables, corbels, and bell-towers; no tenant in their chancels, cloisters, or choirs, save the skulking wolf and the screeching owl—even so, you and I shall not have laboured in vain; for the volume we leave behind us will tell genera-

tions yet to come what those monasteries were in the days of their splendour; what pious munificence founded them; what saints, sages, and warriors lie buried in their vaults; and, alas that I should have lived to witness it, what unparalleled sacrilege desecrated their shrines, and drove their pious inmates houseless and homeless on the world. You and I have reason to be thankful for the hospitality we have received in a foreign clime; and, indeed, we would be ingrates if we omitted to record that Albert and Isabella provided shelter for Irish friars, when king James, the degenerate son of a truly Catholic mother—true even to the death—banned and persecuted them as though they were the opprobrium of mankind.

"I will now relate to you all that I have learnt concerning the monasteries of Kilcrea and Timoleague, and let me commence with the former. Of all the Irish princes, none ruled with kinglier sway than did the MacCarthys, lords of Muskerry. Their martial prowess was famed in the songs of bards, their lineage was traced to progenitors who sailed with Milesius from Spain to Ireland, and their strong castles studded the banks of the Bandon from Knocknanavon to Kinsale. Nor were they less famed for their piety and devotedness to our holy founder, St. Francis, as Kilcrea, even in its ruins, will testify to future ages. The founder of that venerable house was Cormac MacCarthy, lord of Muskerry, who erected it, under the invocation of St. Brigid, for Franciscans, A.D. 1465. The site selected for the monastery was very beautiful, away from the tumult of the world, and close to the sweet river Bride. The church was admirably constructed of the finest materials, and nothing could excel the exquisite workmanship of the nave and choir, from which springs a graceful bell-tower of considerable height. Rich marbles, finely-turned windows, and a beautiful arcade forming one side of a chapel, still show that Cormac, lord of Muskerry, was a man gifted with a high appreciation of art, and, as I have already said, with true devotedness to our order. In the chancel, and close to the grand altar, he caused a tomb to be constructed for himself, and he was interred there in 1495, having been slain by his own brother and nephews. The same tomb contains the mortal remains of many of his race, all of whom were distinguished for their martial prowess, but none more so than his son Cormac, who defeated the

Geraldines in the celebrated battle fought near the abbey of Mourne. The inscription on the founder's tomb is worth preserving, and runs thus—'*Hic Jacet Cormac, Filius Thadei, F. Cormac, F. Dermitii magni MacCarthy Dominus de Musgraige, ac istius conventus primus fundator.* A.D. 1495.' The Barrets and many other noble families selected Kilcrea as their burial-place, and their tombs are still there, for they spared no effort to preserve the sacred edifice from the ravages of the English troops during the wars with the Geraldines and the Ulster princes. The entire of the buildings, including the monastery, which is of no considerable magnitude, is to this day in very good condition, and lacks nothing but friars, who are not allowed to inhabit their ancient abode, since Dermot MacCarthy, who basely abjured the religion of his glorious progenitors, had a grant of the place from sir Arthur Chichester, lord deputy, on condition that he would not suffer the Franciscans to return, or let his lands to any but Protestants. Nevertheless, some of our friars live among the people in the neighbourhood, and are supported by the bounty of the Barrets and others, who, as I have already said, are very anxious to preserve the monastery and its church from dilapidation. Whilst I was at Kilcrea, the particulars I am now about to give you were related to me by trustworthy persons, and I am sure that you will think them worth recording.

"In 1584—the year after O'Moriarty had compassed the cruel murder of the great earl of Desmond—a company of English soldiers, marauding through the district, entered the monastery and church of Kilcrea, intent on plunder. Those miscreants, unawed by the sanctity of the place, demolished the statues and paintings, and laid their sacrilegious hands on the sacred utensils. At that time, the church possessed a beautiful representation of the crucifixion,—a rare work of art, indeed; for at each extremity of the cross there was a beautiful medallion of the evangelists, exquisitely wrought in gold and silver. Stimulated by a desire to seize the precious metal, the soldiers began to quarrel among themselves, and in this brawl they turned their swords against each other's breasts, till two of them fell mortally wounded, one of them dying that very night, and the other the next morning. The gold and silver glutted the impious greed of the survivors, and that noble work of art was lost to the convent for ever.

"In 1599, when the lord deputy Essex marched against the remnant of the Geraldines, Kilcrea was again invaded by English soldiers, who scared away the friars, and killed father Mathew O'Leyn, at the very moment he was endeavouring to effect his escape by fording the Bride. He was a man remarkable for the holiness of his life, and had then entered on his sixty-seventh year.

"Nor should I omit mentioning a very remarkable member of this convent, whose history deserves special notice. The person to whom I allude was Felix MacCarthy, who, during the Geraldine war, distinguished himself by his charity and hospitality to all, friends as well as foes. One day, having an altercation with his brother, Felix allowed himself to be carried away by passion, and, in his fury, stabbed the unfortunate youth to death. Overwhelmed with remorse, he resolved to renounce the world; and having obtained a dispensation from the *irregularity*, he earnestly begged, and finally received, the habit of our order, thenceforth devoting himself entirely to the service of God. He subsequently was ordained priest, and living to a great old age, all the nerves of his fingers, those of the index and thumb of either hand excepted, became so paralyzed, that he could make no use of them. His brethren of Kilcrea, however, and indeed every one else, regarded this as a singular manifestation of God's mercy, since he allowed this devout penitent the use of the four fingers which are employed at the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

"Another highly-gifted member of the brotherhood of Kilcrea, was father Thaddeus O'Sullivan, whose powers as a preacher won him fame in every region of Ireland. During the terrible commotions attending the wars of the great earl of Desmond, this venerable priest was wont to follow the Irish troops into the woods, where great licentiousness prevailed; and, indeed, his eloquent exhortations not only kept alive the faith in the souls of those who heard him, but prevented many a bloody deed in those disastrous times. During one of his charitable missions he fell sick and died, and the people who loved him so well would fain convey his corse to the monastery of Kilcrea. This, however, was a dangerous undertaking; for at that time all Munster was garrisoned by the English troops, and the people ran risk of death if they appeared abroad in daylight. At length some who were thoroughly acquainted

with the by-roads resolved to place the remains on a horse, and set out after nightfall for the monastery; but losing their way in the darkness, they were about to retrace their steps, when one of the party said, Let us leave the horse to himself, and he will certainly carry his burden to its destination.' Adopting this suggestion, they followed the horse all that night, and next morning they found themselves within the precincts of the monastery, where the remains of father O'Sullivan were interred in the cloister at the door of the chapter-room, December, 1597. This venerable father of our monastery of Kilcrea had very many escapes from the English during the Munster wars; and if his memory required any further commendation, 'twould suffice to state, that he was the bosom friend of MacCraghe, bishop of Cork, who consulted him on all matters of importance, and was always guided by his counsels. I have nothing further to add to this brief account of that venerable monastery; so let us now talk of Timoleague.

"That village is situated in the barony of Barryroe, in the county of Cork, and close to a little harbour formerly much frequented by Spaniards, who carried on a considerable trade with the Irish, taking in exchange for their rich wines, hides, fish, wool, linen cloth, skins of squirrels, and other native products. I have not ascertained exactly by whom the convent was founded, for some assert that it was erected by William Barry, while others maintain, and perhaps with good reason, that we are indebted for it to the pious munificence of Daniel MacCarthy, prince of Carbery. Be that as it may, there can be little doubt that the actual convent was built about the year 1320, on the site of an ancient house once inhabited by St. Mologa, from whom the surrounding district takes its name. The church was, indeed, a splendid edifice; having a spacious choir, aisle, lateral wing, and magnificent bell-tower—a remarkable feature in all *our* Irish churches—rising to a height of nigh seventy feet. The cloister was very beautiful; square, richly arcaded, and covered with a platform, on which there was a suite of apartments, comprising chapter-room, refectory, and the guardian's ample chamber. Along with these the convent had its dormitory, kitchen, cellars, and other appurtenances, which made it one of the noblest houses of our order in Ireland. In the choir of the

church is the tomb of Donald MacCarthy, who is supposed to have been the founder; and there yet remain many other monuments of the O'Donovans, O'Heas, and De Courceys, lords of Kinsale. One of that noble family, Edmund, bishop of Ross, a member of our brotherhood, was a great benefactor to the church and convent; for, owing to the munificence of his nephew, James, lord Kinsale, he rebuilt the bell-tower, dormitory, infirmary, and library; and at his death, which occurred in 1518, he bequeathed to us many valuable legacies of altar-plate and books. He, with many of his ancestors, is interred in the church of Timoleague.

"When I visited the place, the entire edifice was still standing, though sadly in need of repairs; for, indeed, it had suffered much from the ruthless vandalism of the English soldiers, and also from the sacrilegious rapacity of William Lyons, Protestant bishop of Cork, and a certain dr. Hammer, an Anglican minister, of whom I will have occasion to speak hereafter.

"During the late war, a body of English soldiers, consisting of a hundred infantry and fifty horse, halted before Timoleague, and, entering the church, began to smash the beautiful stained-glass windows, and destroy the various pictures about the altar, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the people, who strove to dissuade them. It so happened that the carpenter whom our friars employed to look after the repairs of the sacred edifice, was present on this occasion, and, seeing the impiety of those creedless mercenaries, he addressed himself to our holy founder thus: 'St. Francis, in whose honour this house was built, I know that thou art all-powerful with God, and canst obtain from him whatsoever thou askest: now, I solemnly swear, that I will never do another day's work in this monastery, if thou dost not take speedy vengeance on those sacrilegious wretches who have desecrated thy holy place.' And, indeed, it would appear that the poor man's prayer was soon heard; for, on the following day, when the soldiers had struck their tents, after doing such serious damage to the church and monastery, they were encountered by Daniel O'Sullivan, prince of Bear, who, with the small force then under his command, fell upon them, and cut them to pieces. Of their entire number only one escaped.

"The Anglican minister whom I mentioned, destroyed the dormitory in 1596; for he came in a small vessel to Timoleague, in order to procure timber for a house which he was building near Cork; and having learned that the friars' cells were wainscoted with oak, elaborately carved, he pulled asunder the rich woodwork, and placed it aboard the vessel. But his sacrilege was duly avenged; for the ship had hardly put to sea when a gale sprung up, and sent it with its freight to the bottom.

"Lyons, the Protestant bishop, as I have already told you, was an unrelenting enemy to our convent of Timoleague, and never spared that beautiful house when he required building materials. In 1590, having commenced building a mill, he and his retainers made a descent on the mill belonging to our friars, which stood on the Arrighideen, and carried off the cut stones and machinery, which he re-erected in his own neighbourhood. Soon afterwards, however, an inundation swept away all his work; and many who witnessed the fact attributed it to the indignation of heaven.

"Many and many a heartrending tale could I relate to you of Lyons's implacable hatred to the Catholics, and our poor friars in particular. In 1595 he was appointed a commissioner to outroot the Irish population from their homesteads in Munster, and plant English in their pleasant fields. How any man, and particularly one calling himself a Christian bishop, could undertake such a work, appears unintelligible; but, assuredly, a fitter instrument could not have been chosen by queen Elizabeth than that remorseless tyrant. Even in his extreme old age he persecuted the Catholics with fire and sword; and it was not till he felt the hand of God heavy upon him that he desisted, as will appear from what I am going to tell you. On the Christmas eve of 1612, word was brought him that the people all around Timoleague were to assemble in the convent to assist at midnight Mass; and no sooner was he made aware of this than he resolved to set out, attended by a posse of ruffians who usually accompanied him, to disperse the friars and congregation. Hardly, however, was he outside Cork when he was seized with a sudden illness, which so alarmed his companions that they besought him to return home. Heedless of their remonstrances he alighted from his horse, and wrapping himself in warmer

clothing, he mounted again, intent on his bloody mission. God, however, baffled him; for, a few hours afterwards, the intensity of the pain compelled him to retrace his steps to Cork. Ever since then, for he is still living, he has become somewhat forbearing. Let me not forget to mention, that among those who await the resurrection within the hallowed precincts of Timoleague, lies Eugene MacEgan, bishop-elect of Ross, who, when acting as chaplain to the Catholic troops commanded by Daniel O'Sullivan, in 1602, was mortally wounded by the English, and died on the field of battle. He, in sooth, was a man of great promise, having been educated at Rome, whence he had just then returned. O'Sullivan and the sept of the MacCarthys had his remains conveyed to Timoleague, where they buried him in the cloister, just at the north-western angle, and under a little cross which they set in the wall to mark the resting-place of one who was faithful to his God and country. Such are the few memorabilia that I have gathered concerning Kilcrea and Timoleague, and I trust that they will be of use ages after you and I shall have passed away."

CHAPTER VI.

FRANCISCAN CONVENTS OF MOYNE, ROSSERRICK, AND KILCONNELL.

"THE Franciscan monasteries of the west of Ireland, and particularly those of Moyne, Rosserrick and Kilconnell," resumed the provincial, "deserve to have a chapter especially devoted to their history; for, indeed, they once ranked among the most famous houses of our order either at home or abroad. I visited each of them in the year 1606, and lost no opportunity of collecting on the spot every incident relating to their foundation and fall. Let us, therefore, save from oblivion a record which, in times to come, will be appreciated by the pilgrim and antiquarian when they visit those hallowed places, now, alas, desecrated and wrested from their rightful owners."

"I have heard," said father Purcell, "that the Franciscans had many establishments in the west of Ireland; but I thought none of them could compare with those of Donegal, Multifernan, Timoleague, or Kilcrea ——"

"On that head," interrupted the provincial, "your judgment has deceived you; for the chieftains of Connaught were most munificent benefactors of our order; and the churches and monasteries which they erected for us were nowise inferior to those for which we are indebted to the piety of the native princes of the north and south. The Anglo-Norman nobles of the Pale built many a fair and spacious monastery for Franciscans; but, assuredly, their veneration for our institute could not have been greater than that which the De Burgos, O'Kellys, and Joyces ever evinced for our poor habit and rigid rule. The De Burgos, I admit, entered Ireland as invaders; but in time they became more Irish than the Irish themselves; mingling their blood with that of the aboriginal magnates, the O'Flaherties, O'Dowds, and other princely families, each and all of whom have undeniable claims to our gratitude. You have not been in Connaught, and I greatly fear that my poor description will not enable you to realize more than a faint idea of the magnificent monasteries—magnificent even in their wreck—which the De Burgos and O'Kellys erected and endowed for us in that province, where, till these disastrous times, they lived and reigned with all but kingly state. Take your pen, therefore, and follow me while I dictate, as well as I can, the history of the monastery of Moyne, as I have learned it from ancient records, and also from the lips of those who witnessed its latest vicissitudes.

"In the year 1460, Nehemias O'Donoghoe, the first provincial-vicar in Ireland of the Observantine order of St. Francis, memorialed MacWilliam Burke to grant him a piece of land in Tyrawley, whereon he might erect a monastery for a community of the reformed order of Franciscans. MacWilliam gave willing ear to the provincial's prayer, and told him he was at liberty to select any site he choose, within the borders of his territory, for the church and convent he was about to build. Indeed, MacWilliam could not refuse any request coming from such a man as the provincial O'Donoghoe, for he was famed throughout all Ireland as an eloquent preacher, and friar of most exemplary life; so much so, that his name is recorded with special praise in the *Book of Adare*. After examining various localities within the limits of MacWilliam's principality, O'Donoghoe pitched on a spot in the barony of Tyrawley,

a short distance from the ancient episcopal city of Killala; and no sooner had he made the selection, than MacWilliam, accompanied by his subordinate chieftains, warriors, bards, and brehons, proceeded to lay the first stone of the new church and monastery. No words of mine could adequately describe the beauty of the site which the provincial chose for the buildings; let it suffice to tell you that it was a sweet verdant plain crowning a gentle eminence, at whose foot the silvery Moy discharges its waters into the bay of Killala, right opposite a sandy ridge, called by the natives of the place the island of Bertragh or Bertigia. Within an incredibly short time willing hearts and sturdy hands erected the church and monastery from the foundations; and, in the year 1462, Donatus O'Connor, bishop of Killala, consecrated the new church under the invocation of St. Francis. The exquisite beauty of the architecture of both church and monastery, was the theme of every tongue; and the rich display of ornamentation in the tracery of the windows, and the coupleted pillars of the cloister, even to this day, attest that the men who executed the work were thoroughly skilled in their craft, and enthusiastic cultivators of art in its every department. The entire of the edifice, even to the very altars, was constructed of oolite, or that stone so like marble which is composed of petrified sea-shells; and what is no less remarkable, the mortar used in the building was made of burnt shells, which, as the fact proves, is the most binding description of cement that can be found. In sooth, it was a beautiful and spacious building, that most solemn church near the mouth of the Moy; and oh, how this poor old heart throbs when I recall the glorious prospect which presented itself to my eyes when first I ascended the massive square tower, ninety feet high, that springs from the gable ends, forming the choir and nave of that holy edifice! There was the great Atlantic rolling its crested billows against the granitic headlands; and from the same eminence I could see the time-worn belfry of the ancient cathedral of Killala, and that old round tower, whose origin and use must ever remain shrouded in mystery. Never, never shall the impressions of that splendid prospect fade from my memory.

"As soon as the building of the church and monastery was completed, MacWilliam caused the entire to be enclosed with a strong stone wall, and he also endowed the friars with

some acres of good pasturage, and empowered them to erect mills for grinding corn, and also sundry ponds in order that they might never want fish. Nor should I omit to mention that there is within the said enclosure a never-failing spring of wholesome limpid water, which sweeps so impetuously to the sea, that the mills could never be idle when there was corn to be ground. Apart from the picturesque, surely never was site more happily chosen for a convent of our order. Ships, heavily laden, discharged their cargoes almost under the windows of the infirmary; and, when the tide ebbed, one might walk, dry-shod, to the island of Bertragh. In fact there was no commodity of life wanting to our friars, as long as they were allowed to live peaceably in Moyne. Their gardens and orchards supplied them with vegetables and fruit; their ponds with fish; the beach with crustacea; the island of Bertragh with succulent rabbits; and, as for wine, did not the Spanish caravels come freighted with it into the neighbouring harbour of Killala? It has been asserted—I know not on what authority—that the church and convent of Moyne were founded by the Barrets, before the latter were driven out by the De Burgos; and others have affirmed, that father Nehemias O'Donoghoe merely took possession of the place in obedience to a mandate of pope Nicholas V. In my opinion, neither of these statements is true; and I am sustained in what I have said of the founder, and the date of the foundation, by various ancient records, which I have examined carefully. As for Nehemias O'Donoghoe, his death is recorded in the Book of Adare as having occurred in the year 1500.

"Like the monastery of Donegal, and other houses of our institute in Ireland, Moyne possessed a valuable library, for it w[illegible] during a century and a-half the *provincial* school, which all the aspirants of our habit were wont to frequent. Hence, in times anterior to the dissolution of the religious houses, the community of Moyne never numbered less than fifty friars, including priests, professors in the various departments of literature, students, and lay-brothers.

"In the crypts of Moyne are interred many of the great families of Tir-eragh and Tirawley, whose gorgeous monuments I have seen in the church. The O'Dowds, once potent lords of the fair lands extending from the river

Robe to the Codnagh, at Drumcliff, now moulder in the vaults of Moyne, side by side with the De Burgos, the Barrets, and the Lynotts, whose forefathers came from Wales to Tirawley, in the evil days of Dermod MacMurrough. Indeed, so devoted were the O'Dowds to the order of St. Francis, that many and many a chief of that martial race renounced the world for the austerities of Moyne, and died there in the habit of our order. Thus, in 1538, Owen O'Dowd, after having been thirty years chief of his name, died a mortified brother, in that venerable monastery; and at a later period, another Owen O'Dowd, a chieftain far-famed for many a warlike deed, and his wife, Sabia, daughter of Walter de Burgh, were interred in the same ancestral sepulchre.

"In the thirty-seventh year of the reign of queen Elizabeth, one Edmond Barret had a grant of the monastery and all its appurtenances, to hold the same for ever, at an annual rent of five shillings per annum; but when I visited the place in 1606, I found that it was in possession of an English widow, who let the church and a few cells of the monastery to six of our friars. Be it told to the honour of the most noble Thomas de Burgh, that he not only contributed to the maintenance of the little community, but also paid annually the sum for which the friars rented the place from the widow. The whole neighbourhood was then thickly planted with English and Scotch settlers; and although I appeared among them in the habit of my order, they gave me a cordial welcome; and, as far as I could learn, they invariably treated the friars with marked kindness. This, however, was not from a love of our religion, but from sheer worldly prudence; for as those Scotch and English settlers carried on an extensive trade in fish and other commodities with the natives, they knew right well that they were only consulting their own interests by suffering the friars to live there unmolested, as the people of the whole district, for many miles round, were in the habit of resorting to the monastery on Sundays and holidays. In a word, to drive away the friars would have been to sacrifice the gains on which those greedy adventurers were so intent. I found both church and monastery in good condition; for the people, notwithstanding all they had to suffer, contributed generously towards the repairs of the edifice.

"But heartrending, indeed, were the accounts which I heard from some of the old people, who had witnessed the atrocities perpetrated by the English soldiers within the precincts of the church and monastery, during queen Elizabeth's reign, when Edward Fitton was president of Connaught. I give you the story as I heard it. for I think that incidents of the sort should be transmitted to posterity.

"In the year 1577, a detachment of Fitton's soldiers garrisoned the convent; and having made prisoners of some distinguished individuals, supposed to be disaffected to the queen, they threatened one of them with instant death if he did not reveal a conspiracy, in which they said he was implicated. The accused denied that he was cognizant of any plot; and no sooner had he made this declaration, than the English commander ordered him to be hung. At this terrible crisis, the prisoner implored permission for one of our friars to hear his confession, and the request was granted by the commanding officer, who fancied that he would be able to induce the confessor to reveal the secrets of the doomed man. In this, however, he was disappointed; and when he found that he could not persuade the priest to violate the sacramental seal, he caused him to be put to death within the very precincts of the church. I had the account of this flagitious transaction from some who were eye-witnesses of it, and who, as they had assisted at the execution, came to me begging absolution and penance.

"On another occasion, that is to say, in 1578, it was notified to the community of Moyne, that a marauding party of the English was about to make a raid on the monastery; and on hearing this, the friars resolved to save their lives by making out to sea in boats that were moored hard by. A venerable lay-brother, however, named Felix O'Hara, refused to quit the place, alleging that the English would not harm one so aged as he, and that his presence might induce them to respect the holy place. At length the soldiers arrived, plundered the church, and then made off with their booty. After some time had elapsed, the friars returned to Moyne; and on entering the church, found O'Hara dead, and bathed in his blood, on the steps of the grand altar, where the sacrilegious English had wantonly murdered him. So much for the venerable

monastery of Moyne, which, I trust in God, will one day revert to its rightful owners.

"A few miles south-east of Killala, Rosserrick, another of our monasteries, sees itself reflected in the waters of the Moy. It was founded early in the fifteenth century, by a chieftain of the Joyces, a potent family, of Welsh extraction, singularly remarkable for their gigantic stature, who settled in West Connaught, in the thirteenth century, under the protection of the O'Flaherties. Rosserrick occupies the site of a primitive Irish oratory, and the place derives its name from *Searka*, a holy woman, who is said to have blessed the *Ross*, or promontory, that runs out into the river. The site, indeed, was happily chosen, and the entire edifice is an exquisite specimen of the architect's skill. The church and monastery are built of a compact blueish stone, and the former is surmounted by the graceful square bell-tower, so peculiar to all our Irish Franciscan houses. The view from the summit of that campanile is truly enchanting; and as for the internal requirements of such an establishment—its cloisters, library, dormitory, refectory, and schools—the munificence of the Joyces left nothing to be desired."

"Am I to understand," asked father Purcell, "that Rosserrick, like the convent of Moyne, was a school for those who aspired to our poor habit?"

"By no means," replied the provincial; "for Rosserrick belonged to the *third order of St. Francis*, which counted well nigh fifty houses in various parts of Ireland. Most of them date their erection in the fifteenth century, those especially of Killybegs, Kil-O-Donel, and Magherabeg, near our great monastery of Donegal, which were founded by the O'Donnells and their tributary chieftains. The friars of these houses lived in community, observed strict discipline, discharged pastoral duties, such as attending the sick and dying in the immediate neighbourhood, and devoted themselves to educating the youth of the circumjacent districts. Such was the rule of the Tertiaries of St. Francis; and, indeed, so solicitous were the heads of the great families—the O'Donnells and MacSwynes of Fanad, for example—for the education of their people, that they took special care to settle large endowments on the houses of the third order, which, I need hardly tell you, were always subject to the control of our generals and provincials. The Tertiaries, indeed, did good

service in Ireland; for the liberality of the native princes enabled them to diffuse learning among the poorer classes, who were always addicted to booklore. I myself have met peasant lads educated in those schools, who were as familiar with Virgil, Horace, Homer, and other classic writers, as they were with the genealogies of the Milesian princes. 'Tis almost superfluous to tell you that the good fathers of those venerable houses reared their scholars in unalterable hatred to the principles of the new religion, which, under the pseudonym of *Reformation*, has laid its sacrilegious hands on all that once was ours. Rosserrick, too, shared the hard fate of the other religious houses; and when I visited it, its roof had fallen in, thus exposing the elaborate carvings of the windows, and the fine tracery of the coupleted cloister, to the pitiless rain and storm, that will wreak their rage on both till better times dawn for Ireland. Alas, alas, the hope I cherished of seeing the advent of such a day, has long since faded from my heart; and I myself, like the edifices of which we are discoursing, have grown to be a very ruin—weak, hoary, and tottering. This is digression; but I may as well tell you that, ever since the September of 1603, I abandoned all hope of seeing Ireland and our holy order rescued from the misfortunes that have fallen heavily on both; for in that fatal year we lost the only one who could, perhaps, have reversed our destiny."

"And who was he?" demanded father Purcell.

"Who!" replied the provincial—"who but Hugh Roe O'Donnell, who, when all seemed lost in the disaster of Kinsale, hastened away to Spain to implore aid for Ireland in that hour of her direst need. Alas, that aid never came; and he who went to seek it found an untimely grave in our monastery at Valladolid. On him my hopes were based, and with him they lie buried ——"

"Father," interrupted Purcell, "every one has heard of the achievements of that great chieftain; but I'd suggest that you would enable me to leave in these pages a faithful description of his personal appearance. It has been truly said that history has a charlatanism, which usually represents its heroes in perspective, in order to tone down whatever is base or repulsive in their features. Sure I am that he should not be treated thus, for doubtless you knew him."

"Knew him!" replied the provincial; "and who could have known him better? In sooth, dear brother, I knew him

from his fifteenth year, when Perrott's hired agent basely entrapped him aboard the ship that anchored opposite the Carmelite nunnery of Rathmullen. Often and often, during the four years he was prisoner in Dublin castle, have I loitered about that fortress, to catch a glimpse of him when he and his fellow-captives were allowed to walk out on the ramparts to breathe fresh air—nay, after deputy Fitzwilliams had clutched the bribe of a thousand pounds, given him by O'Neill to connive at his brother-in-law's escape, I was one of the first to congratulate him as he lay sick and frostbitten in the fastness of Glenmalure, tended by doctors, and guarded by O'Byrne's galloglass."

"And did the lord deputy really take the bribe?" asked father Purcell.

"There can hardly be a doubt of it," answered the provincial; "for Fitzwilliams was one of the most sordid men that ever filled that high office; and, like his predecessor Perrott, he turned the deputyship to good account, never scrupling any atrocity that might help him to fill his coffers. He was, in sooth, a very miser; and you are aware that he went to Connaught when he heard that some ships of the Armada were stranded on the coast, and laid waste whole territories of the Irish chiefs, because they could not, or would not, give him the Spanish gold, which was said to have been found on the persons of the shipwrecked sailors. But as to the bribe given for O'Donnell's enlargement, sir Robert Gardiner and others charged Fitzwilliams with having accepted it."

"And how did he meet the accusation of having connived at the escape of the prisoners?"

"Very clumsily indeed," replied the provincial; "for some months after their return to Ulster, he wrote to queen Elizabeth that the whole blame was to be thrown on Maplesdon, the chief warder of Dublin castle, and the jailor under him, whose business it was to see, *twice every twenty-four hours*, that the prisoner's chains were well secured; and he concluded this strange letter by telling her majesty that he had dismissed Maplesdon, and committed the under-jailor to a dungeon with good store of irons.

"And you ask me did I know Hugh Rufus O'Donnell! I was but a stripling when he was seized by Perrott's stratagem; and little did I then think that I would one day wear

a friar's habit in the monastery of Donegal, or in this house of Louvain. Friend, I told you before that I was a soldier in my prime, and that I marched under his banner, after I had witnessed his inauguration on the mound of Kilmacrenan. That, indeed, was a glorious day, when O'Freel, the erenach, placed the wand of sovereignty in his small hand, and proclaimed him the O'Donnell. Knew him! O well I did in every phase of his career: in the hour of his splendid victory over Clifford in the passes of the Curlieus; and was I not at his side when his cavalry chased the remnant of Bagnall's routed forces from the Blackwater into Armagh? But what have I to do with recollections which bring tears to these aged eyes—tears that I should reserve for the sins of my youth? Alas, alas, I knew him too in the hour of his reverse; and was one of the last to kiss his hand on the beach of Castlehaven, when he was about to embark for Spain. The treachery, the defeat of Kinsale, had not broken his noble spirit; for he told us that we might soon expect to see him again, with a fleet of Spanish ships, in the bay of Donegal. But as you think it right that generations to come should be acquainted with his person, take your pen, and follow me carefully while I dictate.

"In stature he was above the middle height; his body was robust; his features, symmetry, and entire mien were elegant; his voice, sweet and musical. In his enterprises he was quick and active, ever a lover of justice, and a most inflexible punisher of malefactors. Persevering in his undertakings, faithful to his promises, most patient in hardships, rigid and severe in maintaining military discipline, courageous in presence of difficulties, brave in battle, affable and courteous to every one, zealous for the restoration of the Catholic faith, and a great despiser of the *world*; so much so, that I have often heard him say, that if it pleased God to give a fortunate issue to the war, he would become a friar of St. Francis' order. He never married; his mind was great, but nowise proud: he was very zealous for ecclesiastical discipline and reformation; so much so, that, through excess, he sometimes carried himself austerely with certain priests. He had a singular love for our order, and in all his actions he was truly sincere. As for his morality, it was never questioned—he was fond of the society of spiritual men, whose aid and counsel he was wont to seek. On his deathbed he begged St. Francis' habit, in which he was

buried, and he begged it with the intention of renouncing the world, had it pleased God to restore him to health.

"Now," said the provincial, "you have a true portrait of a great man; not such, indeed, as Van Dyck would give on canvas, but in my judgment a great deal better; for who could paint the virtues or the internal emotions? But you have led me into a digression; and as I have given you all the particulars that I was able to collect regarding Rosserrick monastery, we will now speak of another far more famous—I mean that of Kilconnell.

"For many a century before and after the English invasion, the potent family of O'Kelly ruled with regal sway over the vast territory of Hy-Many, which originally extended from Clontuskert, in the county of Roscommon, southwards, to the boundary of the county Clare, and from Athlone, westwards, to Seefin and Athenry, in the county of Galway. Well, indeed, do the O'Kellys deserve to be styled a great family, for their strong walled castles were all but countless, their martial prowess unsurpassed, and their piety most exemplary. But, of them all, there was none more celebrated for his virtues than William O'Kelly, presumptive heir to the lordship of Hy-Many, who, in 1353, founded the magnificent monastery of Kilconnell for conventual Franciscans. It was, indeed, an edifice second to none of its class in Ireland, admirably constructed, spacious in all its departments, and most eligibly situated on the great thoroughfare leading from Athlone to Galway. In 1460, however, the original building was considerably modified and enlarged, when, at the instance of Malachy O'Kelly, the convent was reformed, and its inmates adopted the strict observance. Malachy O'Kelly died in 1464, and was buried in the sumptuous sepulchre which was erected within the walls of the church by William, the original founder, for himself and his posterity. Indeed, I have seen in that church numerous monuments erected by the chief families of the bordering districts, which, as regards the marble of which they were wrought, and the exquisite finish of their elaborate sculpture, might challenge comparison with some of the most artistic developments of the same character in the cathedral of St. Gudule at Brussels.

"It is not my intention to speak of the Franciscans who dwelt in Kilconnell before the disastrous days of the

English schism; and I will therefore content myself with leaving on record some facts connected with that venerable house, which I learned from trustworthy witnesses, when I visited the place some years ago. On that occasion I found the church in good preservation, owing in great measure to a singular circumstance, which I will mention by-and-by. It may not be out of place, however, to premise, that the church and monastery were built of finely-cut stone, and that both were covered with a roof of wood, made to resemble tiles. Within the church are seven altars; and all the internal decorations, whether in stone or wood, are admirably wrought. The sacred edifice is surmounted by a lofty tower, and, strange to say, its sweet-toned bell is still there, notwithstanding the rapacity of the English Protestants, who seldom spare such things. In a word, I found the church in excellent condition; the stained glass of the windows unbroken, the pictures undefaced, and the sculptured work unmutilated. I was there on more than one occasion, and with the six poor friars who still clung to the place, sang the office in choir—nay, and preached to vast crowds, so vast that the church could not contain them all.

"It would seem that a special providence watched over Kilconnell, to save it from the destruction which had fallen on nearly all our other houses; and you will agree with me in this, when I tell you that it stood in a most exposed position, and was frequently head-quarters of English regiments during the Elizabethan war. Indeed, from time to time it was garrisoned by whole companies, who messed and lit fires within the very church; and yet, strange to say, it sustained little or no injury from such unbidden guests! A few manifest proofs of that special interposition of heaven cannot but interest you, and assuredly they deserve to be placed on record.

"You have heard, no doubt, of sir Richard Bingham, the governor of Connaught, whose inhuman treatment of the native Irish so shocked even queen Elizabeth herself, that she was obliged to dismiss him from that high office in 1595, and summon him to London to answer the charges of cold-blooded murders which were preferred against him by the Burkes and others. You are aware that that heartless miscreant sailed round Tirconnell, and with his ship's crew plundered the defenceless nuns of the Carmelite convent of

Rathmullen, of vestments, chalices, and all their other valuables. You have heard, too, how he and his brother George, subsequently slain by Ulick Burke, as he deserved, swept with fire and sword the island of Tory, demolishing its crosses and oratories, which stood there since the days of Columb-Kill. Nevertheless, incredible as it may seem, this very Bingham behaved kindly to the friars of Kilconnell, where he used to keep his head-quarters. In fact, he gave strict orders to his officers and men to see that the church and the monastery should sustain no injury at their hands—nay, he summoned some of the friars to his presence, and exhorted them to do all in their power to keep the buildings in good repair.

"In the year 1596, too, during the presidency of sir Conyers Clifford, Kilconnell was once more turned into a barrack for English soldiers, after they had been signally defeated by O'Donnell and O'Neill in various engagements. On this latter occasion, the English garrisoned the monastery with not less than fifteen companies; for they came to besiege Carlow and Aughrim, two strong castles, situated within three or four miles of each other, which belonged to O'Kelly, then in alliance with the Irish princes. Now, it so happened that one of the English officers then stationed there had a horse of which he was very fond, and he determined to stable it within the very chancel, hard by the steps of St. Francis' altar, where he caused hay and straw to be laid for the brute. Heaven, however, it would seem, resented this outrage; for, on the next morning, the valuable charger was found stark dead, though sound and strong the night before. Even the very companions of this captain Rynck, for such was his name, admitted that this was a just judgment on his impiety. Nevertheless, the English soldiers forced open the tombs of the princes and chieftains buried in the church, thinking that they would light on concealed treasure; nor did they desist from these outrages till one of them had his legs fractured by the falling of a huge mass of stone.

"It was in the same year (1596) that captain Stryck, a Protestant indeed, yet, withal, a man of generous disposition, for I knew him well, influenced no doubt by the facts which I have been relating, sent for the friars, and gave them his word of honour that no one would be allowed to molest them—nay, he issued strict orders that no injury

should be done to the convent, and he forbade his soldiers to burn the woodwork of the church or of the cloisters. He then gave up the sacristy to the friars, and also some cells in the dormitory, for their sole use; and so liberal was this officer, that he allowed Mass to be said *privately* in the sacristy. During the nine months he remained there, the friars continued to live in the monastery which God enabled them to preserve. Meanwhile, all the trees in the orchards and gardens were cut down by the soldiers and used for fuel; for although they often went to the neighbouring woods to fell it, and never returned without losing some of their men, yet so fearful were they of injuring the church or the woodwork of the convent, that they preferred meeting the enemy face to face, and fighting for every stick they carried off.

"Now, will you not agree with me in ascribing the preservation of this monastery to the especial providence of God? What else could have restrained that bloody-minded monster, Bingham, from reducing it to a charred and rifted ruin? What else could have kept Stryck from demolishing it stone by stone? But this account of that venerable house would be imperfect, if it did not bear testimony to the zealous exertions of those friars, who spared no effort for its preservation. Let us, therefore, hand down their names to posterity; and should it please God, in some future age, to restore Kilconnell to the Franciscans, let them never forget to pray for the souls of fathers Solomon and Hugh MacEgan, and their worthy brother, Philip Clune.

"I have nothing more to add to this narrative, except that the monastery of Kilconnell has been granted to one Callthorp and other English settlers, and that the cruel ordinance of queen Elizabeth, commanding 'houses freight with friars' to be suppressed, and 'made fit habitations for Englishmen,' is now being carried out to the letter. On some future occasion I will narrate to you various particulars relating to some of our other convents in the province of Connaught."

As Mooney's account of the monasteries of his order was written towards the close of 1616, it may interest the reader to know how it fared with Kilconnell at a later period. The transfer alluded to in the text, was made in

1614; and the property belonging to the monastery was then described as consisting of "three acres, on which stood a convent, containing O'Donnellan's chapel, a chapter-house, library, hall, storehouse, four chambers, twenty-eight small chambers, four granaries, three orchards, sixty ash-trees, a mill, a watercourse, and four acres of arable land," all of which were granted by James I. to one Callthorp. The Franciscans, nevertheless, continued to reside in the neighbourhood of the convent for nearly a century afterwards, and were supported by the O'Kellys, many of whom bequeathed legacies to them, with injunction to pray for their departed souls. The last of those pious donors was, we believe, John O'Kelly, ancestor of count O'Kelly, of France, who, dying in 1714, left a legacy to the poor friars then dwelling near the ruins of Kilconnell abbey, and ordered that his remains should be interred in the ancestral tomb. Many of the leading Catholic families of Leinster, transplanted to Connaught by Cromwell—the Trimblestones, Betaghs of Moynalty, county of Meath, and others—erected monuments for themselves, which may still be seen within the ruins; and it would appear that the friars continued to say Mass there occasionally, till some short time before the battle of Aughrim, when they took refuge in a neighbouring bog, now called "the Friar's Bog," where they existed as best they could in miserable shielings. Dr. O'Donovan, the most learned of our topographers and antiquarians, states, in the Ordnance Survey of co. Galway, that the bell of Kilconnell, weighing one and a-half cwt., and bearing an inscription, was found in the same bog some time previous to 1838; and he also adds, that a person living in that neighbourhood had then in his possession a wooden image of St. Francis, that formerly belonged to the monastery.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANCISCAN MONASTERIES OF GALWAY, ROSSERILLY, KENALEHAN, AND CREEVELEA.

"THE Franciscan monastery of Galway," resumed the provincial, "was founded by William de Burgh, surnamed *Liagh*, the grey, in the year 1296, outside the city wall, and in the fair little island called after the protomartyr—*Insula*

S. Stephani. The illustrious founder spared no expense to render this monastery one of the finest in Ireland; and, indeed, the spacious dimensions of its church, the rich marble of which it was constructed, and the splendour of its altars, are so many irrefragable evidences of the piety and taste of the noble De Burgh. He lived to see it solemnly consecrated, and when dying ordered that his remains should be laid in the gorgeous monument which he caused to be built for himself and his posterity, right under the shadow of the grand altar. When I visited Galway, the tomb of the founder, like those of most of the chief families of the neighbourhood, was in good preservation, but particularly that of De Burgh, round whose recumbent effigy I read the following inscription: '*Memoriæ Illmi. Domini Gul. de Burgo, Suae, Nationis principis et hujus monasterii fundatoris qui obiit* 1324.' The endowments which De Burgh made to this monastery were very numerous, and consisted of water-mills upon the river, and the tithes of some acres of arable land near the city; and, that our friars should never lack fish, he ordained that on every Wednesday they should be supplied with one salmon out of the great weir, on every Saturday with three out of the *high weir*, and on the same day with one out of the haul-net, and with all the eels that might be taken one day in each week out of the many eel weirs on the river.

"As an instance of the high esteem in which the Franciscans of Galway were held by the court of Rome, I should not omit to tell you that, in 1381, pope Urban VI. empowered the guardian of that venerable house to excommunicate every one within the borders of Connaught who presumed to adopt the party of the anti-pope, Clement VII., whose abettors were very numerous in France, Naples, and Scotland. That, in sooth, was a disastrous era to the Church, when cardinals, kings, and laymen contested the legitimacy of the election of the two rival pontiffs, the one in Avignon and the other in Rome; but, be it recorded to the honour of our Galway brethren, they adhered with unalterable fidelity to pope Urban, the rightful successor of Gregory XI., who, at the instance of St. Catherine of Siena, re-established the residence of the popes in Rome, after an interval of seventy years, which the people of that city termed the seven decades of the Babylonish captivity.

"I may say, unhesitatingly, that the Galway monastery had as many benefactors as any other house of our order in Ireland; for, indeed, the inhabitants of that ancient city loved our habit, and never tired of contributing to the maintenance of our brethren. The largesses of the rich and noble helped to keep the buildings in good repair, and the poor man was ever ready with his mite to promote the same object. Indeed, the register which records the multitudinous bequests and legacies of the townspeople to that monastery, is still in the possession of one of our brethren in Galway; and on turning over its pages I found ample evidence of the love and veneration which the citizens of every grade always cherished for our institute. How many instances could I adduce of their almost princely munificence! but I must restrict myself to mentioning only a few of the many which, I trust, will never be forgotten. Thus, for example, as I learnt from the register, Edward Philibyn, a wealthy merchant, rebuilt the dormitory for our friars in 1492; and in 1538, John French, then chief magistrate of the city, erected the beautiful chapel on the south side of the monastery, in honour of God and St. Francis, and for the good estate of his own soul and the souls of his posterity. As for the tombs of the distinguished denizens of Galway and its neighbourhood who selected our church for their last resting-place, let it suffice to say that they are very numerous, and splendid productions of the sculptor's chisel. De Burghs, Lynches, Fitz-Stephens, and O'Flaherties, moulder there beneath marble monuments, exquisitely wrought, rich in heraldry and pompous epitaphs, recording many a high achievement on the battle-field, in the senate, and in the mart. Apart from those gorgeous monuments—last efforts of human vanity if you will—there is, in the south side of the choir, an humble cenotaph, sacred to the memory of a truly great man, whose extensive and profound erudition reflects honour on the Franciscan order, of which he was, in sooth, a most distinguished ornament; I speak of Maurice O'Fihiley, or Maurice de Portu, whom Julius II. advanced to the archiepiscopal see of Tuam, in 1506. From what I have been able to learn of this wonderful scholar, it appears that he was a native of Baltimore, in the county of Cork, and took the surname '*De Portu*' from the haven on which that town is situated. Having completed his studies in Padua, he for a long

time taught philosophy in that learned city, and earned a world-wide reputation by the variety of his writings, some of which were not published till after his death. His principal works are 'Commentaries on Scotus,' a 'Dictionary of the Scriptures,' the 'Enchiridion Fidei, or a Manual of the Faith,' which he dedicated to the earl of Kildare; 'The Compendium of Truths,' in Leonine metre, and many others which it would be superfluous to enumerate. This truly learned man was corrector of the press for that far-famed printer, Benedict Locatelli, and filled the same place in the printing establishment of Octavian Schott, at Venice. Having assisted at the early sessions of the council of Lateran, 1512, and returned to Ireland in the following year, he landed at Galway, where he fell sick and died in our convent there. Few, indeed, have won greater renown in the republic of letters, and well did he deserve the epithet bestowed upon him by the learned men of his day, who justly styled him 'Flos Mundi.' Two of his successors in the see of Tuam, Thomas O'Mullaly and Christopher Bodkin, await the resurrection in the same humble tomb.

"This venerable monastery, however, was doomed to share the fate of most of our other houses in Connaught; and accordingly, in the year 1570, the greater part of its possessions was wrested from the friars, and granted to the corporation of Galway and their successors. As for the convent and church, they were both assigned to an individual, who, *pretending to have adopted the doctrines of the Anglican religion, in order to accommodate himself to the times*, contrived withal to do great service to our brotherhood when they were banished from their ancient precincts. Nothing, indeed, could have been more strange than the conduct of this anonymous grantee; for he possessed himself of the old conventual register, in which all legacies bequeathed to our friars were entered; and not only did he vigorously enforce payment of the amounts, but he actually handed them over to the community, then residing in a house which they rented in the city, in order that all such pious donations might be expended on the repairs and preservation of the ancient edifice. Furthermore, as the island on which the monastery stands belonged to him, he could not be induced to part with a single perch of it at any price, no matter how tempting; and instead of letting

it to others, he built there sundry handsome houses, which accommodate upwards of fifty persons, together with three water-mills for grinding corn. It was during the construction of the latter that the weir which formerly belonged to the Franciscans was demolished. From the earliest times, too, it was customary for all vessels coming up the river with wood and other sorts of fuel, to give a little of it by way of alms to our friars; and, strange as it may seem, this anonymous benefactor still insists on the observance of the usage, and thus supplies our brotherhood in the city with coal and firewood. He also maintains the ancient immunities of St. Stephen's island; so much so, that he will not allow the mayor to carry his insignia beyond the middle of the bridge leading to the island, which, in the olden time, marked the limit of municipal jurisdiction in that quarter. Two customs which struck me as very peculiar are still observed in the city of Galway, and so remarkable are they that I think them worth recording. First, almost every one who has anything to leave when dying, bequeaths a proportionate sum for the preservation and repairs of the monastery; and secondly, vast numbers of the citizens, of every age, sex, and condition, go each evening at sunset to that venerable old church to pray to God, who, I doubt not, will one day reward their most edifying piety. I have already told you that, at the time of my visit to Galway, the monastery and church were in excellent preservation; but I should not forget to mention, that, in 1603, James the First of England granted both to sir George Carew and his heirs for ever. Thenceforth our venerable church was turned into a profane courthouse, where judges appointed by Chichester, the lord deputy, held assizes for the town and county. Alas, it was heartrending to witness such desecration; and the tears fell fast and hot from my eyes when, on entering the holy edifice, I found it crowded with litigants, the pulpit turned into a witness-box, the choir and chancel adapted to accommodate a multitude of noisy lawyers, and worst of all, the grand altar transformed into a bench for a bloated judge, who was entirely ignorant of the language and customs of the people. Witnessing the sad spectacle, I was forcibly reminded of that passage in the Psalms: '*Then shall they lay calves upon thine altar.*' I have nothing further to add to this meagre account of our once splendid monastery of Galway, except that I was not

able to ascertain what became of its altar-plate and rich vestments, all of which had fallen into the hands of our implacable enemies. A few Franciscans still continue to live in the house which father Maurice Ultan hired for them in the city, and their zeal is of greatest benefit to the townspeople as well as to those of the suburbs.

"Another house," continued the provincial, "where I spent some days during my visit to Connaught, pleased me almost as much as did that of Moyne. I now speak of the beautiful and spacious church and monastery of Rosserilly—or, as it is called by the Irish, Ros-Irial—which is situated in the diocese of Tuam, and within eight or nine miles of that ancient city. Who its founder was I have not been able to ascertain, but there can be no doubt that it was erected for Franciscans, in the year 1351. Never was a more solitary spot chosen for the habitation of a religious community than that on which Rosserilly stands; for it is surrounded by marshes and bogs, and the stillness that reigns there is seldom broken save by the tolling of the church-bell, or the whirr of the countless flocks of plover and other wild birds that frequent the fens which abound in that desolate region. Another remarkable feature of the locality is that the monastery can only be approached by a causeway paved with large stones, over an extent of fully two hundred paces, and terminating at the enclosure which was built, in 1572, by father Ferrall MacEgan, a native of Connaught, and then provincial of the Irish Franciscans. He was, in sooth, a distinguished man in his day, far-famed for eloquence and learning, and singularly fond of Rosserilly, which he used to compare to the Thebaid, whither the early Christians fled for prayer and contemplation. He died in our house of Kilconnell, where he made his religious profession, and there he awaits the resurrection—peace to his memory!

"As for the church of Rosserilly, it is indeed a beautiful edifice; and the same may be said of the monastery, which, although often garrisoned by English troops during the late war, is still in excellent preservation. Cloister, refectory, dormitory, chapter-house, library, and lofty bell-tower, have all survived the disasters of that calamitous period; but, in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Elizabeth, the friars were forcibly expelled from their beloved retreat, and monastery and church were, by a royal ordinance, granted

to an Englishman, who laid sacrilegious hands on our vestments, altar-plate, books, and muniments, leaving us nothing but bare walls and the rifled tombs of our benefactors.

"It was not long, however, till the friars returned to Rosserilly; for that good and great man, the earl of Clanricarde, took pity on them, and having purchased the grantee's interest in the monastery, restored them to their venerable abode. Thenceforth the community of Rosserilly consisted of six priests and two lay-brothers, who laboured indefatigably for the repairs of the sacred edifice, till Daniel, the Protestant archbishop of Tuam, at the instance of sir Arthur Chichester, then lord deputy, drove them out once more, and caused the altars to be demolished. In justice, however, to this pseudo-bishop, who was deeply learned in the Irish language, I must say that, although authorized to arrest the friars, he did not do so, but rather sent them word privately that he was coming, in order that they might have time to save themselves by flight. In fact, he acted against his own will, and in obedience to the lord deputy's commands."

"How strange," interrupted father Purcell, "that the earl of Clanricarde should take such interest in the safety and well-being of our poor friars!"

"Indeed," replied the provincial, "it was only natural that he should do so, for his mother was a true benefactress to our order, as you will see by what I am going to tell you. In the diocese of Clonfert, and on the declivity of Slieve-Aughty, in a place almost as solitary as Rosserilly, we had a small but handsome monastery and church, called Kenalehan, founded by the De Burghs, some time in the fourteenth century. It was, indeed, a fair building as friar could wish to see; and the few acres of land with which it was endowed, yielded all that was necessary for the maintenance of a small community. Its gardens and orchards were the best in the whole district, and, as I said before, its situation—far away from public thoroughfares, and in the immediate territory of the earls of Clanricarde—protected it for a considerable time from the inroads and devastations of the English soldiery. In the late war, however, both monastery and church were burnt to the ground by sir Richard Bingham; but the moment intelligence of the catastrophe reached the ears of the most noble

lady, the actual earl's mother, she ordered that the church should be re-roofed, and a wing of the monastery made habitable for the community. Nay more, the present earl and Richard de Burgh, surnamed the red, rebuilt the dormitory and other appurtenances of the place, and purchased the entire from the crown, rather than allow it to fall into the hands of the Protestants. How truly doth holy writ say that a good tree beareth good fruit!"

"And yet," remarked father Purcell, "the present earl, whom you have so much lauded, was dubbed *Richard of Kinsale*, for the services he rendered the English when they besieged the Spaniards in that town."

"'Tis, alas, too true!" replied the provincial: "and, indeed, the Anglo-Irish nobles always sided with our enemies—nay, and induced multitudes of the Irish themselves to swell the ranks of our oppressors. Withal, it would be unjust to deny the De Burghs that gratitude which our order owes them; for they were always among the best and most distinguished of its benefactors. But let me resume, and conclude what remains to be said of Rosserilly. In 1604, the munificence of *Richard of Kinsale* enabled the community to repair the monastery and church, which, as I have already told you, was considerably dilapidated during the late war; and in that same year our friars buried within its precincts one of the noblest and bravest heroes of whom his country could boast, namely, Bryan Oge O'Rourke, son of Bryan-na-Murtha, of whose glorious death you, doubtless, have heard."

"Methinks," replied father Purcell, "that he was executed in London; but I confess that I am not acquainted with the circumstances which brought him to the scaffold."

"Listen, then," continued the provincial; "for it will not take long to narrate them, and, indeed, they deserve to be recorded. When some of the ships of the ill-fated Armada went to pieces on the coast of Sligo, Bryan-na-Murtha O'Rourke, pitying the Spaniards who appealed to him for protection, not only sent them immediate aid, but invited them and their chief officer, Antonio de Leva, to his castle of Dromahere, where they were entertained with unbounded hospitality. O'Rourke's conduct, however, provoked the vengeance of the queen, who ordered her deputy, Fitzwilliams, and sir Richard Bingham, to waste

with fire and sword the principality of Breffny. As for the chieftain himself, he was obliged, after some ineffectual resistance, to fly to Scotland, where he was arrested by order of James VI., now king of England, who perfidiously sent him in chains to London. Arraigned on a charge of high treason, the noble-minded chieftain refused to bend his knee before the insignia of royalty; and, when taunted by one of the privy counsellors that he used to make no difficulty about kneeling in presence of images of saints, he coolly replied that there was a very wide difference between images of holy personages and the men with whom he was then confronted. Sentence of death being recorded, he was soon afterwards led to the place of execution, where he was met by that vile apostate, Myler M'Grath, pseudo-archbishop of Cashel, who strove in vain to make him abjure the faith; but O'Rourke spurned him as a renegade dog, and died a true son of holy Church."

"Alas, alas!" interrupted father Purcell, "M'Grath's apostasy is a sad reflection on our seraphic institute. Is the wretched man still living?"

"You might as well say, dear brother," replied the provincial, "that Lucifer's fall reflected disgrace on the faithful angels. Scandals, you know, have been and must be, as we learn from holy writ. M'Grath is still alive, extremely old, and bedrid; cursed by the Protestants for wasting the revenues and manors of the ancient see of Cashel, and derided by the Catholics, who are well-acquainted with the drunken habits of himself and his coadjutor, Knight. Nevertheless, from all I have been able to learn of M'Grath, there is some reason to hope that he will return to the Church; and, if I be not misinformed, he would now gladly exchange the Rock of Cashel for that of the Capitoline, where he spent his youth.

"Let us now come back to Bryan Oge O'Rourke, who, when the news of his father's death reached Ireland, was duly inaugurated in his stead. This worthy son of a martyred sire distinguished himself in many a glorious action during the Elizabethan war, and particularly in that far-famed fight near Boyle, where he and O'Donnell routed the English, under Clifford, on the memorable feast of the Assumption. Ever active and indefatigable in the service of his religion and country, he marched with O'Donnell to Kinsale, and did his utmost to retrieve the disasters of that

fatal day, holding out to the last, till the usurpation of a step-brother compelled him to return home, and reassert his rights over the principality of his fathers. Thenceforth his castle of Leitrim became the refuge of such of the Irish chieftains as still held out against the English, in the hope of obtaining succour from Spain. In that hospitable mansion he sheltered M'Guire of Fermanagh, and the O'Sullivans, after their unparalleled march of a hundred leagues, in the depth of winter, from Glengariffe to Breffny; and beneath its walls he routed, with signal slaughter, a large body of troops, commanded by Lambert, governor of Connaught, and captain Bustock, who was slain on the field. The treason, however, of his step-brother, who was supported by the English, ultimately succeeded; and the gallant chieftain, deserted by his followers, after making terms for his life, returned to Galway, where he fell sick and died of a broken heart. His last wish was that his remains should repose in the cloister of Rosserilly, and our friars took care to see that wish fulfilled; for, in the month of January, when the snow lay thick on the roads, the funeral cortége, accompanied by a few faithful friends, entered the enclosure of the monastery; and, as soon as the Requiem had been sung, our brotherhood piously hollowed out a grave in the cloister, and there interred all that remained of one of the bravest and best of those Irishmen whose names deserve to be canonized in the pages of history. I know not whether that grave is marked by any cenotaph; but as long as a single fragment of Rosserilly stands, the pilgrim and the wayfarer shall point to it as the last resting-place of Bryan Oge O'Rourke."

"God rest his soul!" said father Purcell; "for he was faithful to the land that gave him birth. Did not one of his ancestors found a monastery for the Franciscans?"

"Most certainly," replied the provincial; "nor did I intend to omit that fact. Indeed, I have good reason to remember the monastery and church of Ballyrourke—or, as some call it, Creevelea—for it was there I was ordained priest, and celebrated my first Mass. That once splendid monastery was founded in 1508, by Owen O'Rourke, prince of Breffny, at the instance of his wife, Margaret O'Brien, daughter of Conor, king of Thomond, and sister of Fingalla, the fair-shouldered, who, as I have already told you, was mainly instrumental in erecting our venerable house of

Donegal. The spot which the princess of Breffny selected for the building lies on the bank of the river Boned, within an easy walk of the castle of Dromahere; and, if we may credit local tradition, St. Patrick erected a church on the same site, which is still called Carrig-Phadruig, or Patrick's Rock. The entire edifice, including altars, columns, and chapter-room, was constructed of fine stone, resembling grey marble; and for its dimensions it was not inferior, as regards architecture and elaborate sculpture, to any other house of our institute in Ireland. Owen O'Rourke erected a monument for himself and his posterity within the chancel; and three years after the foundation-stone was laid, Thomas MacBrady, bishop of Kilmore, attended by a brilliant retinue of ecclesiastics and laics, consecrated the church and monastery under the invocation of St. Francis. The first friars who took possession of Creevelea were sent from Donegal; for the princess Margaret, out of affection for her sister, preferred those to whom the latter had been such a constant and munificent benefactress. The community, though small, was well-endowed by the O'Rourke; and as long as that princely family ruled their ancient territory, the Franciscans of Creevelea lacked nothing that could contribute to their peace and humble maintenance. The princess Margaret died in 1512, and was the first tenant of the splendid tomb erected by her lord; and he himself, after taking the habit of St. Francis, was laid in the same sepulchre in 1528. It was, indeed, a year remarkable for the decease of many of those to whom our order is indebted; for in it our brotherhood had also to bewail the loss of Fingalla, wife of O'Donnell, who, after a life spent in acts of charity, and after wearing our habit two-and-twenty years, passed out of this life to that everlasting blessedness, which she so well merited by her fidelity to God and our holy founder, St. Francis. Eight years after the death of Owen O'Rourke, a sad misfortune befell the community of Creevelea; for, in the dead of night, when the friars were asleep in their cells, a fire broke out—I know not by what accident—and burnt down a goodly portion of the edifice.

"It was, indeed, a disastrous night; for, along with the loss of many valuable books, the community had also to lament the death of Heremon O'Donnell, one of the brotherhood, who perished in the flames whilst striving to save

the sacred vessels. Bryan Ballach O'Rourke, however, Owen's successor, and father of Bryan-na-Murtha, of whom I have already spoken, partially restored the sacred edifice; but, owing to the constant wars in which he was engaged, he was never able to fully repair the damage caused by the fire. Nevertheless, the community continued to live there, labouring, praying, and educating the youth of the district, till they were expelled from their venerable abode by sir Richard Bingham, who, on more than one occasion, turned the monastery and church into quarters for his soldiers, pillaged the place, and burnt the richly-carved panels of the choir for fuel. The fatal issue of the late war, and the revolt of Teige O'Rourke, who, after the defeat at Kinsale, as I have already told you, joined the enemies of his country, completed the ruin of Creevelea; for he who would have restored, nay, renewed its beauty, now lies sleeping his last sleep in the cloister of Rosserilly."

"And how fared it with that traitorous Teige?" asked father Purcell.

"As he deserved," replied the provincial; "for the English, on the accession of James I., rewarded his recreancy with the title of knight, and made him a grant of some hundreds of acres in the ancient principality of Breffny. He did not, however, live long to enjoy either title or lands, for he died in 1605, and was buried in the ancestral tomb at Creevelea. May God assoil him! for he hated his step-brother, the rightful prince of Breffny, and would not rest in the same sepulchre with him!"

"'Tis a sad instance of fraternal discord," observed father Purcell.

"Only one of the many which wrought Ireland's ruin, dear friend," added the provincial. "Alas, to what excesses will not ambition and sordid self-interest impel even the hearts of brothers! Is it not Virgil who says of that passion—

"'Tu potes unanimes armare in prœlia fratres'?

and does not Lucan tell us in his 'Pharsalia' that a brother's blood shed by a brother's hand was the first to stain the walls of Rome?

"'Fraterno primi maduerunt sanguine muri.'

But why go beyond the inspired books for examples, when

we can find them in the history of Jacob and Esau, of Absolom and Ammon, and in that of Lisimachus and Menelaus?

"True, true," replied father Purcell; "'tis the old story of Eteocles and Polynices repeating itself. The ashes of these two brothers, conscious of resentment to the last, would not consume on the same pyre; and perhaps—shall I hazard the reflection?—perhaps the bones of those O'Rourkes would not crumble in peace had they been laid in the same sepulchre—

"'Fratrum quoque gratia rara est,'

as Ovid has it."

"What an extravagant supposition!" remarked the provincial. "But, instead of indulging such idle fancies, let us pray that the Irish of future times, warned by the calamities that have fallen upon their predecessors, will guard against an accursed policy, which has worked out its worst ends by sowing the seeds of dissension in hearts created by God to struggle and combine for their country's happiness.

"Little more remains to be said of Creevelea; for when Bryan, son of Teige the usurper, was summoned to London in 1615, and told that he should allow his lands to be colonized by English and Scotch undertakers, he refused to agree to such a proposal, and was then immured in the tower, where he is at this moment. Breffny, meanwhile, was parcelled out between Villiers, duke of Buckingham, and the Hamiltons, who scourged the native population with a rod of iron. As for the monastery, it was leased to one Harrison, who, in consideration of an annual and exorbitant rent, allowed the friars to cover a portion of the church with thatch, and themselves, now reduced to four or five, to live as best they may in miserable shielings near the ancient monastery. A truculent, grasping wretch is this Harrison; for he no sooner discovered that peculiar trait of the Irish character—I mean their hereditary love of being interred in the graves of their forefathers, or within the precincts of some hallowed ruin—than he erected a gate at the entrance of the cemetery, and levied toll on every corse that was brought to be buried there."

"A veritable Charon," observed father Purcell; "who will not allow the dead to cross the Stygian lake, till he has received his piece of money!"

"Or rather one," replied the provincial, "who ignores the virtues which recommended Tobias to the angel Raphael. We have talked far into the night; so for the present enough."

We may supplement Mooney's narrative, by stating that Creevelea was repaired by the Franciscans in 1642, when sir Owen O'Rourke made an attempt to recover the lordship and lands of his ancestors; but, at the close of the Cromwellian war, that family was once more involved in the general confiscations. That some of the O'Rourkes, however, still clung to their natal soil is quite certain, as we learn from the beautiful epitaph, which Teige O'Roddy, of Crossfield, co. Leitrim, composed for one of them, who died young, in 1671.

CONDITUR . EXIGUA . ROURK . HAC . BERNARDUS . IN . URNA
STIRPE . PERILLUSTRI . MENTE . LYRAQUE . LINUS
HIC . PUDOR . HIPPOLITI . PARIDIS . GENA . PECTUS . ULYSSIS
ÆNEAE . PIETAS . HECTORIS . IRA . JACET
FLOS . JUVENUM . SPLENDOR . PROAVUM . JUNII . IDIBUS
EHEU!
INTERIIT . RUTILOS . VECTUS . AD . USQUE . POLOS

As for the friars, they continued to live in thatched cabins in the neighbourhood of the monastery; and be it recorded to their honour, one of them taught, in 1718, the venerable Charles O'Conor, of Belenagare, the first rudiments of Latin, as he himself tells us in his memoirs. At present Creevelea is a very extensive ruin, containing, along with the tomb of its founder, various fragments of monuments to the O'Murroghs, Cornins, and other ancient families of Breffny-O'Rourke.

Although the foregoing paper closes the series which the editor collected from FATHER MOONEY'S manuscript, he would deem his work incomplete if it did not comprise an account of another Franciscan house, with which the name of a highly distinguished Irishman is associated. A brief notice, therefore, of the Clonmel Franciscan convent, will not be unacceptable to our readers.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MONASTERY OF CLONMEL.

THE monastery of St. Francis at Clonmel is justly ranked among the most splendid of the many houses belonging to that order in Ireland; and even to the present day, a small community of the friars retain a portion of their ancient church, where they celebrate the divine mysteries. The history of its foundation is involved in obscurity; for some say that it owes its origin to the family of the Fitzgeralds of Desmond, whereas others affirm that it was founded by Otho de Grandison, who, in 1269, not only gave the friars a considerable sum of money to erect the church, convent, and its appurtenances, but also bestowed on it a rich tract of land, sites for mills, and two or three fishing weirs on the Suir. At the dissolution of the monastic houses, that of Clonmel shared the fate of all similar establishments in the province of Munster; for, by an inquisition taken 8th of March, 31st king Henry VIII., it appears that the then guardian was seised of a church and steeple, dormitory, hall, three chambers, a store, kitchen, stable, two gardens of one acre, together with four messuages, six acres of arable land, four garden, a fishing-pool and weir in Clonmel; all of which was parcelled out, May 19th, 34th of same king, between the sovereign and commonalty of Clonmel, and James, earl of Ormond, to be held for ever *in capite* by the said grantees, at a small annual rent.

Nevertheless, although the friars were dispossessed of the lands, weirs, &c., with which De Grandison had endowed them, the inhabitants of Clonmel insisted on retaining the church, cemetery, and sacristy, of which they held possession in the year 1615, when father Mooney, then provincial of the Franciscans, visited the place. To this zealous friar, on whose valuable manuscript notices of the convents of his order we have heretofore drawn so copiously, we are indebted for the following particulars regarding the monastery of Clonmel. At the period of his visitation, already specified, he found the church in good repair, the architecture very magnificent, and nearly all the requirements of a conventual establishment in as good condition as if Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and other

plunderers of the religious houses had never thought of Clonmel. In fact, Mooney tells us, that the altars were still standing in the church, and that in the centre of the choir there was a very gorgeous monument, consisting of groups of marble statues, to the memory of the lord baron of Cahir, together with many other memorials of the same character, to mark the last resting-place of the nobles who were wont to bury within the sacred precincts. Father Mooney, however, says that he was greatly scandalized by the conduct of some Jesuits and other ecclesiastics, who, in the absence of the Franciscans, allowed the remains of the Protestant sovereign of Clonmel to be interred close by lord Cahir's monument in the choir, and that he caused the body to be exhumed in the night-time, and buried elsewhere. This, he informs us, he did with the permission of the archbishop of Cashel. At the period of father Mooney's visitation, it would appear that the Jesuits and secular clergy had possession of the conventual church, the former alleging that they had got a grant of it from pope Paul V., and the latter supporting them in their pretensions; so much so, that the citizens, acting under the influence of the Jesuits and secular clergy, on two different occasions refused to receive a community of Franciscans into their town. The provincial, however, a very sturdy man, took active measures to re-establish the claims of the brotherhood; and it was finally decided, by a papal rescript, that they should take possession of their ancient church, the opposition of the Jesuits and secular clergy notwithstanding. Father Mooney's next effort was to get back from the representatives of the earl of Ormond, the original grantee, some portion of the ancient endowments of the monastery, but we need hardly say that he was unsuccessful.

He insisted that the friars were entitled to the building called the "Aula Comitis," or earl's palace, standing hard by the monastery; and that the fishing-weir and mills on the Suir should be restored to them. But, despite all his instances, he could get no redress from the heirs of lord Ormond; and the lands, mills, weirs, and fishing-pools were escheated for ever from the friars. Of the "Aula Comitis," or earl's palace, we believe there has been no vestige in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Clonmel; but it may interest some to know that it stood within the precincts of the convent grounds, in Kilshelan-street, and was

one of those edifices which some of the Irish nobility built in the vicinity of religious houses, to serve them for a temporary residence while going through a course of penitential exercises.

In 1615, all the buildings of the *convent*, with the exception of the church and cloister, were entirely dilapidated; but the then earl of Ormond remodelled the infirmary, and converted it into a dwelling-house, which was subsequently given as a marriage dowry to the lady Helen de Barry, whose second husband was Thomas, earl of Somerset. Mooney petitioned to have this edifice given to the Franciscans, but his memorial was rejected, and the friars were constrained to fix their abode in a house which they rented. To this convent of Clonmel belonged a far-famed statue of St. Francis, which father Mooney tells us was rescued from the iconoclasts of the days of king Henry and queen Elizabeth—a statue in presence of which no one could commit perjury, without incurring the penalty of sudden death, or, at all events, without having the whole truth brought to light by a special interposition of heaven. This statue or image was enshrined in the sacristy of the church when father Mooney visited Clonmel; and we would suggest that some one should look after it, as it is likely enough that a relic so venerated may be still in existence, secreted somewhere in or about the remains of the old monastery. To these meagre details regarding the Franciscan convent of Clonmel, we have only to add what father Mooney says of its site, namely, that it was most happily chosen—picturesque and commanding, though built inside the town wall, and in a corner of the city—*in angulo civitatis.*

With this venerable edifice we must naturally associate the memory of a highly distinguished Franciscan, of whom his native land, and Clonmel in particular, may justly be proud; for, indeed, his voluminous writings, and the esteem in which he was held by the celebrities of his day, must always entitle him to our respect and veneration. How very few of the many who frequent the little church of St. Francis in Clonmel, ever think that more than two centuries ago there lived a townsman of their own, who, when a mere stripling, was wont to kneel and pray within the same hallowed precincts; and who, in his maturer years, acquired a world-wide renown as a profound metaphysician, theolo-

gian, poet, and historian! And yet each of these attributes has been freely accorded to a native of Clonmel, whose numerous and learned works are the clearest evidences, not alone of a master mind, but of industry which has seldom been equalled before or since the time in which he flourished. Father Bonaventure Baron, the individual to whom we have been alluding, was born in Clonmel early in the seventeenth century; and after completing his preparatory studies in that city, proceeded to Rome, probably in 1636, just eleven years after his uncle, the celebrated Luke Wadding, had founded the convent of S. Isidoro for Irish Franciscans. Wadding soon perceived that his sister's son possessed grand abilities, which were destined to reflect honour on the order of which he himself was even then foremost among the great; and he accordingly resolved to spare no pains in forwarding the education of his kinsman and protégé. Congeniality of tastes, and a never-wearying love of research in the wide domain of history and speculative science, endeared those ardent students to each other, and caused them to concentrate all their energies on one grand object, equally valued by both, namely, to revive the literary glory of the Franciscans, and preserve from oblivion the memories of the great men of the same body, who conferred such signal service on mankind during that long and dismal period when knowledge and civilization could find no biding-place outside the cloister.

It would be superfluous to recount all that Wadding achieved in this wonderful self-imposed task, of which he has left us so many valuable monuments, evidencing genius of the highest order, and industry which challenged the encomiums of sir James Ware, who, his Protestantism notwithstanding, could appreciate such gigantic labours, amounting to thirteen or fourteen tomes, eight of which (the Annals) are large folio, to say nothing of other works which this great Irishman projected. As for Baron, it would appear that he had made up his mind to rival his preceptor and kinsman; and, indeed, it may be said that in some respects the pupil outstripped the teacher in the rapidity with which he produced some of his earliest works. Considering the various duties that devolved on him after his ordination, when he was appointed to teach theology in the school of S. Isidoro, and discharge other offices connected with that establishment, we cannot but wonder how

one man could have written so much, so learnedly, and on such a variety of topics, before he had yet hardly passed that period which Dante calls the mid-term of life. And yet such is the fact; for we have it on the authority of father Wadding himself, that his nephew had actually written in Latin, singularly remarkable for its elegance, some five or six volumes, while he was yet considerably under thirty-three years of age. The titles of some of these works, strange as they must appear in an English translation, will show how versatile was the genius of this eminent man, and with what facility he could turn from the profounder pursuit of studies philosophical and theological, to the cultivation of the muses, and, indeed, of almost every department of light literature. The dates, too, of some of his numerous publications, will prove what we have already asserted, namely, that his industry was indefatigable, and, we might almost say, unequalled. Thus, the "Panegyrical Orations," the first volume which he published at Rome, in 1643, was, two years afterwards, followed by his "Miscellaneous Poems, including Epigrams and Eulogiums of Eminent Men." In 1651 he edited his "Philosophical Essays;" and in the same year "The Diatribe on Silence," or "Harpocrates Quinqueludius,"—a work in which he displays an extensive knowledge of all the ancient systems of philosophy, and profound acquaintance with the writings of the most celebrated of the Christian apologists in the early ages. In fact, it would seem as if the energies of this wonderful man never flagged—that his active mind needed no relaxation; for not only the printing-presses of Rome, but those of Paris, Lyons, Florence, Wurtzburg, and Cologne found ample employment from his pen, which, at intervals of two, three, or more years, gave to the world no less than six volumes, three of which are large folio, devoted to theological and philosophical controversies, and a vindication of that great luminary of the fourteenth century, Duns Scotus, or the *Subtile Doctor*, he, too, a Franciscan, the fame of whose learning drew together upwards of thirty thousand students to Oxford, when he taught in that university. Besides the works we have already specified, father Baron wrote a "Course of Theology," in six tomes; and, towards the close of his life, he published, at Rome, the first volume (folio) of the "Annals of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives,"

commencing with the year 1198, and carrying it down to 1267. This remarkable work narrates the foundation of the various houses of the order, and, along with biographies of its most eminent men, gives interesting details of the number of captives rescued from the horrors of Saracen bondage, by the heroic charity of a single brotherhood, who, in their day, rendered signal services to their fellow-men. Father Baron proposed to himself to continue this history down to his own times; but, growing feeble and blind, after expending such an amount of *vitality* on the works we have enumerated, he was obliged to renounce the pen towards the close of the year 1686. The remaining ten years of his life were for him a series of great bodily infirmities, rendered all the more painful by the total loss of sight, till, at length, after having spent over sixty years in Rome, he died, at a great old age, in the convent of S. Isidoro, and was buried near the grave of Luke Wadding, in 1696.

The respect in which this native of Clonmel was held by the great men of his period, was such that he might well be proud of it, if a heart like his could find place for self-esteem; but he was above all such petty weaknesses, and cared more for the honour of his order than he did for his own glorification. Nevertheless, the criticisms of his great contemporaries pronounced him to be "a man among men," and a writer who deserved to occupy a niche in the temple of fame. As volume after volume came from his pen, the reviewers hailed them, each and all, with most respectful praise; and among those who were foremost in lauding the labours of the Clonmel friar, we find a countryman of his own, Neal O'Glacan, a native of Donegal, who professed medicine in the universities of Toulouse and Bologna, wrote a "Cursus Medicus," and other works on cognate subjects, and was finally appointed physician and privy counsellor to the king of France. As for father Baron, he, too, had honours bestowed on him by another potentate; for Cosmo III., grand duke of Tuscany, elected him before all others to fill the envied place of historiographer to his court. This brief biography of such a distinguished Irishman may obtain some additional interest from a description of his portrait, which, along with that of the great Wadding, and some other Irish celebrities of his era, is before us as we write. The picture in our possession

represents him in his fifty-second year, dressed in the habit of his order, resting his left hand on a ponderous folio, and holding a pen in his right. His features are very benevolent; the nose inclining to aquiline; the eyes clear and penetrating; the mouth firm, with deep lines at the angles; and knitted brows, so characteristic of those who think much, and give the brain little rest. As for the head, like that of Wadding, it is large, domelike, and, with the exception of a few scattered hairs above the temples, bald; in a word, such a one as denotes a man of great intellect and indomitable energy.

THE
IRISH HIERARCHY
IN
THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

On Monday, the 22nd of October, 1645, an armed frigate, with the "fleur-de-lis" flying at the main, and carrying at her prow a gilded figure-head of St. Peter, dropped anchor at the mouth of Kenmare river, not far from the point where it falls into the bay to which it gives its name. Soon afterwards a boat was seen pulling shoreward; and a few shepherds, who were attracted to the beach by the sight of the large ship, could easily discern that the party approaching were strangers, and that one among them was a personage of high distinction, an ecclesiastic dressed in costume with which they were not familiar, accompanied by a retinue of twenty-six individuals, whose garb and features left no doubt that they too were natives of a foreign clime. Scarcely had the boat touched land, when the whole party proceeded to a shieling, which the shepherds had erected to protect them from the inclemency of the weather, and set about preparing for the celebration of Mass. It was the feast of St. Philip, bishop of Fermo, an episcopal city in the pontifical states; and he who now robed himself for the holy sacrifice was John Baptist Rinuccini, bishop of that see, and nunzio-extraordinary, sent by Innocent X. to the Irish Catholics, then in arms for their king, religion, and country. Good reason had Rinuccini to be grateful to God for having enabled him to reach the shores of Munster in safety; for, indeed, the frigate in which he sailed was nigh falling into the hands of one Plunket, a renegade Irishman, who commanded the parliament squadron, then cruising in the Irish channel,

and pursued the St. Peter with two of his vessels fully a hundred miles, till a fire breaking out in the galley of his own ship, compelled him to shorten sail and abandon the chase. It is certain that the nunzio's frigate would have shown fight had she come within range of Plunket's guns, for he tells us that the St. Peter's carronades were cast loose and shotted, and that the Irish, most of whom were soldiers and officers who had fought in the Netherlands, under Preston and O'Neill, and were now returning home to serve in the confederate ranks, declared that they would rather die in action and be buried in the sea, than fall into the hands of the fanatical Puritans, from whom they could expect no quarter. The chances, indeed, were all against the St. Peter, for Plunket's frigate carried heavier metal, had a larger number of hands, and was in every respect better equipped for emergencies. The fire, however, on board the parliament vessel saved the nunzio, who, like his retinue, was already half-dead of sea-sickness, from becoming a prize to Plunket; and we can easily imagine how the latter cursed the accident that caused him to lose the St. Peter, with its rich freight of gold and silver, arms and ammunition, destined for the use of the confederated Irish Catholics, to say nothing of the person of the pope's nunzio, who, had his own forecastings been realized, should of necessity have resigned his high function for a prison in the tower of London. Rinuccini attributed his escape to the special guardianship of him whose image decorated the prow of his frigate; but, be that as it may, the fire in Plunket's cooking galley will account for it proximately.

Having celebrated Mass of thanksgiving in the shieling, the nunzio had a large portion of the arms and ammunition and all the money brought ashore; and finding no safe place for storage nearer or more secure than the old castle of Ardtully, he converted it into a temporary magazine, and then ordered the St. Peter to weigh for Waterford, and discharge the residue of the freight in that friendly haven. The wind, however, proving contrary, the vessel had to make for Dingle, where the arms were landed, and soon afterwards sent to Limerick, in order to save them from the enemies of the confederates, who, by way of retaliation for not having Rinuccini himself in person, were intent on seizing them. After remaining two days in the shepherds'

hut, the nunzio proceeded by slow marches to Limerick, keeping clear of the high roads, and escorted by squadrons of confederate cavalry, commanded by Richard Butler, brother of the marquis of Ormond, who was specially appointed to that duty as soon as Bellings, secretary to the supreme council, had announced his arrival in Ireland.

On the last day of October, 1645, Rinuccini entered the city of Limerick, at whose gate he was met by the clergy, the municipal and military authorities, who, in solemn procession, preceded him to the ancient cathedral, where Richard Arthur, bishop of the see, awaited his arrival. The venerable prelate, then far advanced in years, and in broken health, was habited in rich pontificals; and the nunzio, familiar as he was in his own country with all that is gorgeous in church costume, could not but admire the splendid crozier and mitre which Arthur used in the solemn function of receiving the pope's ambassador on the threshold of his metropolitan church.

So highly appreciated at that period were the mitre and crozier of Limerick, made for Cornelius O'Dea, bishop of the see in 1418, that they were generally supposed to have been the work of some celestial artificer, and not of mortal hands; "for," ran the legend popularly believed at that time, "on one occasion, when there was a synod of prelates in Dublin, it so happened that the bishop of Limerick went thither without his pontificals, and was compelled to seek throughout the metropolis a crozier and mitre. At length, when he had given up all hope of getting either, a youth, just landed from a ship which a few moments before had entered the harbour, approached and presented the bishop a case, in which he told him he would find what he was looking for, adding that if he liked them he might keep them. The bishop could not but like the rich silver crozier and exquisitely elaborated mitre; and when he sent a messenger in hot haste after the stranger to pay whatever he might demand for such precious objects, lo! the ship had weighed anchor, and vanished beyond the horizon! The mitre," says the authority from which the legend is quoted, "was entrusted to a wealthy Catholic merchant, to keep it from falling into the hands of the reformers; but he abstracted some of its precious stones, and replaced them with false ones—a sacrilege which heaven avenged on his posterity, for they all died in misery." To

return to the venerable prelate, who, as we have already said, was then aged and in failing health, we may observe that he belonged to a family which had already given a prelate to the see of Limerick, at the close of the fifteenth century; and that his near kinsman, James Arthur, a Dominican friar, and author of a "Commentary on the Works of St. Thomas Aquinas," was then acquiring world-wide renown in Spain and Portugal, where he taught divinity in various schools of his order.

We have thus briefly alluded to Richard Arthur, because he did not live to take a prominent part in the momentous transactions which followed the nunzio's arrival in Ireland. It will not, however, be out of place to state, that he was consecrated by David Rothe, bishop of Ossory, on the 7th September, 1623, the bishop of Cork and Luke Archer, abbot of Holy Cross, assisting at the ceremony; and that he died on the 23rd May, 1646, and was buried in the tomb of his predecessors, in his own cathedral of Limerick, then recently restored to the uses of that religion for which it was erected. Let us, moreover, mention, as one of the most memorable incidents in this prelate's life, that it was he who conferred priest's orders on the celebrated John Lynch, *Lucius Gratianus*, author of "Cambrensis Eversus," "Icon Antistitis," "Alithinologia," and other works by which that distinguished Irish ecclesiastic has attained imperishable celebrity.

The prelate who was destined to succeed Richard Arthur, and to occupy a much larger space in the history of his unfortunate country, was Edmond O'Dwyer, a native of the county of Limerick, who had distinguished himself during his collegiate course at Rouen, where he studied philosophy, and at the Sorbonne, where he won character for profound knowledge of theology. Soon after obtaining the degree of doctor in divinity at Rheims, he returned to Ireland, and became acquainted with Malachy O'Queely, then vicar-apostolic of Killaloe; and, as we shall see, the intimacy thus formed at the commencement of O'Dwyer's missionary career, ripened into a warm friendship, which terminated only with the life of the former, many years after he had been promoted to the archiepiscopal see of Tuam. In fact, such was the archbishop's confidence in O'Dwyer, that he sent him to Rome as his proctor, in 1644, and made him the bearer of a report on the state of his diocese, which he

drew up for the Congregation de Propaganda Fide. Along with this valuable document, O'Dwyer was entrusted with a memorial to the supreme council of the confederates, praying his holiness, Urban VIII., to bestow a cardinal's hat on Luke Wadding, in consideration of the great services he had rendered to the Irish Catholics then in arms. Urban, however, died before O'Dwyer reached Rome; and the memorial, signed by O'Queely, Walsh, archbishop of Cashel; Fleming, archbishop of Dublin; lords Castlehaven, Fermoy, Netterville, and others, fell into the hands of father Luke, who, instead of having it presented to Innocent X., the late pontiff's successor, modestly buried it in the archives of S. Isidoro, where it remains to the present day. The high opinion which the supreme council entertained of O'Dwyer, whom they styled in their memorial a "doctor of divinity, and an ocular witness of their proceedings," to say nothing of the commendations of archbishop O'Queely, must have had great weight with the college of cardinals; for, on reaching Paris, on his way to Ireland, after some months' sojourn in Rome, a bull was despatched to the French nunzio, nominating the Irish priest coadjutor to the then *decrepit* bishop of Limerick. O'Dwyer made no difficulty about accepting the exalted dignity which the holy see conferred on him, and he was therefore duly consecrated by the bishop of Senlis, in the church of St. Lazare, on Sunday, the 7th of May, 1645.

Having purchased a goodly supply of vestments, books, and other requirements for the diocese of Limerick, O'Dwyer set out for Ireland from one of the French ports; but he had not been many days at sea when the ship in which he sailed was captured by a Turkish corsair, who carried him and his fellow-passengers as a prize to Smyrna. The bishop, however, when he saw that there was no chance of escaping the pirate, divested himself of all the decorations of his rank, and heaved overboard the valuable vestments and other sacred objects which he had collected at Paris, and which he knew would be desecrated had the Turks got possession of them. On reaching Smyrna he was sold as a slave, and condemned to work at a mill, with a mask on his face; and in this condition he might have lived and died, were it not for a contingency which seems almost miraculous. An Irish lady, wife of a French merchant, then living at Smyrna, happened to visit the

mill; and on discovering that the poor captive was a countryman of her own, and a bishop in reluctant disguise, she lost no time in reporting the fact to her husband, who at once paid a ransom for the prisoner, and sent him back to France, where he soon replaced the sacred furniture which he had flung into the sea, as we have already stated. O'Dwyer returned to Ireland early in the year 1646; and he was the first bishop who introduced the missionaries of Vincent de Paul to this country. As a matter of course, he joined the supreme council of the confederates as spiritual peer; and in that capacity secured for himself the esteem of the pope's nunzio, who, in one of his earliest despatches, speaks of him in the highest praise. Another letter, dated Limerick, July 16, 1646, and addressed by the same personage to cardinal Panfilio, mentions the bishop of Limerick taking part in the grand function solemnized in his cathedral, in thanksgiving for the memorable victory which Owen O'Neill won at Benburb, on the 5th of the preceding month. "At four o'clock, p.m.," writes the nunzio, "the procession moved from the church of St. Francis, where the thirty-two stands of colours taken from the Scotch had been deposited. The garrison of Limerick led the van, and the captured colours were carried by the nobility of the city. Then followed the nunzio, the archbishop of Cashel, the bishops of Limerick, of Clonfert, and Ardfert, and after them the supreme council, the mayor, and magistrates, in their official robes. The people crowded the streets and windows; and as soon as the procession reached the cathedral, *Te Deum* was sung by the nunzio's choir, and the latter pronounced the usual prayers, concluding the ceremony with solemn benediction. Next morning Mass *pro gratiarum actione* was sung by the dean of Fermo, in presence of the aforesaid bishops and magistrates."

It might, perhaps, have been fortunate for O'Dwyer to have died at that hour of his country's transient triumph; but, as we shall see, he was doomed to taste bitterness and sorrow, at home and abroad, and to find his last resting-place far away from the old cathedral where his predecessors were entombed. Pious and zealous he was, no doubt, in the discharge of his high office, and none could gainsay the holiness of his life; but, when the fortunes of the confederates waned, he unhappily proved himself in

the politics of the period weak and vacillating. His conduct will not suffer us to doubt this; for, instead of adopting Rinuccini's bold and honest policy, which spurned mere *toleration* of the Catholic religion, he allowed himself to be duped by the artifices of the lay members of the supreme council, most of whom were identified, either by blood or partizanship, with the crafty enemy of their creed and race—James, marquis of Ormond. In fact, the bishop, with several others of his own order, allied himself to Ormond's faction, signed the fatal truce with lord Inchiquin, and thus deserted the straightforward course which Rinuccini and the *old* Irish strove to maintain. "For the last eighteen months," writes the nunzio, in 1648, "the bishop of Limerick, to my utter amazement, and that of every one else, has devoted himself to the party of lord Ormond; and this, indeed, is a sorry return for the benefits bestowed on him by the holy see; but he has had his reward; for he is now the object of universal odium, and has separated himself from the sound politics of the rest of the clergy." Six months had hardly elapsed since these words were penned, when Rinuccini, finding it impossible to harmonize the adverse factions which he strove to govern, or to bring about a solidarity of interests for the general good, deemed it necessary to abandon a country whose feuds were precipitating it to irretrievable ruin. For some, the last and direst weapon in the Church's armoury had no terror; and, unhappily for O'Dwyer, he was one of the few bishops who, despite the nunzio's censures, foolishly adhered to the party of lord Ormond. With the theological controversies that agitated Ireland after the nunzio's departure, touching the censures, in all of which O'Dwyer took a prominent part, we have nothing to do in this paper, our object being simply to give an outline of his eventful life, till its close in a foreign land. Pretermitting, therefore, much that could not interest the general reader, we may state to the bishop's credit, that during those awful months when Ireton beleaguered Limerick from without, and pestilence swept off the famished population within the walls, there was no braver man among the besieged than their spiritual chief. He exhorted the inhabitants to hold out to the last extremity, and lay down their lives rather than yield to the lieutenant of the man who could show no mercy either at Drogheda or in Wexford. Fully conscious of the doom that

awaited such gallant resistance, a multitude of the citizens called on the bishop, and besought him to give them permission to blow themselves up, rather than fall alive into the hands of their enemies; but he dissuaded them from such a suicidal project, telling them that it was nobler to die with arms in their hands, than to rush, uncalled, into the awful presence of God. At last, when Limerick was forced to capitulate to Ireton, who was indebted for his success to the treason of one of Rinuccini's most implacable enemies, O'Dwyer, finding that he was excepted from quarter, disguised himself in peasant's garb, and having smeared his face with gunpowder, passed unnoticed through one of the city gates, and eventually contrived to make his way to Brussels, where he lived till 1654, eating the salty bread of exile, and, as we may suppose, regretting, with his latest sigh, the fatal error that helped to bring ruin on his unfortunate country. On the night of the 6th of April, 1654, his remains, followed by a few torch-bearers, were conveyed from the convent in which he breathed his last, to the church of St. James, in the above-named city, and were there deposited in the subterranean chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, without a single line to record his virtues or his failings. A career such as his, under other circumstances, would surely have been thought worthy an epitaph—that last of human vanities; but the *nocturnal* funeral, divested of all ghastly pomp, and the nameless grave, will be sufficiently accounted for by the nunzio's censures.

In accordance with the plan we proposed to ourselves when commencing these notices of some of the most distinguished Irish prelates of the seventeenth century, we now return to the venerable cathedral of Limerick, where we left Rinuccini receiving from bishop Arthur all the honours prescribed by the ritual for so solemn an occasion as that when the pope's accredited ambassador makes his first appearance in a town or city. A few days had hardly passed since that memorable event, when news reached the nunzio that the most distinguished of the Irish archbishops, the one in whom, according to his instructions, he was to repose most confidence, and whom he was to consult on all occasions of great moment, had been slain in an inglorious skirmish near Ballysadare, in the county Sligo. Sad intelligence, indeed, was this for Rinuccini at the outset of his

diplomatic career; and we can easily imagine how the joy with which his arrival was greeted in Limerick must have been dashed when he found himself called upon to celebrate the obsequies of Malachy O'Queely, archbishop of Tuam, in that very cathedral where, a few days previously, his band of Italian choristers chanted *Te Deum*, in presence of a vast multitude, who never before had listened to such thrilling harmony. All the festive adornments of the cathedral were now replaced with mournful emblems, the altars and columns draped in black; and the nunzio, assisted by the aged Arthur, sang Mass of requiem for the heroic soul of the metropolitan of Connaught, whom he was not destined to meet in this world. Having left Limerick a few days afterwards, Rinuccini caused the same honours to be paid to the deceased archbishop in St. Canice's cathedral, Kilkenny, about the middle of November, 1645, when all Ireland was plunged in grief for the loss of such an illustrious champion of her faith.

Malachy O'Queely, son of Donatus, was a native of the county Clare, and lineally descended from the lords of Conmacne-mara, where they ruled as princes long before and after the Anglo-Norman invasion. A chieftain of this race marched with Brien Borumha to Clontarf, in 1014, and centuries afterwards the name was famous in bardic story—

> "Over Conmacne-mara great
> Was O'Cadhla, friend of banquets."

Malachy, when a mere youth, went to Paris, where he studied in the college of Navarre, and took the degree of doctor in divinity. On his return to Ireland, he was appointed vicar-apostolic of Killaloe, and ultimately, on October 11, 1631, was, by Thomas Walsh, archbishop of Cashel, consecrated successor to Florence Conry in the archiepiscopal see of Tuam. The prelates who assisted on this occasion were Richard Arthur, of Limerick, and Boetius Egan, of Elphin; and the ceremony took place at Galway. A curious incident, which we may not omit to mention, occurred on the day named for O'Queely's consecration. The archbishop elect had received from Rome a draft of the bull nominating him to the vacant see; and on presenting it to the officiating prelate, the latter, after demurring some time, finally refused to proceed with the ceremony, till the autograph instrument should be sub-

mitted to his scrutiny. It was a moment of great embarrassment for all the parties concerned; and as they were about to retire from the church, a priest, who landed from a ship which had just then dropped anchor in the bay, rushed into their presence, and handed to Arthur the authentic bulls. In 1632, the year immediately following his elevation, O'Queely presided at a synod in Galway, for removing abuses and enforcing the decrees of the council of Trent; and in the interval between the last-named period and the rising of 1641, he devoted himself with singular zeal to the discharge of his high office, consoling and enlightening the flock committed to his charge, then sadly harassed by the tyrannical proceedings of lord-deputy Strafford. Nor should we omit to state that O'Queely's appointment to Tuam was at first badly received by the province over which he was named chief pastor, many alleging that none but a native of Connaught ought to have been raised to the archiepiscopal see; but in progress of time his generosity and open-heartedness silenced the malcontents, and won for him the esteem and love of all classes. In 1641, when the people rose to shake off the intolerable oppression under which they had so long groaned, O'Queely took his place among them, not indeed as a military chief, but rather with a view to repress tumultuary assaults, and save the Protestant portion of the community from pillage and insult. For this laudable object he raised a regiment, which was officered by the O'Flahertys and others of the Connaught gentry, whose zeal for their religion and the false-hearted Charles I. was crowned with a temporary triumph, though sadly requited by the son and successor of that unhappy monarch. In all the transactions of the confederates, O'Queely, then president of Connaught, was regarded as a high authority, and not only by them but by the court of Rome; for, as we have already observed, the instructions given to Rinuccini by Innocent X. marked out the archbishop as the fittest person for his guidance. "Although each of the four archbishops," says the document, "is remarkable for zeal, nevertheless, he of Tuam is to be your confidant, and among the *bishops* he of Clogher." The last appearance of O'Queely in the general assembly at Kilkenny was in October, 1645, the month of the nunzio's arrival in Ireland, and the same in which the ferocious Coote was appointed

by the parliament president of Connaught, with a commission "to extirpate the Irish papists by fire and sword." Sligo, at that time, had fallen into the hands of the Scotch Covenanters; and the supreme council of the confederates, wishing to possess a seaport which enabled their enemies to land men and munitions of war, resolved to recover it if possible. As a spiritual peer, O'Queely voted supplies for the undertaking, and immediately set out with the forces destined for the expedition, which was commanded by lord Taaffe and sir James Dillon. On leaving Kilkenny, the archbishop's mind was overclouded by sinister omens; and he not only removed all his baggage, but bade adieu to each of his friends, telling them that he was destined never to see them again. On crossing the Shannon, he was met by a vast concourse of the people, who came to look their last on him; for there was then rife among them an old prophecy concerning the violent death of one of St. Jarlath's successors, and it was popularly believed that the prediction was to be fulfilled in the person of O'Queely. Indeed, he himself seems to have given it credit; for, a few years before, while being punctured for a dropsical affection, he told doctor Nicholson, his medical attendant, that *the* prophecy was to be fulfilled in him, and that he had not long to live. The nunzio, too, in his despatches, alludes to the prediction, remarking that the Irish were much given to the "folly of prophesying." On Sunday, 17th October, 1645, the Irish troops encamped in the vicinity of Ballysadare; and so confident were Taaffe and Dillon of the safety of their position, that they accepted on that fatal day an invitation to dine with the archbishop, who, always proverbial for hospitality, had also asked all the other officers to his table. It was during this merrymaking that sir Charles Coote, sir William Cole, and sir Francis Hamilton, had intelligence of the loose discipline observable in the confederate camp; and taking advantage of the information, they swooped down unexpectedly with a large force, and before the Irish could arm themselves, put them to flight, and cut them up fearfully. In this extremity Dillon told the archbishop to save himself as best he could; but being *obese and of great stature*, he lacked the necessary speed. His faithful secretary, father Thady O'Connell, of the order of Hermits of St. Augustine, and another priest, lost their lives endeavouring to protect him from the Scotch, who,

ignorant of the prize they had within their grasp, hewed him to pieces with their claymores after wounding him with a pistol shot in the loins. The list of prisoners made in this sad raid shows that the archbishop was accompanied by some of the foremost men in Connaught; for it mentions, among others, Murragh-na-do, O'Flahertie, William O'Shaughnessy, and captain Garrett Dillon, son to sir Lucas Dillon, who stated that his father was shot in the thigh. Intelligence of this unfortunate event, which the Puritans styled "Good News from Ireland," was immediately forwarded to both houses of parliament, and that very quaint bulletin tells us that "the Irish forces amounted to 1,000 foot and 300 horse. In the pursuit," says the writer, "their commander and president of that province was slain, the titular archbishop of Tuam, who was a principal agent in these wars. Divers papers were found in his carriage. He had for his own particular use an order from the council at Kilkenny for levying the arrears of his bishopric, and the pope's bull and letter from Rome. The pope would not at first engage himself for the sending of a nunzio for Ireland, until the Irish agents had fully persuaded him that the re-establishment of the Catholic religion was a thing feasible in this kingdom; whereupon he undertook the solicitation of their cause with Florence, Venice, and other estates, and to delegate his nunzio to attend to the affairs of this kingdom." In the archbishop's baggage was found the private treaty which Charles I. empowered lord Glamorgan to negotiate with the confederates; and the discovery of this important document, we need hardly say, helped to exasperate the Puritans against the unfortunate king.

As soon as the Scotch discovered the high rank of the individual whose mutilated corse was left on the road-side, they demanded a sum of thirty pounds before surrendering it; and when the money was paid by Walter Lynch, he caused the remains to be dressed in pontifical robes and conveyed to Tuam, where Mass for the deceased was duly celebrated in presence of a vast crowd, who bitterly lamented their well-loved archbishop. Unfortunately, there is now no record of the place of O'Queely's interment; but we have it, on the authority of one who was personally acquainted with him, that some years after his decease, Brigid, lady Athenry, wife of Francis, 19th lord

of that title, and daughter of sir Lucas Dillon, of lough Glynn, in the county Roscommon, caused all that remained of the archbishop to be reinterred in some place only known to herself and the pious few who were employed to perform that charitable work. There is little to be said of O'Queely's literary tastes or labours; but we may state that they were appreciated by John Colgan, who was indebted to him for the "Description of the Three Islands of Arran and their Churches," which the learned Franciscan published in his "Acta Sanctorum Hib.," p. 714. This valuable communication, and a description of the churches and other sacred edifices in the diocese of Tuam, must have been compiled by the archbishop a short time previous to his death. Lamented by every lover of his country, none could have been more keenly sensible of his loss than the nunzio, who, in his despatches to cardinal Panfilio, speaks of him in most pathetic terms; asserting that he had lost his life in actual defence of the faith, and that the supreme council had thus sustained a terrible calamity, as no one could be found competent to replace such a prelate either in the civil or the military department. "Verily," concludes the nunzio, "he has closed his career gloriously, and won for himself in heaven a reward commensurate with his labours." In concluding this brief memoir, we have only to add, that Edmond O'Meara, M.D., who venerated the archbishop's noble character, and would have erected a monument to him had he known where his remains lay, has left us the subjoined epitaph, hoping, perhaps, that it might one day be inscribed on his friend's tomb, should some fortunate accident ever clear away the mystery that surrounds the forgotten grave.

PRÆSULIS . HIC . MULTO . LANIATUM . VULNERE . CORPUS
CANITIESQUE . SACRO . SANGUINE . SPARSA . JACET
PRO . REGE . NON . RENUIT . VITAM . PROFUNDERE . PASTOR
QUAM . BENE . PASTOREM . MORS . ISTA . DECET . BONUM
PURPUREI . FULGETE . PATRES . IN . MURICE . SANGUIS
PULCHRIUS . HIC . VESTRI . MURICIS . IGNE . RUBET

CHAPTER II.

On the 21st November, 1645, Rinuccini, after a few days' repose in the residence which the confederates appointed for him at Kilkenny, proceeded on foot to pay a formal visit to lord Mountgarrett, then president of the council, who, to do the pope's minister greater honour, had arranged that the reception should take place in the grand gallery of the ancient castle of the Ormonds. On this occasion he was accompanied by general Preston, lord Muskerry, and other distinguished personages, who, doubtless, were anxious to witness the interview, and learn what hopes they might entertain of succour from abroad, for prosecuting the war against the king's enemies. At foot of the grand staircase he was met by Thomas Walsh, archbishop of Cashel, Thomas Fleming, archbishop of Dublin, and Heber MacMahon, bishop of Clogher; who, after mutual congratulations, ascended the stairs, and were then ushered, by sir Richard Bellings, into the presence of the lord-president. The latter was seated at the head of the gallery; but, when the nunzio appeared, he stood up, without, however, advancing a single step; and as soon as the ceremony of presentation was over, he motioned the pope's high minister to a chair, covered with gold and crimson damask, at his right, but so placed that neither of them could be said to be the central figure. Rinuccini then handed his credentials to the president, who caused the document to be read aloud; and when this was concluded, the former addressed all present in Latin, stating that the grand object of his mission was to maintain the rights of the Catholics, to promote union of parties, and to assist the king in his struggle with the parliament. At the conclusion of his speech, he gave them all the apostolic blessing; and after a few words in reply, spoken by MacMahon, bishop of Clogher, he took leave of the president and retired, the bishops accompanying him as far as the grand entrance of the castle, and Preston, Muskerry, and others to the saloon of his own domicile, which was now distinguished by the insignia of his nunciature—a shield surmounted by the papal tiara and keys, with a dove holding in its beak an olive-branch. The reception, indeed, was cold and rigidly formal; and Rinuccini must have remarked that Mount-

garrett, although a Catholic, would have been much better pleased had he come from the pope in any other capacity than that of nunzio. Be that as it might, he was agreeably impressed by the magnificence of the gallery in which the introduction took place; and, although familiar with grander structures in his own country, where architecture, sculpture, and painting had reached their apogee, he did not allow this little incident to pass unobserved, when writing an account of his first interview with lord Mountgarrett. Each of the prelates by whom he was attended on this occasion, and two of whom he had never met till then, was destined to take a prominent part in the transactions which followed in such rapid succession after his arrival; but as the space allowed us in these pages is limited, we have deemed it best to treat their biographies consecutively, for the purpose of giving our readers vivid portraits and fuller details of those eminent ecclesiastics who so signally impressed the age in which they lived. We will therefore commence with the archbishop of Cashel, reserving our notices of the others for a future page.

Thomas Walsh, son of Robert Walsh and Anastasia Strong, was born on the 3rd of February, 1588, in Waterford, where his paternal ancestors were for many centuries opulent merchants. Indeed, it may be said of Waterford that no other city in Ireland produced so many learned ecclesiastics—the Wadding family alone numbering four of that calling, and the most distinguished, perhaps, of their time; nor will it be out of place to mention here, that the celebrated Luke Wadding and Thomas Walsh were born in the same year. A fact, however, worthier of being recorded, is that Thomas came into this world while his father was prisoner for refusing to take the oath of supremacy, which the Protestant authorities were then endeavouring to force on the reluctant population. The city of Waterford, we may also observe, has been at all times singularly distinguished for its fidelity to the ancient religion; for, notwithstanding every effort to pervert its people, the teachings of the Reformation could never find favour among them. Just three years before the birth of Thomas Walsh, we find a grand proof of this in the utter failure of an attempt made by John Long, the Protestant primate, to propagate the *new* religion there, by means of schools, which, it would appear, were then immediately

under that dignitary's superintendence. Indeed, the report forwarded to him by one of his teachers, or mayhap inspectors, throws much light on this subject, and shows clearly that, of all places in Ireland, Waterford was the last he should have thought of selecting as a field for proselytism. The document to which we allude is so extremely interesting, and illustrative of the age in which it was written, that we cannot help submitting it to our readers, premising at the same time that, with due allowance for the quaint orthography, it reads very like letters of the same tenor with which our own times are familiar.

"*To the Right Honble. the Lord Primate of Ireland, at his house in Tradagh, give these.*

"I wrote unto your honour of late, desiring to have received an answer to satisfy me for two especial causes, which moved me to write; the one, for that I understood that your honour was offended with me; the other was to desire your honour's assistance in this place, where it pleased your honour to place me, against a number of professed enemies of God and good men, although outwardly a few of them make some hypocritical show, yet their lives, for the most part, shew the contrary; so that I have not seen nor heard of the like contempt of the word of God, and manifest resistance of her majesty's proceedings—no, not in the whole island. It is not for any man that feareth God to dwell among them; for, although they cannot martyr his body, yet they will trouble his mind. Their abuses are so many, that I would be loath to trouble your honour with the reading of so endless a matter. But some of them are so detestable and execrable, that I cannot overpass them: (as these) first, there is not one couple among twenty married, according to her majesty's injunctions, but handfasted only, or else married at home with a mass; then they never christin their children but in their house, either with a mass priest, or for want of him (which commonly the wealthiest of them want not) the women themselves christin. Their dead they bury not, if they can choose, but tumble them into the graves like swine, without any word of service, or any minister—the proof whereof I myself have seen very often, even before the school door, to my great grief; and as for themselves altogether, they either abuse the word, or absent themselves from the church; or when they come there, they

walk round about like mill horses, chopping and changing, and making merchandise, and in such order, that they which are in the choir, and willing to hear, for their babbling cannot hear a word; and these be not small fools, but even the chief of the city. These and such other monstrous vices being suffered, it is not for any good man to stay among them; for they put such great confidence in their bribery, that they hope by it only to maintain their knavery. The ministers cry out that they are abused, deceived, despised, and almost discomfited; and for this especially, that they being constrained to send up a true certificate of such as frequented not the church, nor received communion, their certificate was presently showed to their enemies, and such comfortable and friendly speeches given unto them, that they returned home again with open jaws and foaming mouths, and reviled the ministers with such opprobrious terms, as men of their profession use to do, that they, poor shepherds, for fear of those brutish and savage lions, are almost afeard to come near the sheepfold. It was little credit for him who shewed it to them; for even they themselves know what his drift is, silicet, either to be wrapt in a mantle, or cloked with a caddow, or made drunk with aqua vitæ. I beseech your honour suffer them not to make merchandise of God's cause, and to take money for that which was given them freely. Cursed is the man that taketh the function upon him to make a gain of it; the case is common to me with all other Christians, which causeth me the rather to presume upon your honour's patience. But I will leave off that, and come to my own private case. This, therefore, is to let you to understand, that since my coming hither I had not above thirty scholars, which was no small grief unto me, especially being sent hither by you; the cause why they received me was rather for fear, than for any desire they had to have their children instructed in the fear of God, and knowledge of good letters which I soon perceived by them; for within one month most of them took away their children from me, and sent them to other tutors in the town that were professed papists, which was so great a grief unto me, that I could not tarry among them; for I cannot possibly make myself subject to them that are no subjects themselves. The reason they allege why they took them away was, because, as they say, for that they

did not profit; neither did they indeed, in that they looked for; for I constrained them to come to the service, which they could not abide, whereat they muttered privately among themselves. There was never a boy among them that was able to read fables, and yet they murmured because I did not use them to make epistles, themes, orations, and verses; for which cause and for that they took them from me, and sent them to papists. I was willing to give into their own hands, to bestow it where they will; so they have bestowed it upon a youth that is of their own damnable profession; one that was apprentice in the town, and since that a serving man in Dublin. And whereas your honour persuaded me that I should find them such loving and courteous people, I have found them clean contrary. Even the mayor himself, of whom you made so great account, hath dealt but strangely with me; I never ate nor drank in his house but once, and then not of his own bidding. As for the sheriffs, they were the greatest enemies I had, and went about to disgrace me most. I had thought I should have come to Dublin before my departure for that they denied me part of my wages: because midsummer quarter is shorter than the rest, they would have paid it me by the week, not by the quarter. They desire to displeasure me, and procure their children that were my scholars to revile me, as they have done most devilishly, in reporting that I went and hanged myself, and called me rogue, rascal, villain, and such like speeches, which never proceeded from them, but from their parents. They called a son of Peter Stranges where I lie, turncoat, traitor, and Protestant, because he useth to go to the English service. These speeches, and far worse, are in their children; but if your honour did but dwell among their parents, to see their villany in massing at home, and murmuring at God's word in the church, I know you could not abide it. They that took their children from me, and let them all this while go loitering up and down the streets, have now sent them to this fellow again. For these foresaid causes, I thought good to give over the place, and betake myself to my country, where I hope to live with a quiet conscience, for here I could have no comfort, because there is not one professor of the gospel to be found among them—no, not one. Thus giving your honour to understand what the cause of my departure was, I commit you, with your good bedfellow. to

God, beseeching you to shew forth yourself and your authority to the glory of God, and your own commendations, and be not like unto them which hunt after bribes, chopping and changing the word of God, which is the heavenly manna, for ornaments and sweetmeats, which please the body, and destroy the soul.

"Fare ye well. The xiith of July, ano. 1585, Waterford.

"Your honour's to command,

"JOHN SHEARMAN."

It is to be regretted that the writer of this educational report did not give us the name of the Catholic teacher who robbed him of his scholars, and who, probably, may have initiated young Walsh into the first rudiments, many years after Shearman, in sheer disgust, took his departure from Waterford. Certain it is, however, that Robert Walsh and his wife, Anastasia, found a better school for their child beyond the seas; and they accordingly sent him to his maternal uncle, Thomas Strong, bishop of Ossory, then an exile for non conformity, and coadjutor to the archbishop of Compostella. This was in 1600, when the boy had reached his twelfth year. Having finished his preparatory studies, under the superintendence of masters provided for him by his uncle, young Walsh was soon afterwards sent to the Irish seminary at Lisbon; and after completing his theological course there, he proceeded to the Irish college of Salamanca, where he took the degree of doctor in divinity, and was ordained priest. He then made a tour of the entire continent, visiting each of its principal cities, and was eventually created a knight of St. John of Malta. At length, having come back to Ireland, in 1624, he devoted himself to missionary duties for some time; and then set out for Spain, whence he was summoned to Rome, by order of pope Urban VIII., who caused him to be consecrated archbishop of Cashel, on the 8th of July, 1626. Shortly after the last-named period, he returned to Ireland again, and applied himself in his high capacity to the removal of abuses, which, owing to the distracted state of the times, were then prevalent in his diocese. Indeed, incredible difficulties beset him at every step; for the spy and informer, so largely patronized by Adam Loftus and sir Richard Boyle, who then held the reins of government, were constantly on his track, whether he confirmed in the depths of

the woods, or administered the other sacraments, as was then usual, *at night time*, and within barricaded doors in the houses of Catholics, in towns and hamlets. Withal, despite such terrible restrictions he held many synods, not indeed in church or chapel, but in forests (*in sylvis*); and it was while presiding at one of those, early in 1633, during the deputyship of Thomas viscount Wentworth, that he was arrested and brought prisoner to Dublin. On the journey to the metropolis he was accompanied by Archibald Hamilton, son of the then Protestant archbishop of Cashel, with whom he discussed various points of doctrine, so learnedly and so much to the young man's satisfaction, that they ever afterwards thought more kindly and better of each other. After a short imprisonment in the Castle, the archbishop was summoned to appear before the deputy, who could elicit nothing from him except that he was allowed a small stipend by the king of Spain, to enable him to live; and as soon as he had proved to Strafford's satisfaction that he maintained no traitorous correspondence with Spain, he was set at large, and allowed to return to his diocese. Thenceforth, that is to say, from 1633 to 1639, he was suffered to exercise his high functions with less constraint. After the rising of 1641, he, like another prelate of the period, hesitated some time before joining the confederates; but at last, when the lawfulness of a resort to arms for God, king, and country, was proclaimed and sanctioned by Hugh O'Reilly, archbishop of Armagh, and other bishops, he was duly elected a spiritual peer of the supreme council. The revolution, thus suddenly effected, placed the Irish Catholics in possession of many of their ancient churches and cathedrals; and the bishops lost no time in purifying the sacred edifices, and appropriating them to the uses for which they were founded. Following the example of the other prelates, Walsh reconciled the venerable cathedral of Cashel, about the close of 1641; and on this memorable occasion he was attended by all the clergy and gentry of Munster, who shed tears of joy on seeing that glorious monument of their faith restored to the Catholics. The grand old temple, indeed, had been sadly dilapidated, more than half a century before, by the apostate, Myler Magrath; but now that it was once again in the possession of its true bishop, the people raised a large sum of money, to enable him to restore the building, as far as might be, to its pristine splendour.

This, indeed, was a labour of love with Walsh; for, after having re-erected the altars, and provided all necessary requirements, he spared no pains in preserving and embellishing the sacred edifice, where, for the greater part of the following seven years, he duly performed the functions of his high office.

Resuming our notices of Walsh's connexion with the confederated Catholics, we have sufficient evidence to show that he was regarded as one of the most influential members of that body, from the moment he took the oath of association till its final dissolution. Thus, so early as 1644, we find him subscribing letters of recommendation, given by the supreme council to father Hugh de Burgh, when they appointed the latter their agent in the court of Philip IV. of Spain, where, doubtless, the name of the archbishop of Cashel was already well known. In the same year he subscribed the memorial, praying the pope to make Luke Wadding a cardinal; and in that which immediately followed, he attested the genuineness of the copy of Glamorgan's treaty, which was found in the baggage of the archbishop of Tuam, after that prelate had been slain. His devotedness to Rinuccini cannot be questioned; for, on his arrival, he hastened to Limerick to congratulate him; and whenever the former came to Cashel, he was received in the archiepiscopal palace with cordial welcome and unbounded hospitality. In fact, Walsh was the nunzio's constant companion, on all occasions when the latter visited Munster; following in his train, as we have already seen, when Limerick feted the victory of Benburb, and assisting him with his counsels when he went in person to press the siege of Bunratty. Such close intimacy could not but ripen into warm and lasting friendship; and we may, therefore, conclude that the nunzio's appreciation of Walsh's character was as high as it was just. Instead, however, of adopting his views on all occasions, Walsh, on more than one instance, had the manliness to dissent from them, nor could he be induced to embrace the non-expediency principles of the oversanguine Italian, till the latter, miscalculating his resources, assured him of aids from abroad, which eventually never came, or came so sparingly that they proved worse than useless. Thus, for example, in the congregation of the clergy at Waterford, in 1646, when articles of peace with lord Ormond were discussed, the archbishop of Cashel would

have subscribed them, doubtless as an instalment of larger concessions, despite the opposition of the nunzio, had not the latter convinced him that subsidies from Rome and elsewhere would soon come for the equipment of an army, which, with the assistance of O'Neill's and Preston's troops, would clear Ireland of the king's enemies, and place the latter in a position to restore the churches to his Irish Catholic subjects, and cancel all penal statutes against them and their faith. This surely is proof that Walsh was an independent-minded man, whose judgment could not be warped by cringing sycophancy to superior authority. In the same spirit, doubtless, and not as one blindly following the policy of Rinuccini, he joined the latter in rejecting the truce with lord Inchiquin, in 1648, when Ormond's creatures in the supreme council basely allied themselves to the man who had changed sides three times, and slaughtered the Munster Catholics remorselessly. Some bishops, it is true, and the Jesuits especially, were, on this occasion, sternly opposed to the nunzio, when he resolved to pronounce sentence of excommunication against the abettors of the truce; but Walsh, far from coalescing with the dissentient prelates, or maintaining the speculations of the Jesuits regarding the validity of the censures, stood by Rinuccini and the truly national party, who, instead of compromising themselves, or violating the oath of association, resolved to protract the war till they had obtained irrefragable securities for a free parliament, and unconditional freedom for their religion. It must be acknowledged, however, that Walsh formed one of the deputation that waited on lord Ormond when he resumed the viceroyalty; and that he then *did* sign articles of peace with that nobleman, in the fullest assurance that he was thus securing all the concessions which Rinuccini had demanded. The latter, who was then preparing to quit Ireland, was apprized of this fact, and took care to record it thus:—"The Roman agents, having returned to Ireland, brought with them a brief, which the pope addressed to the Irish prelates; and, without mentioning the matter to *me*, they gave out that, as papal briefs have *monitory power*, they, the bishops, were bound to pay more respect to such documents than to the nunzio. By means of this most crafty and diabolical device, they succeeded in bringing to Kilkenny three of the most scrupulous of them, namely, the

archbishop of Cashel, and the bishops of Waterford and Emly. He of Emly, however, on being made aware of the fraud that was about to be practised, contrived to escape, as he lodged in the suburbs; but as for the other two, who slept in the city, they were detained, and had to subscribe, in order to complete the required number of signatures." In extenuation of this most imprudent act, it may be alleged that Walsh fancied he was thus realizing the nunzio's requirements—full security for the free exercise of religion, retention of the churches and their revenues—all of which were duly guaranteed by lord Ormond; but be that as it may, he discovered, when too late, that the viceroy set no value on treaties or stipulations with the Irish Catholics. Indeed, so grievously pained was Walsh by this momentary defection, that he soon afterwards asked and obtained absolution from the censures. At length, when the confederation was virtually broken up by Ormond's astuteness, and when the last representatives of that body impeached the viceroy's insincerity in the manifesto which they issued from the Franciscan convent of Jamestown, Walsh, although absent from the meeting, did concur in the views and sentiments of the patriotic prelates. The meeting took place on the 6th of August, 1650; but on the 23rd of the same month, Walsh, with other five bishops then in Galway, subscribed the aforesaid instrument, in which Ormond was denounced as an implacable enemy to the Catholics. Having thus glanced at the principal incidents in what may be termed Walsh's religio-political life, we will now direct our regards to some of its more interesting phases connected with his episcopal functions. One of the archbishop's cherished projects was to repair the various churches of his diocese, which, during the two preceding reigns, had been sadly dilapidated, and turned to profane uses. For this end he spared neither money nor labour; for, indeed, like Rinuccini, he desired nothing more than to see the ritual of the Church carried out in all its splendour. We have already mentioned that he reconciled the cathedral of Cashel, and it is worth knowing that he performed the same ceremony over again on the 13th July, 1648, after Inchiquin's troops had sacrilegiously pillaged and defiled that most noble monument of Irish piety and art. In less than two years afterwards, however, the archbishop had to deplore the fatal final fall of the

grand old edifice into hands of anti-Catholics, for then, alas—

> "The creedless, heartless, murderous robber came;
> And never since that time
> Round its torn altars burned the sacred flame,
> Or rose the chant sublime."

Having thus exerted himself to the utmost in prosecuting this laudable design, Walsh's next care was to provide for the education of his flock; and so intent was he on this, that he gave the Jesuits a considerable sum, part of which was contributed by Brigid, countess of Kildare, in order that they might found a large seminary in the city of Cashel. This money, however, was subsequently lent to the nunzio, to enable him to recruit Owen O'Neill's army, after the rejection of the peace with lord Ormond, by the congregation of the clergy in Waterford; but, although it was refunded afterwards, the unhappy state of Ireland prevented the Jesuits from carrying out the archbishop's noble intentions. In short, no other prelate could have laboured more zealously for the well-being of the people committed to his pastoral care; for, indeed, the grand aim of his whole life was to provide them with everything that could conduce to their eternal and temporal prosperity.

That this was the ruling principle of his life, there can be no doubt; for we are told by one who was personally acquainted with him, that his last public act was to convene a synod of the clergy in Limerick, about the close of 1649, when Cromwell's success at Drogheda and Wexford terrified all Ireland, in order to impress upon them that they should stand by the people to the last extremity, sharing all their vicissitudes, and encouraging them, by word and example, to remain true to their faith. For some time previous to the siege of Limerick, Walsh had to conceal himself in the woods; but on the approach of Ireton, he fixed his abode in the city, where he remained till it surrendered. By what means he contrived to effect his escape thence we know not, but it is certain, that, after leaving Limerick, he lay concealed for some time in the village of Ballygriffin, where he was arrested, on the 4th January, 1652. He was then removed, under escort, to the prison of Clonmel. The hardships he had to endure in the last-named place were truly appalling; for, as we can readily imagine, the merciless Puritans had no commisera-

tion for the sufferings and privations of a Catholic archbishop. In the same jail there was then a large number of priests, awaiting deportation to the West Indian colonies; and as they were not allowed to officiate, they contrived to have the holy Eucharist brought clandestinely into the prison, where they and Walsh had it dispensed to them as often as they could elude the vigilance of their keepers. Withal, there was some deference shown to him by the Cromwellian authorities, for they offered to set him at large, on condition that he pledged his word to never resume his episcopal functions. Every instinct of his heart was now revolted; and scorning to act the hireling, and flee, while the wolf, with bloody fangs, was ravening the fold, he, at once, without a moment's hesitation, rejected the overture. Thinking that they might, perhaps, succeed in forcing him to subscribe their conditions by removing him to another jail, the authorities sent him to the prison of Waterford, about the middle of July, 1652, where he was kept in close confinement till October of the year following. But all their devices failing to shake his resolution, he was at last suffered to take his departure for Spain. Broken in health and spirits, the illustrious prelate reached Corunna about the middle of November, 1653, and, after a few days' repose, he set out for Compostella, where the superior of the Irish seminary had made preparations for his reception. Surrounded by all the comforts which compassionating hearts could provide, he now found a temporary solace in the society of his compatriots, and the respectful attentions of the archbishop of Compostella. But the hand of sickness pressed heavily upon him, and he knew that his dissolution was rapidly approaching. During the entire six months after his arrival in Compostella, he lay stretched on a bed of pain, worn down by old age and the hard trials through which he had passed, and, worst of all, by the terrible consciousness that his country and her religion were now in the power of the fanatical Puritans. How wonderful were God's designs in relation to this great archbishop! In childhood, he came to Compostella to find book and board in the house which charity had assigned to his uncle, an aged prelate, expatriated for his steadfastness to the faith; and now, at the close of a long career, he came again to the same place, a tottering old man, seeking hospitality, and a grave in the far-famed cathedral where

his earliest and best preceptor lay mouldering. Indeed, Walsh's life, spanning as it did more than half a century, and taking in some of the most memorable facts recorded in the chequered pages of his country's history, may be justly regarded as one of the most varied and eventful of the times in which he lived, when every Irishman, in his high position, might be said to have had an individuality, singularly decided and remarkable.

Father St. Leger, a Jesuit, to whom he was particularly attached, remained at his bedside throughout his last illness, tending him with filial affection, carefully noting down all the incidents of the sick chamber, and ministering all aids, spiritual and temporal, till the illustrious exile resigned his soul to God, on the 4th of May, 1654. The faithful Jesuit, true to his memory even after he had passed away, has given us an admirable memoir of the archbishop, from which we take the following account of the honours that were bestowed on his mortal remains:—

"He was translated, as we may piously believe, from earth to heaven, and buried in a distinguished place in the church dedicated to the glorious apostle of Spain. His obsequies were performed with the greatest splendour and piety, the archbishop of Compostella and the chapter of his cathedral defraying all expenses. The canons and all the religious orders of the city attended the funeral, and so did all the secular clergy and people of Compostella. In fact, such was the high estimation in which the deceased archbishop's memory was held, that the populace vied with each other in their efforts to get a sight of his corse, or touch it with their hands. You might see crowds kissing his hands and feet, nay, laying their rosaries and handkerchiefs on his remains. Each and every of them gave expression to their feelings, thus—'Thrice happy city and church, wherein the relics of so great a bishop, exile, and confessor, lie interred!'" We know not whether there is any inscription to mark the place where he sleeps, in that old temple of St. James, the goal of so many a pilgrimage in the ages of faith; but, at all events, the good St. Leger, hoping that the tomb of such a great archbishop would not remain noteless, has left us in the following epitaph, a veritable epitome of a grand life;—

EXILIUM . LATEBRAS . INCOMMODA . DAMNA . PERICLA
VINCLAQUE . PRO . VERA . RELIGIONE . TULI
ILLA . TULISSE . MEI . SUNT . ORNAMENTA . SEPULCHRI
NOBILIOR . TITULIS . OMNIBUS . ILLE . MIHI . EST
CŒTERA . NIL . FACIUNT . SUNT . NOMINA . VANA . LEGATUR
IN . TITULI . MARMORE . MULTA . TULI
EXILIUM . TERRA . EST . CŒLUM . MIHI . PATRIA . CŒLUM
MORTE . PETO . EXILII . ET . TERMINUS . ILLE . MEI

CHAPTER IV.

Among the more important personages presented to the nunzio immediately after his arrival in Kilkenny, was the confederate lord chancellor, who held his court in that city, and there adjudicated on all causes, civil and criminal, independently of the supreme council. The individual who then filled that high office was John, bishop of Clonfert, and subsequently archbishop of Tuam, who, as we shall see, was destined to occupy a distinguished place in the history of his country during some of its most eventful phases.

John de Burgh, whose father descended from a junior branch of the noble house of that name, was born near Clontuskert, in 1590, and, with his younger brother Hugh, received the rudiments of his education from a distinguished teacher named O'Mullally, who resided under the paternal roof till his pupils had acquired considerable knowledge of Greek and Latin. The two brothers, it would appear, had determined, while yet mere striplings, to embrace the ecclesiastical profession, and they accordingly set out for the continent some time in 1614, Hugh proceeding to Louvain, where he took the Franciscan habit in St Anthony's, and John to Lisbon, where he was entered of the Irish secular college. Singularly remarkable for his talents and application, John made rapid proficiency in his studies; and in the course of six or seven years attained the highest academical distinction; so much so, that he was elected by his superiors to go to the great school of Evora, and there, according to usage prevalent at the time, publish a challenge inviting the learned men of the latter place to dispute with him a thesis comprising the whole body of theology, civil and canon law. At the close of three days' trial, the Irish disputant was crowned with honours, and then returned to

Lisbon, bringing with him magniloquent attestations of his extensive learning, duly sealed and subscribed by the professors of Evora. Having completed his studies, he was ordained priest when he attained his twenty-fourth year, and then set out for Salamanca, where he disputed another thesis, so clerkly and so much to the admiration of the erudite of that famous university, that they one and all pronounced him *habilis ad docendum*, and conferred upon him the degree of doctor in divinity. Returning to Ireland about 1624, the young priest found that his pedagogue had abjured the faith and turned Protestant, why or wherefore he knew not; but their relations to each other being now reversed, O'Mullally submitted to instruction, and owned himself vanquished by his former pupil, who had the satisfaction of rescuing the old man from heresy, and anointing his eyes before they were closed in death. After labouring two years as a simple missionary in his native diocese, Boetius Egan, bishop of Elphin, wrote to Rome, recommending De Burgh as a fit and proper person for the apostolic-vicariate of Clonfert, then about to be vacated by Thomas Egan, a Dominican; and in the year 1627, the holy see replied to the bishop, empowering him to confer that dignity on his friend. In this new function De Burgh toiled assiduously for the people committed to his charge, and as far as in him lay supplied to some extent the want of a bishop, for the see of Clonfert had not been provided with one since the death of its late chief pastor, O'Farrell, who died within the Spanish lines during the siege of Kinsale. De Burgh's promotion to the apostolic-vicariate took place during the deputyship of lord Falkland, who, as we have seen, being constantly haunted by the apprehension of "foreign invasion," allowed the Catholics hardly any rest. Indeed, his hired spies and informers were ever on the track of bishops and priests; and the sheriffs of counties, whom he appointed, were ever willing to persecute the professors of the old faith, in order to aggrandize their own fortunes, and advance their preferment. De Burgh was well aware of this; and notwithstanding dark hints thrown out by the deputy, questioning his loyalty, he was wise and fortunate enough to keep clear of the many toils that were spread for him. On the accession of lord Strafford, however, his anxiety for the proprietors of the soil involved him in great difficulties, for he made himself peculiarly

objectionable to the rapacious viceroy, by opposing, as far as he could, the projected confiscation of Connaught to the crown. Again, when the parliament of 1634 was summoned, he exerted all his influence with the Catholic members, urging them to resist the gigantic scheme of spoliation which was then contemplated, under the pretext of inquiring into defective titles; and so enraged was Strafford on hearing this, that he lost no time in issuing warrants for De Burgh's arrest. The vicar-apostolic, however, with many of his clergy and people, found safe shelter in the woods, where he lay concealed till Strafford's recall. His zeal and energy in those distracted times raised him more and more in the estimation of the bishop of Elphin, his earliest patron; and when the latter applied to Rome to appoint a bishop to the vacant see of Clonfert, he declared in his letters that he knew none so worthy of that office as John de Burgh. Rome approved, and despatched the bulls of consecration, on the 16th of October, 1641.

About half a mile north of the Slieve Aughty hills, on the confines of the county Clare, stood the monastery of Kinalehan, founded by the De Burghs for Franciscans, soon after the order came to Ireland. It was a lonely and secluded spot; and, indeed, none could have been found better suited for quiet and retirement from the busy world. The lords of Clanricarde had a special affection for this little monastery, which they endowed sufficiently with some fair fields and goodly orchards; and when it lapsed to the crown in queen Elizabeth's time, earl Richard, surnamed of Kinsale, purchased it from the grantee, and restored it to the friars. The mother of this Richard, Margaret Fitzallen, of the house of Arundel, was, like her son, kind and beneficent to the recluses; and, owing to her devotion and protection, the buildings were kept in repair, and their inmates screened from scathe, for many a year after her decease. Church and cloister were all perfect on the 19th of May, 1642; and a large assemblage, among whom was Ulick, fifth earl of Clanricarde, was then gathered within the sacred precincts, to witness the consecration of John, bishop of Clonfert. Malachy O'Queely, archbishop of Tuam, assisted by Egan, bishop of Elphin, and O'Molloney, of Killaloe, performed the solemn ceremony; and when that evening's sun went down, the neighbouring hills were all ablaze with fires, lit by the peasantry in honour of the

grand event. The see so long vacant had found a pastor, and the mitre of Clonfert rested on the head of one in whose veins ran the blood of the ancient conquerors and lords of Connaught.

In obedience to the summons of the Irish primate, presiding at the general assembly of bishops and priests at Kilkenny, in the very month of his consecration, John, bishop of Clonfert, subscribed the ordinances there agreed upon for prosecuting war against the parliament; and, indeed, he thenceforth resided almost constantly in the chief city of the confederates, where he assisted David Rothe, then in his seventy-second year, and in some respects unable to discharge episcopal functions. Age, literary toil, and unremitting exertions to complete a work, which, alas, was not destined to see the light, had so impaired the health of the learned prelate of Ossory, that he was hardly able to venture abroad or visit his cathedral; but in John of Clonfert he found a willing and energetic helper, who represented him at all the grand functions solemnized in St. Canice's, where he was very constantly engaged confirming and ordaining. Towards the close of 1643, the bishop of Clonfert was elected a spiritual peer of the supreme council; and in the following year, when that body resolved on erecting a separate court for transacting the civil and criminal business of the kingdom, they appointed him its president, with the title of chancellor, thus recognizing his extensive knowledge of jurisprudence and fitness for a position of such great responsibility. Nor did they fail to mark their appreciation of his brother Hugh, then a distinguished member of the Franciscan order; for they elected him, about the same time, out of many others, to go to the court of the Netherlands, with full powers to act as their agent and representative.

Meanwhile, the bishop of Clonfert, notwithstanding the duties he had to discharge in Kilkenny, looked well to the administration of his own diocese; and in the course of a very short time after his elevation to the see, had the happiness of reforming many abuses inseparable from the state of the times, and doing much for the spiritual and temporal prosperity of his flock. He caused many of the churches to be repaired, and supplied with the necessary requirements, presided at synods of his clergy, and strove to his utmost to promote the education of the young. His

reputation in the council of the confederates stood high, and particularly so with that section of it which was unfortunately biassed in favour of lord Ormond; but although he did not, by any overt act, approve the policy of the latter, he nevertheless gave indication that he would not scruple adopting it in preference to what were termed *extreme measures*. This will be easily accounted for, when we remember that lord Clanricarde maintained strict neutrality during the early progress of the confederates, and, as we may suppose, influenced the action of his kinsman.

He had now been three years in possession of the see of Clonfert, when the archbishopric of Tuam fell vacant by the death of O'Queely, slain as we have already described; and no sooner was this event signified to the supreme council than they, without consulting the primate or any other metropolitan, as was their custom, recommended De Burgh as a fit person to succeed the deceased prelate. When this important business was submitted to the nunzio, who was then in Kilkenny, he, although deprecating the right of the supreme council to meddle in such matters, ancient privileges claimed by the English crown notwithstanding, wrote at once to Rome a diluted recommendation of De Burgh, whom he described as a man "of honest views, slow in speech, and suffering from an attack in the eyes, which might ultimately damage his sight." In the same letter he bore ample testimony to the fitness of Hugh, the bishop's brother, whom he had met at Paris, stating that "he was a man of greater energy and activity, whose nomination was simply meant to reflect honour on the already consecrated."

In the interval between this contemplated translation to the see of Tuam and the rejection of lord Ormond's peace by the synod at Waterford, in 1646, it would appear that the nunzio had no firmer friend or more active partisan than the bishop of Clonfert. In fact, of all the prelates who declared against the viceroy's overtures, none denounced them with greater vehemence than De Burgh; and that nothing might be wanting to convince the nunzio of his hostility to lord Ormond, and the terms the latter proposed, he subscribed the condemnation of all the articles of said peace, and took his place as spiritual peer in the supreme council which was elected in August of the aforesaid year. At that time the archbishopric of Tuam was

still vacant, and the nunzio was, if possible, more anxious for De Burgh's translation. In fact, he urged the holy see to lose no time in sanctioning it; for, just about the time of the Waterford assembly he wrote to Rome—"That he had nothing more to say concerning the church of Tuam save that six months' experience of the bishop of Clonfert had convinced him that he deserved promotion." There was, however, a difficulty in the way; for the grand duke of Tuscany had written to the nunzio, praying him to bestow the vacant see on father Nicholas Donnellan, an Augustine friar, and provincial of his order in Austria; but however much disposed Rinuccini might have been to oblige a sovereign in whose court his own relations held high office, he declined interfering in behalf of Donnellan, alleging, in answer to the duke's request, that the archbishopric had already been given to some one of the many for whom interest had been made at Rome. In justice to the nunzio, it must be admitted that he used his influence with the holy see for Clonfert's promotion; and he was accordingly translated to the archbishopric of Tuam early in April, 1646. The announcement of this fact was hailed with joy by the clergy and people of Connaught, all of whom entertained a high opinion of the talents and piety of the new archbishop, whom we shall henceforth designate by his proper title—John of Tuam.

After being duly inducted to the archbishopric, his first care was to restore, as far as the revenues of his see enabled him, the ancient cathedral of St. Mary, which had suffered great dilapidation during the intrusion of the Protestants, who, to accommodate the small congregation they either forced or bribed to assemble there, had completely destroyed the architectural symmetry of its once beautiful interior. The archbishop, indeed, spared no expense or labour in re-erecting the altars, and replacing the sacred furniture which had been carried off by the Anglican prelates; and as soon as he had completed this portion of his work, he turned his attention to the archiepiscopal palace, which he rebuilt sumptuously from the foundations. Hard by the cathedral, on the gospel side of the grand altar, stood the sacellum or oratory, in which the relics of St. Jarlath were venerated for many an age; but when heresy found its way to Tuam, it was unroofed, and stripped of all its votive offerings. Fortunately, however, the relics

were preserved; and the archbishop had the satisfaction of seeing them once more deposited in their ancient resting-place, which he took care to restore to something like its former splendour. Indeed, it would be impossible to find, in the history of the Irish hierarchy, any prelate worthier of appreciation than this archbishop of Tuam; for we have it on the authority of one who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance, in prosperity as well as adversity, that he expended the entire revenue of his see in works of public utility. His hospitality was unbounded; and his taste for books, of which he made a vast collection, with the view of founding an extensive library in Tuam, was so notorious, that bibliopolists from France and Belgium found in him a ready and generous purchaser of the valuable works which then issued from the press of those countries. An enthusiastic admirer of the Jesuits, he advanced them a large sum for maintaining a seminary which they erected in Galway, and in the same city he built for himself a stately residence three storeys high. As the see of Clonfert was now vacant, the archbishop was desirous of having it conferred on his brother Hugh, in preference to Walter Lynch, vicar-capitular of Tuam; but as the latter was strongly recommended by the nunzio, his competitor, as may be supposed, had little or no chance of success. Indeed, the nunzio at this moment did not conceal his dislike of the aspirant or of the archbishop himself; for he described them both as "hot-headed, and wishing to have everything their own way;" and the same letter which conveyed this intelligence to Rome, represented that it would be unwise to have "two brothers collated to the two best dioceses in the province;" and that the newly-appointed archbishop of Tuam was "the most unmanageable and refractory of all the Irish prelates with whom he (the nunzio) had to deal." "He blames me," wrote the latter, "for recommending Lynch, and what is worse, he blames another who is superior to us all." In this divergence of opinion respecting the fitness of Hugh for the see of Clonfert, originated that mutual antipathy which thenceforth influenced the nunzio and the archbishop in their relations to each other. As for the latter, his enemies were wont to say he was a mere creature of the nunzio as long as the see of Tuam remained vacant; but that, on attaining the object of his ambition, he cared little for the person who

had been instrumental in elevating him. True or false as such allegations may have been, a crisis was now fast approaching when those two high dignitaries were to meet face to face in the council of the confederates, where, as we shall see, they differed in their views of polity, and parted "unfriends." Let us state summarily the causes which brought about such sad and lamentable results.

During the entire of the year 1647, the confederate armies were singularly unsuccessful in the field; and as most of the expeditions which proved so disastrous had been undertaken at the instigation of the nunzio, the blame and censure, always inseparable from failure, were unsparingly thrown upon him. The attempt to seize Dublin, which was saved by the want of accord between the confederate generals, was attributed to the nunzio's overweening ambition; and to thwart him still more, the Catholic clergy within the walls of the metropolis had subscribed a protest against his proceedings. Then came the fatal battle of Trim, in which Preston's fine army was utterly routed by the forces under Jones, the parliament general, to whom lord Ormond had surrendered the city; and, as it were to crown all these reverses, lord Inchiquin had taken Cashel, Callan, and Fethard, and beaten the Munster army, under Taaffe, on the field of Cnoc-na-noss, where Colkitto, alias Alaster MacDonald, was cruelly assassinated after he had been made prisoner. To heighten still more this appalling state of affairs, there was a great scarcity of money throughout the country; and as agriculture had been neglected, famine, with its attendant train of horrors, threatened to sweep away the remnant of the population. No one, indeed, was more sensibly aware of this than the nunzio himself; but he counted on supplies of money and munitions from abroad, and on the support of Owen O'Neill's army, which, being entirely devoted to his views, would, as he thought, sooner or later, retrieve all losses, and place him and the clergy once more in the ascendent. The supreme council of the confederates, however, thought otherwise, and could see no remedy for the wretched state of the country, except in making peace with Inchiquin, and gaining him over to their interests. A meeting was accordingly held at Kilkenny, to deliberate the preliminaries of this business; and it was then resolved that French, bishop of Ferns, and Nicholas Plunket, should proceed to Rome with all possible haste,

and submit to Innocent X. a report on the unhappy condition of Ireland, and a memorial, praying his holiness to expedite the supplies which the nunzio had already promised in his name. Meanwhile, the spiritual and temporal peers, together with the representatives of the lower house, had been summoned to Kilkenny, on the 23rd of April, 1648, to discuss the measures already taken to forward the cessation, and to effect, if possible, a union of Inchiquin's army with that of the confederates, that both might act in concert against the parliamentarians. Before proceeding, however, to the house of assembly, fourteen of the bishops met in the nunzio's residence, and there, after examining the proposed treaty, a large majority pronounced that "as it gave no certain guarantee for the free and open exercise of the Catholic religion, and total abolition of all penal enactments against Catholics, they could not in conscience subscribe it." Among those who condemned the cessation was John of Tuam; and his conduct on this occasion astonished the nunzio, for he had already signed the instructions given by the supreme council to the commissioners whom they empowered to treat with Inchiquin.

Strange, however, and inconsistent as it may appear, John of Tuam afterwards subscribed the articles of the cessation, and adopted the policy of the party opposed to the nunzio, justifying himself in a public instrument, which set forth "that he never repudiated the agreement with Inchiquin, but only certain clauses of it, which were subsequently altered and amended." The majority of the bishops, indeed, was with the nunzio; but of the eight who opposed him, the most conspicuous and formidable was the archbishop of Tuam, whose influence was duly appreciated by the adherents of lord Ormond.

Exasperated by the conduct of the supreme council, and apprehensive of his personal safety, the nunzio quitted Kilkenny soon after the cessation had been concluded, and betook himself to Maryborough, where Owen O'Neill's army lay encamped, in order to devise some measure which might, perhaps, crush the Ormondists, and prevent all good Catholics from marching under the banners of the perfidious Inchiquin and the temporizing Preston. Both had vowed eternal hostility to O'Neill and the nunzio himself; but surely in this hour of their direst extremity, holy Church lacked not weapon wherewith to smite her oppressors, and protect her truest champions!

On the 7th of May, 1648, groups of the citizens of Kilkenny might be seen collected in front of St. Canice's, reading an ominous broad sheet, which had been hung out, early that morning, on the grand gate of the cathedral, by Massari, dean of Fermo, and auditor to the nunzio. Its purport was plain and intelligible to the humblest capacity; it was sentence of excommunication and interdict, fulminated from Kilmeen, by the nunzio, against all abettors of the truce with Inchiquin, and the members of the supreme council who had brought about that fatal compact. The interdict forbade the opening of the churches, as well as the celebration of the divine mysteries, in all cities, towns and villages, which submitted to the peace; and all bishops and priests were commanded to proclaim this ordinance throughout the kingdom, chaplains of regiments being specially ordered to read it aloud in the camps for the soldiers serving under their respective generals.

The first consequence of this measure was quick desertion from Preston's ranks to the standard of O'Neill, for such of the troops of the former as were not "excommunication proof" quitted the Leinster general's camp, and went over in detachments to that of the northern chieftain, who had sworn fealty to the nunzio, and war to the last extremity with the allies of Inchiquin. The supreme council, indeed, had good reason to dread O'Neill, who, with his army, was within twenty-four hours' march of Kilkenny, and they accordingly despatched letters under their great seal, beseeching him to disregard the *censures;* but, to the consternation of the messenger, the Ulster general, after perusing the document, flung it into the fire, contemptuously, and commanded the bearer, if he valued life, to quit his camp with all possible speed—"Return," said he, "to Kilkenny, and tell your masters of the supreme council, that I regard them as violaters of the oath of association, enemies to God and man, and justly smote by the sword of holy Church."

The supreme council, however, and the abettors of the peace, looked on the censures in a different light, alleging that the nunzio had not jurisdiction to proceed to such lengths; and in order to quiet the conscience of the populace, they interposed an appeal to Rome, pending the examination of which, as they gave out, the excommunication and interdict must necessarily be null, and of no

effect. Some of the bishops, and they were the minority, maintained this view of the case, and John of Tuam, especially, with two of his suffragans, resolved to treat the sentence as uncanonical, and utterly unjustifiable. He, indeed, made no secret of his resistance to the nunzio; for when Clanricarde consulted him about levying troops to act against O'Neill, he quashed his lordship's scruples, and persuaded him that he was justified in marching against the man who professed his readiness to maintain the validity of the censures at the sword's point, as became a true and devoted soldier of the Church. Notwithstanding the opposition which the censures encountered from the dissentient bishops and lay chiefs in the supreme council, they were faithfully observed in many of the towns, but nowhere more so than in Galway, where the nunzio tarried some time before quitting the Irish shores. In that city, however, John of Tuam, with one of his suffragans and two friars of the discalced Carmelites, preached openly against the nunzio's authority and interdict, but the mayor, warden, and populace were all on the side of the latter, whom they esteemed highly for his many excellent characteristics of head and heart. The archbishop, however, persevering in his resistance, caused the doors of the collegiate church to be forced open, and there officiated publicly, despite all remonstrances. This appeared to the nunzio so heinous a crime, that he charged his confessor to set out for Rome, and report the whole affair to the pope; suggesting, at the same time, that John of Tuam should be cited to the Holy See, to answer for his conduct. Another infringement of the nunzio's authority was also laid to his charge, inasmuch as he had celebrated, in the church of the Carmelites, who refused to observe the censures, and were excommunicated by the nunzio, in a full congregation of eight bishops and thirty theologians, assembled within the walls of the town. Hoping to remedy this sad perplexity, the nunzio endeavoured to convene a synod in Galway, but Clanricarde and Inchiquin, acting for the supreme council, intercepted the bishops on the way, and then laid siege to the town, which, after capitulating, was obliged to contribute a large subsidy, in retaliation for its devotedness to the nunzio and rejection of the cessation.

In the midst of this weltering confusion, French and Plunket reached Kilkenny, on their return from Rome, the

former bringing with him the pallium for John of Tuam, and both charged with letters from the pope to the bishops of Ireland. Before they had time, however, to communicate to the supreme council the result of their mission, they learnt that Massari had been imprisoned on three distinct charges, namely, publishing the censures, intercepting letters addressed to the spiritual and temporal peers, and capturing a ship belonging to the archduke, Leopold of Belgium, while he, Massari, was entering the harbour of Waterford, on his return from Italy. French felt sorely hurt at this stern proceeding of the supreme council, and lost no time in securing the sympathies of the archbishop of Tuam for the nunzio's auditor, who was indebted for his liberation to their united exertions, a fact of which he subsequently lost all remembrance, for as French pithily remarked—"*Scivit beneficium sumere, et reddere nescivit,*" or, in other words, he proved himself dead to all sense of gratitude.

But at this juncture the state of the country was truly appalling, rent as it was between two conflicting factions, one maintaining the nunzio's censures, and the other insisting on the "cessation" with Inchiquin. "Altar," says French, an ocular witness, "was arrayed against altar, the clergy inveighing against each other, and the bishops and best theologians in the land maintaining different views of the validity of the censures. As for the populace, they hardly knew what side to take, or what guide to follow, for in one church they heard the advocates of the censures proclaim, 'Christ is here,' and in another, 'He is not *there*,' but here with us who stand by the dissentient bishops, and the appeal to Rome against the nunzio's conduct." The latter, indeed, imputed the blame of all this to John of Tuam, and made an ineffectual attempt to show him how much he detested his conduct in aiding any compact with Inchiquin.

Anticipating the arrival of French, and knowing that he was bearer of the pallium to John of Tuam, the nunzio despatched a letter in cipher to his secretary, then in Duncannon fort, telling him to inform the bishop that he was not to deliver the archiepiscopal insignia till he had first communicated personally with him, the nunzio, then in Galway. That there might be no mistake in this grave matter, the secretary was further instructed to leave a copy

of the letter, *deciphered*, with the chaplain of the fort, in case he himself might be absent when French landed; and, relying on the faithful discharge of this order, the nunzio flattered himself that John of Tuam would be deprived of that sacred badge without which he could merely subscribe himself archbishop *elect*. Whether the secretary or chaplain ever communicated this message to French does not appear, but it is certain that the latter carried out the instructions he had received at Rome, and accordingly delivered the pallium to John, archbishop of Tuam, in the cathedral of Kilkenny, on the 26th of August, 1648, the condition of the times dispensing, we may presume, with the law usually observed of conferring it in the metropolitan's own church, or at least within his province. Be that as it may, the nunzio was thwarted, and the partizans of the archbishop rejoiced at beholding him so honoured by the holy see.

Early in February, 1648, just as the nunzio was waiting in Galway bay for a fair wind to waft him from the unhappy land, where, to use his own expression, "the sun is hardly ever seen," lord Ormond returned to Ireland to resume the viceroyalty, and organize the scattered forces of the confederates against the parliamentarians. As soon as his arrival was made known, John of Tuam, accompanied by the bishop of Ferns, waited on him at Carrick, and invited him to proceed without delay to Kilkenny, to enter on his new government. The viceroy graciously assented to the proposal, and gave orders for a detachment of Inchiquin's heretic troops to garrison the castle of Kilkenny, where, on his arrival a few days afterwards, he dissolved the old confederation, and set about preparing for the coming campaign. With his usual craft, Ormond thought it expedient to retain some of the bishops in his council; and when John of Tuam and French of Ferns were proposed, they were duly sworn, but on the distinct understanding that they were to sink their episcopal titles, and subscribe themselves in their proper name and surname. This, indeed, seems to have been an undignified compromise; for it must be borne in mind that Ormond, on this occasion, guaranteed the open exercise of the Catholic religion, possession of the churches with their revenues, and many other advantages contingent on the success that might be achieved by the Catholic forces. None of these things were expressly mentioned by

the viceroy in any of his former treaties; and the nunzio, writing from Rouen, attributed these ample concessions "to the censures," which, said he, "so terrified the bishops and laity, that they resolved to secure all they could, and make terms which should be irrevocable."

The articles of this peace between Ormond and the prelates were ratified by Charles II. at the Hague, in March, 1649; but the faithless monarch, after his Irish forces had been beaten by Cromwell at Drogheda, Wexford, and elsewhere, basely truckling to the Scotch covenanters, recalled all concessions made in favour of the Catholics, and declared the act of his lieutenant in that regard null. The Irish bishops now found that Ormond was not to be trusted, many of them believing that he had counselled the king to violate his royal word so solemnly pledged, and they, therefore, assembled at Jamestown, about the beginning of August, 1650, and decreed that they would reconstruct the old confederacy, and thenceforth hold themselves independent of the viceroy, whom they now regarded as an enemy to themselves and their religion. This declaration was signed by fifteen bishops, among whom was John of Tuam. On the eleventh of the same month, the assembly still sitting at Jamestown, elected six commissioners to treat with the Duke of Lorraine, and invite him to land forces in Ireland, then almost entirely in the power of the Cromwellians, and among the advocates of this project none proved himself more demonstrative than the archbishop of Tuam. In November, immediately following, the prelates adjourned to Loughreagh, and there subscribed a public instrument teeming with professions of loyalty to the king, and beseeching lord Ormond to transfer the viceroyalty to a Catholic. John of Tuam signed this important document, and towards the close of 1650, he had the satisfaction of seeing Ulick de Burgh, earl of Clanricarde, installed in the high dignity vacated by Ormond. The negotiation with the duke of Lorraine was now actively prosecuted by the new viceroy, French, bishop of Ferns, and others having been commissioned to proceed to Pont-a-Mousson to hasten the protectorate, but, as we have already said, the business came to nothing, owing to the imprudence of the Irish agents, or perhaps the reluctance of Clanricarde, who had no real desire to see foreign soldiers garrisoning Ireland. Whether he had or had not made little matter, for Sir Charles Coote put an end to the whole scheme by marching on Galway,

into which he drove Clanricarde's outposts on the 12th of August, 1651, and then pitched his camp within a few hundred yards of the walls.

During the siege, or rather blockade, the bishops and clergy from every part of Ireland took refuge in the town, and among the former was John of Tuam. At last, after a gallant resistance, extending over nine months, Galway capitulated, and opened its gates to the parliament troops, on the 12th of April, 1652. Foreseeing that the Cromwellians would not keep faith with the inhabitants, the archbishop made his escape out of the town as Stubbers' soldiers were entering it, and hurried off to Ballymote; in the neighbourhood of which place he lay concealed till 1654, when he was arrested and brought under escort back to Galway, where, after being robbed of his ring and other valuables, he was flung into a noisome prison, overcrowded by numbers of the clergy and chief nobility of the land. In this place he had an attack of paralysis, but notwithstanding the dangerous nature of his malady, he was detained there till August of the following year, when, with many others, he was put on board ship and landed on the coast of Normandy. He then made his way to Nantes, where he resided five years, maintained by the alms of the French committee formed for the relief of the distressed and expatriated Irish. From Nantes he removed to Dinan, in order to be near St. Malo, a port then much frequented by Irish merchants, from whom he could learn how it fared with his unhappy country; after a year's sojourn in the latter place, he resolved to brave all risk and return to Ireland; for, notwithstanding the many infirmities under which he laboured, he desired nothing so much as to spend the residue of his days among his scattered flock. The pains and penalties of exile were bitter enough, but still more bitter would it have been for him to fill an exile's grave. far away from the shrine of St. Jarlath, and that venerable cathedral of St. Mary, for whose restoration he had done so much. He accordingly set sail from St. Malo, about the beginning of 1663, and eventually reached Dublin, after a tedious passage of fourteen days. The moment his arrival in the metropolis was made known, he was visited by Peter Walsh, the semi apostate Franciscan, who, presuming on his influence with the viceroy, impertinently rated him for daring to return without permission. Walshe's grand aim was to get the archbishop to sign his

famous Remonstrance, but all his arguments were unavailing; and the only answer he could get from the aged prelate was, "that he had come back to Ireland to lie down at rest in his grave and native soil." In vain did Walsh remind him of his opposition to the nunzio's censures, and the declaration he had subscribed at Jamestown against lord Ormond; for, although the archbishop knew the latter was one of those who treasure up the remembrance of a wrong, and ignore that noblest revenge—forgiveness—he could not be moved by any threat or insinuation, and merely requested his tormentor to present his respects to the viceroy, and tell him that he dutifully craved leave to remain in Ireland "for so short a time as he had to drag on a miserable existence, and end it by a death more welcome, which he hourly expected."

What precise answer Ormond returned does not appear, but it is certain that he ordered the archbishop to leave Dublin with all possible haste. Worn down by many infirmities, he was unable to perform his journey on horseback, and consequently had to be carried by slow marches in a litter, till he reached the neighbourhood of Tuam, where a kind friend had prepared a humble residence for him. The archiepiscopal palace, we need hardly say, was closed against him, for it was then occupied by Pullen, the Anglican prelate, who, on getting possession of it, could not conceal his admiration of the man who exhibited such refined taste in its decoration and appointments. In the course of the following years, 1665-6, John of Tuam was more than once importuned by Plunket, bishop of Ardagh, and others, to meet them in Dublin, "for the purpose of giving his majesty assurances of their future fidelity in all temporal causes and contingencies," but neither his health nor inclinations would allow him to take any part in these proceedings, in which he knew right well that Walsh was prime mover. He replied, however, at considerable length to the bishop of Ardagh; and the letters he wrote on those occasions may justly be regarded as evidences of sound sense and a thorough acquaintance with the English language, such, indeed, as is rarely met with in epistolary compositions of our times. He had done with politics; and nothing now remained for him but to make preparation for his appearance at that bar to which O'Neill, Rinuccini, and many others of the great men, with whom it was his

lot to differ, had been summoned long before. Exhausted by sufferings and old age, he seldom left the house in which he found refuge after his arrival in the metropolis of his see; but he attended, nevertheless, as far as increasing ailments allowed, to the discharge of his episcopal functions—confirming the young, and consecrating the holy oils, not only for his own diocese, but also for that of Cashel; not, indeed, on holy Thursday, but eight days previously, by virtue of a special privilege he obtained from the Holy See, after having first sought and received, *ad cautelam*, absolution from the nunzio's censures. During the last days of his life, when he himself was no longer able to officiate, he had Mass daily celebrated in his chamber by father Thomas Quin, a Jesuit, who remained constantly at his bedside, ministering to his comforts, and witnessing the resignation with which the illustrious patient submitted to excruciating agony, for which medical science had no anodyne. In an interval, however, of comparative freedom from pain, it occurred to him that he should make arrangements for his interment; and, as he knew that he might not hope to lay his bones with his predecessors, he gave directions to have the oratory of St. Jarlath's, situated on the right of the cathedral, but detached from that building, re-roofed with tiles, for the purchase of which he furnished money, and duly provided with all the requirements of a mortuary chamber. This being accomplished, he received the last rites of the Church, and then passed to the better life on the fourth of April, 1667, after he had completed his seventy-seventh year. His death occurred on holy Thursday, and on Easter eve his mortal remains were borne processionally to the place he himself had chosen, and from which the shrine of St. Jarlath had long before been removed by some pious hand, to guard it against desecration. Roger O'Flaherty composed an epitaph for this illustrious prelate, as did also the celebrated medical doctor O'Meara, and we subjoin both for the gratification of our readers:—

"POST . SEX . UNDECIES . SEXCENTAS . MILLEQUE . BRUMAS
APRILIS . QUARTA . PROXIMIORE . DIE
IN . CŒNA . DOMINI . DOMINUS . TUAMENSIS . JESU
FIT . COMMENSALIS . CUI . FAMULATUS . ERAT."*

* O'Flaherty.

"BURGIUS . EXCUSSO . VIDUAM . RECTORE . CAPESSIT
LUCTANTEM . PELAGO . TURBINIBUSQUE . RATEM
QUI . FACILI . SOLERS . FLUCTUS . ELUDERE . FLEXU
OBVIUS . ADVERSO . NON . AMAT , IRE . SALO
HAC . ILLE . ARTE . GREGEM . SERVAT . SINE . VULNERE
VICTOR.
QUI . TANDEM . IN . PORTU . SOSPITE . SERUS . OBIT
PRO . GREGE . CERTANTEM . PASTOREM . OCCUMBERE
PULCHRUM . EST
UTILIUS . SALVO . EST . CONSENUISSE . GREGI."*

CHAPTER III.

THE second prelate who accompanied Rinuccini on his first visit to lord Mountgarret, was Thomas Fleming of Dublin, a truly eminent man, whose biography, however, would be incomplete, without some notices of his predecessors in that see. Our object in premising such details is to make our readers aware of the state in which Fleming found the diocese when he was appointed its chief pastor, and to throw additional light on the history of the archbishops who filled the chair of St. Laurence, after the apostasy of Hugh Curwen, who, we may observe, like his immediate predecessor, Brown, was an Englishman.

After the defection of Curwen, and his translation to Oxford, in 1567, there was an interval of thirty-three years, during which the popes did not deem it prudent to appoint an archbishop to the vacant see, apprehending, we may suppose, that to do so would only tend to exasperate Queen Elizabeth's ministers, and involve the Catholics of the pale in difficulties, far greater than those with which they were actually contending for the maintenance of their faith. At length, however, when the success of Hugh O'Neill's arms seemed to threaten the existence of the English interest in Ireland, or, at all events, gave reason to hope that the severe enactments against Catholics would be mitigated, if not entirely swept from the statute book, Clement VIII., at the suggestion of the king of Spain, then the ally and supporter of the northern Irish princes, nominated a Spaniard to the archbishopric of Dublin. This was Matthew de Oviedo, a Franciscan friar, and native of Segovia, whose consecration took place in 1600. Very little is known of the history of this archbishop or his

* O'Meara.

antecedents; but it is certain that he was employed by the king of Spain to negotiate with the Geraldines in the south of Ireland, twenty years before his elevation to the see of Dublin, as appears by a despatch sent by the commons of Lixnaw, to the queen's attorney and recorder of Limerick, dated the 27th of September, 1580, which mentions him thus: "There is in great estimation with them, the Geraldines, one Frere Matthew Oviedo, which they call *commissarius apostolicus*, and the bishop of Killaloe, Donald Ryan's son." The object which the pope had in view when appointing a Spaniard to the see of Dublin must have been to strengthen Spanish influence in Ireland; and, doubtless, the same motive prompted him to nominate another native of the same country, about the same period, to the diocese of Leighlin. This was Francis Ribera, who, however, never visited our shores, and died at Antwerp, on the 10th of September, 1604, after having built an infirmary for the Irish Franciscans of that city. Returning to Matthew de Oviedo, we may state that he never exercised jurisdiction in the diocese of Dublin, indeed, never set foot within the pale, and knew nothing of the country, save the little he saw of it on the southern and northern coast. On his arrival as archbishop, he tarried some time at Donegal, in the castle of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, and soon afterwards went back to Spain, to urge on the king the necessity of sending munitions and money to the Irish princes. After an interval of about a year, Philip III. despatched a flotilla, with a small contingent of men and arms; but unfortunately, Juan d'Aguila, the commander-in-chief, instead of landing on the north coast, anchored in the harbour of Kinsale, and set about fortifying that place. On board one of the ships of this squadron, Matthew de Oviedo, accompanied by Thadeus O'Farrell, a dominican, and bishop of Clonfert, revisited Ireland; but when the expedition failed, the archbishop returned to Spain with Hugh O'Donnell and Florence Conry, to supplicate further aids, and impeach the conduct of the Spanish generalissimo. The latter was reprimanded for his defeat, but owing to the untimely death of O'Donnell, the negotiation for the desired aids was abrubtly broken off, and Oviedo, abandonding all hope of ever seeing Ireland again, became suffragan to the archbishop of Compostella.

Thus the disaster of Kinsale cost Oviedo his arch-

bishopric of Dublin ; but it placed him, nevertheless, in a safer position than he could have held in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth, or that of James I. On his decease, which occurred some time in 1610, Paul V. caused the vacant see of Dublin to be filled by Emer MacMahon, bishop of Clogher, whose translation took place on the 2nd of May, 1611. This prelate was a scion of the princely house of Farney, which had risked and lost all its grand possessions for adhering to Tyrone, and whose utter ruin was accomplished when the latter, accompanied by James MacMahon* and others of the Irish Catholic nobility fled from Ireland, in 1607. Many years before that memorable event, Emer, then a mere boy, was sent to the University of Pont-a-Mousson, where, after passing through the various schools with great distinction, he was promoted to holy orders, and honoured with the degree of doctor in civil and canon law. On his return to Ireland, he devoted himself to missionary duty in his native diocese, and was eventually created its bishop in 1609.

When we contemplate the state of the times in which MacMahon exchanged the see of Clogher for the more eminent and perilous one of Dublin, the conviction forces itself upon us that he must have been a man of great zeal and great courage. Had he insisted on remaining in his native diocese, the glens and forests of Monaghan, and above all, the devotedness of the people to the consecrated member of a family that had suffered so much for faith and country, would, doubtless, have afforded him secure shelter in the hour of need, and stood between him and the myrmidons of the law, who were ever on the watch for priests and bishops. But in accepting a dignity which, a short time before, had been filled by the subject of a monarch who had striven to drive the English out of Ireland, it is certain that he exposed himself to imminent risk and certain death, had anyone been found base enough to betray him into the hands of his enemies. It must also be considered that the deputy at this period was a rapacious fanatic, famous for inventing plots and conspiracies, by which he contrived to aggrandize his fortunes, and still more famous for his affected zeal in advancing the reformed religion. Indeed, none of his predecessors since the begin-

* See "Flight of the Earls," p. 279.

ning of the English schism was a greater enemy to the popes, or a more unprincipled persecutor of Catholics, than Sir Arthur Chichester, whose soul aim was to extirpate the native Irish, and get possession of their lands, in order to parcel them out between himself and the new adventurers, who were subsequently designated "planters." With this object constantly in view he did his utmost to keep alive the bigotry of the English cabinet, and he hardly ever dictated a despatch from Dublin Castle that did not teem with alarms of Spanish invasion to retrieve the disaster of Kinsale, or "sure intelligence" gathered from spies and hired informers, that O'Neill was on the point of returning from Rome with papal bulls and Italian soldiers, to subvert the government of James I. Willing as the latter was to oppress his Irish Catholic subjects, terrorism of this sort helped to stimulate the volition ; and as for Chichester, it procured him summary licence to plunder, transplant, and otherwise persecute the professors of the old religion. We may, therefore, easily imagine what must have been the condition of the Catholics of Dublin during Chichester's deputyship, and what presentiments must have filled the mind of MacMahon on his arrival in the city, where, instead of an archiepiscopal throne he was more likely to find elevation to the scaffold. Church or chapel he had none for the performance of his functions, and whenever he celebrated mass, ordained or confirmed within the city walls, he had to trust himself to the honor of some stout-hearted burgess, who incurred thereby all the fearful penalties in which the harbourers of priests and bishops were involved. Withal, he did fulfil his high mission successfully, and although his ministrations were carried out clandestinely and in the slums of the city, his exhortations and example did more, perhaps, to confirm Catholics in their lealty to the faith than if he had officiated or preached to them in either of the metropolitan cathedrals.

Nor was there any want of a grand example to nerve the archbishop and his flock for whatever might befall them, as long as Chichester had power to persecute, and as a necessary sequence to make martyrs. Indeed, the year after MacMahon's translation to Dublin, Cornelius O'Deveny, bishop of Down and Connor, and friar of St. Francis' order, then in his eightieth year, was arrested in the *house* of a Catholic, in the very act of confirming children, and

hurried to Dublin, where he was arraigned on a fictitious charge of high treason, but in reality for exercising the functions of a "Popish bishop." Tried by a jury, eleven of whom were Scotch and English, as a matter of course, he was found guilty, and sentenced to death, with all the revolting accompaniments so common at that period. Flung back into his cell, while preparations were being made for execution, Chichester offered him life and liberty provided he took the oath of supremacy, but he spurned the proposal and refused to compromise his soul. Truly pathetic, indeed, are all the incidents of this aged prelate's death, and some of them we may not overpass. On the morning of his execution, after blessing the poor girl who tended him in his prison, he begged, as a last and crowning favour, that she would dress his mutilated remains in the Franciscan habit which he always carried about with him, telling her that that coarse serge was dearer to him than the bishop's purple. Haled through the streets on a hurdle, and followed by a vast multitude, who knelt at every halt to crave his benediction, as he sped on what he termed his "triumphal procession," he at last reached the gibbet; and mounting it with steady step, as though heaven had braced his palsied limbs for the occasion, he told the spectators that he was about to die for the faith, and that they should be prepared, if necessary, to go through the same ordeal for the same glorious object. Rudely interrupted by a fanatical minister, who knew how the words of the doomed prelate would tell on the hearts of the spectators, and challenged to avow that he was about to pay the penalty of high treason, O'Deveny solemnly repeated his former declaration, and then resigned himself, to the terrible process of strangling, decapitation, and embowelling, all of which was performed by an Englishman, the Irish executioner having fled to avoid having any part in the bishop's murder. While the slaughter was being perpetrated, the spectators remained silent and motionless, as if petrified by the horrid spectacle, but when it was done, they flung themselves upon the lines of halberdiers who kept the ground, and forced their way to the platform, where they struggled with each other for a fragment of the palpitating flesh or a shred of the clothes of him whom they now regarded as a martyr. Women dipped their napkins, provided for that purpose, in his blood, and one man, more fortunate than his fellows, succeeded in

carrying off the severed head, to preserve it, doubtless, as a venerated trophy of that combat in which the vanquished have always been declared victors. So died Cornelius O'Deveny, on the north bank of the Liffey, in the year of grace 1612. We know not what effect all this may have wrought on Chichester's flinty heart, but it is certain, that familiarity with such scenes served to intensify the devotedness of Catholics to their faith, and to strengthen their abhorrence of a creed that was to be propagated by sweeping the people off their lands, and consigning their spiritual pastors to the hangman. It is more than probable that MacMahon was in Dublin at the time of this execution, for, notwithstanding Chichester's incessant efforts to lay hands on him, he fortunately evaded them all. In fact, the archbishop, one would think, must have borne a charmed life, or at all events placed himself in the custody of friends who were ready to sacrifice themselves in order to save him. Small as the population of Dublin was at that period, the chances of arresting such a personage were all the greater, but yet, despite every difficulty, he continued to labour for his people, tending them, as we have already said, in the purlieus of the metropolis, occasionally in the houses of the Catholic nobility, and more frequently among the mountains and in the dense woods, south of the city. Proclamations of outlawry against priests and bishops were disregarded by the Catholics, and the hired spy and informer too often found, that the risk was in excess of the reward, however tempting the latter might be. The deputy himself admits all this in a letter which he addressed to lord Salisbury, just one year before MacMahon's translation, and avows that he was utterly unable to outroot the clergy.

"If," says he, "some course be not speedily taken for restraining of the bishops and priests, I cannot see how this kingdom can long stand as it doth, for every city and town is full of them, upon a strange apprehension they have taken, giving it out, that it is the king's pleasure that they should have the exercise of their religion, so it be not public in the churches; and when an officer or a soldier lays hold on a priest within their garrison, *for none else will lay hands on them*, the young men and women of the city or town where he is taken, do flock together, and with ill-usage and blows, do make rescue of the party apprehended. If I have observed anything in the time I have spent in

this kingdom, I may say it is not lenity and good works that will reclaim these men, but an *iron rod and severity of justice*, and seeing the law hath not here provided for the uprooting and punishment of these firebrands of sedition, the priests, we can think of no other remedy, but to proclaim them and their relievers and harbourers for traitors."

Notwithstanding these restraints, we find MacMahon presiding at a provincial synod in Kilkenny, in 1614, and in the same year Chichester, writing to secretary Winwood, after relating his ill-luck in not being able to arrest one Meagh, a priest just returned from Rome, gives us another insight into the actual state of the country, and at the same time an inkling of the mortal dread he had of O'Neill's return.

"We are," says he, "full of priests of this man's condition, practisers of sedition and insurrection, of which there is not a greater worker than *Owen MacMahounè*, the titulary archbishop of Dublin, son to Owen McCooley, who is still in this kingdom, *and often in this city of Dublin*, albeit I cannot get him, nor any draught upon him, though I have *offered largely for it*. I do my best to discover their plots and frustrate them, but without more help I shall be soon wearied in a tempest, where commands, law, and proclamations are no use without *the sword* to make them obeyed. All this assures me they are hopeful of invasion from foreign parts, and return of the fugitives."

This appeal for larger powers was answered by James I., in June of same year, when he sent his deputy the following "instructions":—

"Whereas the priests, who are the chief corrupters of the nobility and gentry of that realm, do employ many turbulent and working spirits from beyond the seas daily to maintain the party of ill subjects at home, and send forth others to bring *Tyrone back*, and other active traitors, with some foreign forces, to begin a rebellion, hoping vainly to effect that with the sword which they cannot gain by practice; and though these messengers can do no other office than blow at coals, yet they continue to keep the subjects and *fugitives* in some hope of the wished innovation, which our other good and loyal subjects do most fear. We think it expedient, and do hereby require you to imprint and proclaim a proclamation for the banishing of these firebrands, the priests and Jesuits."

Notwithstanding the king's proclamation, MacMahon remained in Ireland, as nearly as we can calculate, till about 1620, for his government of the see of Dublin stretched over a period of nigh eight years, at the termination of which he repaired to Rome, after committing his flock to the care of a vicar. Thinking, probably, that lapse of time would render James considerate to his Irish Catholic subjects, the archbishop spent three years in the eternal city, hoping, as we may suppose, to be able to return, but he was seized with fever and died there, on the 24th of August, 1622, in the 53rd year of his age.

Chichester was recalled in 1615, but before retiring he had attainted the fugitive earls, confiscated Ulster to the crown, and erected forty new boroughs, to facilitate the passing of extreme penal measures against the Irish Catholics. His successors in office, Jones, Denham, and Oliver St. John, proved themselves unrelenting persecutors, enforcing the oath of supremacy, and mulcting the "papists," who, because they would not frequent the Protestant churches, were thenceforth designated Recusants. During the administration of lord Falkland, whose tenure of office lasted over eight years, the same harsh measures were carried out with more or less severity; and although some writers have given this nobleman credit for leniency and forbearance, he had little or no claim to either one or the other. It was in the second year of his deputyship that Urban VIII., at the earnest request of the clergy and people of Dublin, resolved that the see recently vacated by the decease of Emer MacMahon should now be filled by another member of a patrician family, in whose veins, however, there was hardly a drop of Celtic blood.

The baronial house of Fleming dated their arrival in Ireland from 1169, when they came, "seventy heroes dressed in coats of mail," to fight for the expulsed MacMurcha, and about nine years afterwards Richard Fleming built the castle of Slane, and was killed there in an engagement with the native Irish. This baron was the founder of the family which ever afterwards ranked among the most distinguished of the Pale; many of them filling the highest offices in the civil and military administration, and proving themselves at all times strenuous upholders of the English interest in the land of their adoption. Singularly remarkable for their piety, the barons of Slane built and endowed

many churches and monasteries within the territory they had won with their swords, but none of them all deserved better of religion than baron Christopher, who, in 1512, restored the ancient monastery where Dagobert, king of Austrasia, was "shorn a monk," in the seventh century, and bestowed it upon the friars of the third order of St. Francis. Like other Catholic families of the Pale, the Flemings always espoused the cause of the English crown in the protracted quarrels with the native Irish; and during the wars of Elizabeth they maintained their hereditary valour on many a bloody field, won or lost by O'Neill and O'Donnell. Their fidelity, however, to the ancient religion was as signal as their bravery; for, despite every effort to induce them to apostatize, they clung to it persistently; and when others of their rank took the oath of supremacy, or played the hypocrite by frequenting the reformed churches, it never could be said that a single member of the house of Slane turned traitor to the Church of his forefathers. One of them, indeed, acted unwisely, in 1583, by aiding the arrest of O'Hurley, archbishop of Cashel; but that baron ever afterwards bewailed his overzealous loyalty, when he found that he was instrumental, though unintentionally, in procuring the archbishop's woful death. To heighten his chagrin, a roving gleeman of the period composed a ballad set to a dirge-like air, which he called "Slane's Treason," and we can imagine how the baron felt on learning that the song was everywhere sung, not only within the Pale, but far beyond it, north and south in the country of the "Irish enemy."

Thomas Fleming, third son of William, sixteenth baron of Slane, a friar of the order of St. Francis, was the person named by the pope to succeed to the vacant archbishopric of Dublin. This Thomas, when a mere stripling, proceeded to Louvain, where he entered the convent of St. Anthony, long before he attained the age prescribed for making religious vows. Devoting himself entirely to philosophical and theological studies, he rapidly acquired great repute for profound learning, so much so, that he was soon promoted to the chair of lecturer, and in this capacity it was his good fortune to have for scholars, Colgan, author of the *Acta Sanctorum*; Patrick Fleming, his near kinsman, author of the *Collectanea Sacra*, and many others whose works reflect honour, not only on the order to which they

belonged but also on their common country. Before he had reached canonical age, young Fleming was sent by his superiors to teach philosophy and theology in the school of Aix-la-Chapelle, and on being promoted to priesthood, he was appointed guardian of St. Anthony's. His large acquirements and profound piety, made character for him at Rome, and won for him the respect of Urban VIII., who ordered his consecration to be performed with as little delay as possible, although he had not then attained his thirty-first year. The Pontiff's orders soon reached Louvain, and accordingly Thomas Fleming was consecrated archbishop of Dublin, on the 30th of December, 1623, by James, archbishop of Malines, and Florence, archbishop of Tuam. It was with great reluctance he took upon himself the dignity to which he was now raised, and greater, if possible, was the regret with which he retired from the tranquil little Flemish convent, where he left behind him such loving and learned friends, and above all, his nephew Thomas, who, had exchanged his terrestrial for an eternal inheritance, and renounced helmet and glaive, for a cowl in the cloister of St. Anthony's.

A few months after his consecration, the archbishop arrived in Dublin with extensive powers from the Pope, relating to the time and *intervals* of ordination, and authority to confer holy orders on the sole title of "mission," dispensation having been granted in those of *benefice* and *patrimony*, to meet the exigencies of the Irish Church. His first abode in the metropolis was with his brethren of St. Francis; not indeed in the grand old convent of the order, for it had long since been razed, but in a humble house which they rented, and where they were suffered to celebrate the divine offices *privately*, and under the most stern restrictions. Withal, the archbishop carried out, as far as was practical, the observance of the rigid discipline he had embraced in his youth, wearing the habit within doors, and under the episcopal robes when officiating, maintaining abstemious diet, and sleeping on a hard pallet, like the rest of the fraternity. This was his ordinary style of life, from which he never departed, whether staying with the poor community in Dublin, or in the ancestral castle of Slane. Nevertheless, we have it on the authority of one who was personally acquainted with him, that his manners were graceful, and his genial and warm heart won the respect of

all classes, so much so, that they applied to him, what had been so justly said of another great man of the same fraternity.

" . . . . Clara de stirpe parentum,
Et meritis clarior ipse suis."

Respect, however, for noble lineage did not disarm the bigotry of the executive, for in the very year of the archbishop's arrival, a proclamation appeared, ordering all popish prelates and priests to quit the kingdom. But priests and people had grown so accustomed to manifestoes of this sort, that the only heed the former gave them was to disperse for a while, and wait till the excitement had subsided. In fact, instead of quitting the kingdom, members of the religious orders came into it from Spain and Flanders, and among the rest, a community of Capuchins established itself for the first time in the metropolis, in 1623. As for the Franciscans, the archbishop caused them to open schools for the young, and not only for them, but for aspirants to the priesthood, who were thus provided with lectures in philosophy and theology. This, indeed, was a hazardous experiment; but Fleming was too devoted to the welfare of his flock to be scared from discharging his high mission, by Falkland's threats or proclamations. Passionately fond of the ancient literature of Ireland, he generously entertained brother Michael O'Clery in the convent of Dublin, and it was under that poor roof that the chief of the Four Masters found bed and board while transcribing a goodly portion of the material which was subsequently incorporated in the "Annals of Donegal." To his brethren in Louvain he extended the same patronage, and it is to his fostering care we are indebted for Colgan's "*Triadis Thaumaturgæ*," a fact gratefully acknowledged by the author, who states that the archbishop transmitted to him many a rare book and valuable record, without which he could not have completed his noble work. These, surely, are evidences of an intellectual nobility, which, in that transition period, strove to maintain the honour of Ireland, by preserving and perpetuating its ancient literature.

Notwithstanding the proclamation to which we alluded, there was an interval of three years, during which the archbishop had opportunity to attend to his flock, with hardly any let or hindrance; so much so, that he officiated with

more or less publicity outside his own diocese, at the consecration of Boetius Egan, bishop of Elphin, which took place at Drogheda, in 1626. In the year following, however, Falkland found pretext for enforcing coercive measures in the reluctance shown by the Ulster Irish, to take military service under the Protestant crown of Denmark, and still more so in a strange rumour, that the eldest son of the late earl of Tyrone was about to return to Ireland, as monarch of the realm, under protection of the king of Spain.

"It is given out," wrote the deputy to lord Killultagh, "that Tyrone hath his crown delivered him, not of peacock's feathers, as his father's was, but of pure gold, and constantly lies upon his table at his bedside, in his chamber, at Brussels." With the dread of this imaginary king before him, the deputy pressed on the government the necessity of considering "Whether indulgence from the laws and promise of toleration of religion be seasonable," and concludes by asking permission "to rack one Glassney O'Cullenan, a priest," who dissuaded "the idle swordsmen of Ulster" from emigrating, and was supposed to be in complicity with O'Neil at Brussels. About a month after receipt of this application, the privy council answered: "You ought to rack and hang the priest if you find reason for doing so, for such is the opinion of the council and his majesty's pleasure." Falkland carried out his instructions, and during the remainder of his term of office dealt rigorously with the catholics, whom, for their supposed sympathy with the Ulster *pretender*, he regarded in the light of mortal enemies. In the midst of such difficulties, however, Fleming remained constantly among his flock, tending it as well as he could, and observing a prudential course, which, for a while screened the Catholics from open outrage. But only for a while; for in 1629, the poor Franciscan church in which the archbishop officiated, was entered during the celebration of mass, by a posse, under command of Bulkeley, the Protestant archbishop, who cast down the image of St. Francis, desecrated the altar, and scattered the congregation with halbert and musket. The Catholics, it is true, resented this cruel insult, and compelled Bulkeley to take shelter in a neighbouring house; but their just indignation was severely punished by closing of the three churches which they had in the city, and sequestration of the school

which they maintained in Back-lane. In the following year, however, Fleming obtained permission to re-open the Franciscan church; but as for the Back-lane school it was, by order of the lords justices, incorporated with Trinity College, and so remained till the appointment of the earl of Strafford, who restored it to the Catholics. In 1631, the archbishop seems to have enjoyed comparative quiet in the exercise of his functions; for at that period he interdicted two English secular priests—Harris and Caddell; and by a *public* instrument to be read in *all the chapels and oratories* of Dublin, forbade the Catholics, under pain of excommunication, to be present at their masses. Harris satirized the friars in a series of scurrilous tracts, and maintained that the archbishop showed a decided preference for them, to the exclusion of the secular clergy. Father Patrick Cahill, too, then parish priest of SS. Michael and John, and vicar-general of the diocese of Dublin, being suspected of having published a book of verses, reflecting on the archbishop, was suspended from his functions; but after the lapse of some time, he was reinstated on the representation of Dease, bishop of Meath, who pronounced that a cleric of his diocese wrote the objectionable poem, and that the parish priest did not cultivate the Muses. We mention these incidents summarily, in order to show that the archbishop, at this period, was suffered to discharge his high office with little or no restraint. During Strafford's administration, when the great object was to raise money for the king, policy dictated the wisdom of treating the Catholics with forbearance, and we may presume that Fleming's exalted position found some show of respect from the lord deputy, who detested the fanatical party then fast rising to power in England and Ireland. Then again, if the presence in the Irish parliament, of a member of the archbishop's family could mitigate the severity to which he and his flock had been subjected, that benefit was made available to both in 1634, when William, 19th baron of Slane, was summoned to take his place in the councils of the kingdom. We have already stated that Thomas, 18th baron, had transferred all his rights and privileges to his brother William, and taken the habit of St. Anthony's at Louvain; and it may not be out of place to notice here, that the writ which awarded to "*William* the place of his father deceased, was issued with a *salvo jure* to said Thomas,

should he or his heirs return to Ireland and re-assume the title of lord Slane, in which case William could take no advantage or benefit by said writ." Thomas did return, as we shall see, but not to claim the title or style of baron of Slane.

The parliament of 1634, however, did nothing for the Catholics, who, notwithstanding their number, the high character of their representatives, and large subsidies which they had given to the king, in consideration of the "graces" or removal of grievances affecting their religion and estates, were overborne by the deputy, who treated them with high contempt. Nevertheless, Strafford in some instances endeavoured to conciliate them; and in order to show how much he had their interests at heart, he commanded the Protestant bishops and their chancellors to desist from fining them for having their children baptized, and their marriages solemnized by priests of their own faith. This poor concession was, indeed, a boon to the Catholics; so much so, that they and their prelates regarded it as an instalment of the "graces," and the commencement of a new and better era. Influenced by this proceeding, Fleming assembled a synod, in which he confirmed the ordinances of a former synod, at which MacMahon, archbishop, presided, and made various regulations for the spiritual government of his province. The principal subjects mooted on this occasion were the publication of bans of marriage, contributions for the support of the bishops, and limit faculties, which, owing to the necessity of the times, had been given to the regulars, who then, and for many years afterwards, discharged all the duties of missionary priests. Solely intent on raising money for the king, by inquiries into defective titles, high commission courts, and other infamous devices, Strafford allowed the Catholics the exercise of their religion *within their churches*, which to do him justice, were not at any time, during his tenure of office, outraged by the fanatics, who, he himself tells us, employed their persecuting power "rather as an engine to draw money out of the Catholics' pockets, than to raise a right belief in their hearts."

Soon after Wandesforde's appointment to the deputyship, Fleming held another synod at Tyrcroghin, and among other subjects discussed at this assemblage was the preference given in Salamanca and elsewhere, to Irish students

of the pale, while those of the northern and western provinces, whose fathers had sided with Tyrone in the late wars, were treated harshly by the superior. This, indeed, was an old grievance, for it formed the ground of a remonstrance which was drawn up by Conry, archbishop of Tuam, and presented by Hugh O'Donnel, to Philip III., thirty-seven years previously. During Wandesforde's administration, the Catholics enjoyed the same indulgences granted them by Strafford; for the successor of the latter was too much engaged in exacting subsidies for the king to think of persecuting those on whom the largest amount was to be levied.

Notwithstanding the excitement caused by the discovery and failure of the plot to seize Dublin castle, and the persons of the lords justices, who held the reins of government after Wandesforde's recall, in October, 1641, the Catholics of the metropolis were not molested or accused of sympathizing with O'Moore, or the northern chieftains engaged in that attempt. Indeed, it would appear that Fleming's flock displayed great loyalty on the occasion; for just two months afterwards, when the Catholic nobility of the pale assembled at Swords, to take measures against the extirpation with which sir Charles Coote threatened them, we find father Patrick Cahill, parish priest of SS. Michael and John, deputed by the said Justices with a manifesto, inviting lords Gormanston, Slane, and others to appear before them; and what is still more remarkable, this very priest had been previously employed by the executive to negotiate with sir Phelim O'Neill, and other leaders in Ulster. At length, however, when the justices and their agents threw off the mask, and set about extirpating the papists by courts-martial, and hanging priests without formality of trial, the Catholic prelates and nobility seeing themselves exposed to certain death on mere suspicion, assembled at Kilkenny, in May, 1642, and there confederated for the defence of their lives, religion, and liberty. O'Reilly, archbishop of Armagh, was the leading man in this grand union, and as soon as his letters of summons reached Fleming, the latter, unable to attend in person, on account of illness, deputed father Joseph Everard, then guardian of the Franciscan convent in that city, to act as his proxy.[1]

A short time after this first meeting, William, baron of

Slane, and Lord Gormanston died in Kilkenny, and as soon as intelligence of the decease of the former reached Belgium, father Thomas Fleming returned to Ireland, to aid the newly-formed organization by his influence and presence. This, indeed, was a memorable incident in the history of the Confederates; for the man for whose rights to the barony Strafford had made such special provisos now re-appeared; not, indeed, to claim the title, but to play his part in the grand drama, as a simple friar of St. Francis' order. One who knew him personally lays great stress on this fact, which is best told in his own quaint language:

"Upon intimation of the affairs of Ireland, he left Louvain and proceeded to Kilkenny, where he attended to the public good, resorting from time to time to the house of his brother-in-law, the Viscount Clanmorris; but, at last, finding that things did not prosper in Kilkenny, he went to the county Louth, and made up six or seven score well-armed men, and by witty and fine stratagems, took twelve garrisons in that county. He spared no labour night or day in that province. Either in their sleep, march, or otherwise, where and when the enemy least expected, this religious warrior did come upon them, to their mightie prejudice, either taking by assault, or demolishing by fire, their garrisons at the loss of their proper lives."

As for the archbishop, now elected member of the supreme council of the confederates, he appointed Edmond O'Reilly vicar-general of his diocese, and then proceeded to Kilkenny, where he took up his abode with his brethren of St. Francis' order. There in that poor convent, he observed strictest discipline and seldom left its precincts except when public business demanded his presence in the house of assembly. Towards the close of 1643, the confederate arms were crowned with signal success, so much so that the chief strongholds of the kingdom, Dublin and some of the other seaport towns excepted, were entirely in their possession. Indeed, the metropolis itself must have surrendered, had the supreme council acted with energy, or rather, if it had not among its most influential members many of lord Ormond's kinsmen and dependents. At this momentous crisis—when the Catholics had three well-equipped armies in Leinster, and when "the forces of the English government were so oppressed with wants, and the discontent of

their officers so great, that there needed no other enemy than hunger and cold to devour them"—lord Ormond managed to bring about a cessation of hostilities, and initiated that clever policy which enabled him to sow the seeds of division in the confederate council. The latter were credulous enough to believe him sincere in his overtures for a peace that would satisfy all their requirements; and in order to hasten that end, they sent their Commissioners to meet him near Castle Martin, on the 23rd of June of the aforesaid year. The instrument empowering the commissioners to treat with Ormond was signed by Fleming, and we might attribute this false step to his instinctive loyalty to the English crown, if we did not find Malachy, archbishop of Tuam, subscribing the same document. The ratification of the articles was subscribed by Fleming in September following, and this compromise, made doubtless with the best intentions, proved fatal to the confederates, for it caused them to halt, and lay down their arms at a moment when they could have dictated their own terms to the viceroy. It is almost superfluous to observe, that the latter soon afterwards violated this agreement by countenancing the Scotch covenanters in Ulster, then nominally under his command, and sanctioning the raids and massacres of their leader, general Munroe. In the following year, 1644, Father Scarampi, sent by Urban VIII., arrived in Ireland, in the capacity of papal agent to the confederates; and about the same time the king wrote to Ormond, urging him to conclude a peace with the latter. The business, however, was adjourned from year to year by Ormond's astuteness, and was not definitively agreed upon till 1646, when the unfortunate monarch could derive no benefit from it.

In 1644, Fleming subscribed the memorial, praying the Pope to raise Father Wadding to the dignity of cardinal, and we may easily imagine what pleasure it gave him to beseech that high honour for so distinguished a member of his order, whose literary labours and exertions in his country's behalf richly deserved any reward the pontiff had in his gift. Pretermitting all notice of that diplomatic juggle, designated the "Glamorgan treaty," we will now turn to the after part of Fleming's career, and follow it to its close. At the time of Rinuccini's arrival in Kilkenny, he had completed the twenty-second year of his archiepis-

copate, and it would appear that he himself was then anxious to divide the care of his see, or that portion of it, then very limited, where he exercised jurisdiction, with a coadjutor. The individual named for this dignity by the Ormondist party in the supreme council of the confederates was Edward Tyrrell; and when the subject was first proposed to the nunzio, in 1645, he deprecated the appointment, and wrote to Rome, that the archbishop's only ailment was "obesity." In the following year he objected to Tyrrell, because the latter "was too much inclined to favour lord Ormond," remarking at the same time, "everyone insistst that none but the most distinguished subject in the kingdom should be promoted to so exalted a dignity. In 1648, however, he prayed the Pope to promote Tyrrell to the coadjutorship, alleging that his conduct in the French court, where he was agent for the confederates, gave great satisfaction to the ecclesiastical party, but some months later, in the same year, he revoked his former recommendations, and deprived him of all chance of the mitre.

As for the archbishop, he resided almost constantly in Kilkenny after the nunzio's arrival, and left his diocese to the care of O'Reilly, his vicar-general, who administered its affairs, spiritual and temporal. In fact, it would not have been safe for him to stay in the metropolis, where Ormond's hostility would have met him at every step, and the more so as the former knew that one of the nunzio's most cherished projects was to get possession of Dublin, and restore its churches to the catholics. There can be no doubt that Fleming's devotedness to the nunzio, from the first moment of their meeting, was sincere, and, as we shall see, he subsequently proved himself a constant advocate of the policy which the former laboured to carry out. Thus, in the congregation of the clergy at Waterford, in 1646, when the nunzio rejected lord Ormond's peace as a mere device to delude the Catholics, then triumphant at Benburb and elsewhere, the first name on the list of the twelve prelates who protested against it is that of Thomas, archbishop of Dublin. Again, in 1648, when fourteen bishops assembled in Kilkenny to discuss Inchiquin's truce, Fleming subscribed the instrument which denounced it as iniquitous, and dangerous to the catholic religion. When, finally, the advocates of that measure were excommunicated, and the nunzio had pronounced sentence of interdict against all

towns in which the censures were disregarded, Fleming, who was then in Dublin, wrote to David Rothe, bishop of Ossory, commanding him to have them observed, not only in St. Canice's, but in all the other churches of his diocese. "As your metropolitan," so runs this stern order, I exhort, admonish, and to the utmost of my power, command you to cause said censures to be observed, Should you do otherwise, I have exonerated my conscience, and leave yours to the divine judgment, and the verdict of the apostolic see."

At length, when the nunzio was about to leave Ireland, the archbishop followed him to Galway, and joined the party who adhered to him in an ineffectual attempt to stay his departure. Rinuccini himself alludes to this in the instructions with which he armed his confessor, Arcamoni, who was then setting out for Rome, to rebut the appeal which the *Ormondists* had forwarded to the Holy See:— "You will take care to report," says he, "how I have been urged to stay in Ireland to save ecclesiastics from persecution, and you will not fail to mention how the arch bishop of Dublin implored me with tears to abandon my resolution." At this juncture it would appear that the archbishop was summoned to Kilkenny by the Ormondist council, but though he went there and caused the censures to be observed in his own convent, he refused to take any part in their deliberations, which he treated with dignified contempt. Resenting this, they deposed his vicar-general, O'Reilly, and substituted in his stead father Laurence Archbold; the sole fault laid to the charge of the former being, as we are told, by a trustworthy witness, his obedience to the nunzio and his proper metropolitan; and if other fault did appear, as did not, it was beyond any secular power to alter the dignity of such a place, and confer it on another by lay authority, without advising with the archbishop."

Cromwell's arrival in Dublin, in 1649, preventing the possibility of the archbishop's return to the metropolis, or, indeed, to any part of his diocese, he thenceforth employed whatever energies he possessed in futile efforts to save Ireland from the destruction with which it was threatened by the usurper. Unable, by reason of illness, to assist at the assembly of the prelates in Jamestown, which took place in 1650, he empowered French, bishop of Ferns, to act as his proxy; and in the year following he was ap-

pointed by lord Clanricarde, then viceroy, to treat with the duke of Lorrain, who proposed to throw an army into Ireland, on condition that he and his successors should be declared its protectors, and indemnified for whatever they might expend in prosecuting the war against the Cromwellians. Fleming took a very active part in this business; for, indeed, the last act of what may be called his religio-political life was to write to his vicar-general, O'Reilly, whom he had reinstated, and also to Edmond O'Dempsey, bishop of Leighlin, then the only Catholic bishop in Leinster, exhorting them to exert themselves to the utmost in promoting Lorrain's protectorate. Meanwhile, however, the negotiation was suddenly broken off by the imprudence of lord Taaffe and the other commissioners; who, on reaching Brussels, were said to have entered into articles with the duke, exceeding the powers given them by Clanricarde. At this crisis Sir Charles Coote, at the head of the parliamentary forces, was marching on Galway, within whose walls Fleming had taken refuge, hoping, perhaps, that general Preston, with the wreck of the confederate army, would be able to hold the town for Charles II. The archbishop, however, did not live to witness the surrender of the place, for he died there on the 2nd of August, 1651, after having governed the see of Dublin twenty-eight years. The obsequies of this illustrious prelate were performed in the Franciscan church, and after his funeral oration had been pronounced by Walter Lynch, bishop of Clonfert, the mortal remains of Thomas, archbishop of Dublin, were interred at foot of the grand altar, which, in the following year, was pillaged, and, by the parliamentarian governor, levelled. Stubbers converted the monuments of the church into chimney-pieces, and had various fragments of the costly marbles sold in England.

CHAPTER V.

On the 23rd of September, 1626, the obsequies of Hugh MacCaghwell, archbishop of Armagh, were solemnized in the Franciscan Church of St. Isidoro, at Rome. Brief, indeed, was his tenure of the Irish primacy, for in the very month of his elevation he was seized with fever, while making a pilgrimage to the patriarchal basilicas, and died,

after a short illness, just as he was preparing to set out for Ireland. His remains were deposited in the crypt of the church of St. Isidoro, where John, earl of Tyrone, erected a votive tablet to the memory of his friend and earliest preceptor.

Hugh MacCaghwell was born at Saull, county of Down, about the year 1571. His parents were poor, but, their poverty notwithstanding, they did all in their power to advance his early education, and when the boy grew up he went to the Isle of Man, and remained there many years, devoting himself to the study of classics and dialectics till he was recalled to Ireland, by Hugh, prince of Tyrone, who took him into his household, and appointed him tutor to his sons, Henry and Hugh. Under such an able master those noble youths made rapid proficiency, and so highly were MacCaghwell's services appreciated by the great chieftain that he conferred the honour of knighthood on him, made him his confidant, and offered him a command in his army. MacCaghwell, however, having no taste for the profession of arms, declined the honour. But there was another department in which he could serve his lord and chieftain, and when the latter proposed to him to accompany his son Henry to the court of Spain, in order to procure aids for the Ulster forces, he willingly set out, and faithfully executed the high commission with which he was entrusted.

Visiting Salamanca, where the court was then staying, he frequented the far-famed schools of that ancient university, and after attending a course of lectures in philosophy, made up his mind to abandon diplomacy and all worldly pursuits, for a quiet studious cell in the monastery of St. Francis. One who knew him tells us that his novitiate, or probation term, was worthy the most devoted son of St. Francis, and that a better or more mortified man never wore the poor habit of the order. Weak in body and suffering from constant ailments, he refused every little indulgence offered him by the community, ever and always insisting that he had entered the cloister to learn how to suffer and accustom himself to penitential austerities. At the close of his novitiate, he was ordained priest, and a few years later saw him promoted to teach theology in the university of Salamanca, where he earned the character of a ripe scholar, "acute, grave, modest and sublime." From

Salamanca his superiors sent him to Louvain, to fill the chair of philosophy, and to aid the erection of St. Anthony's, where he had for his pupils Fleming, Colgan, and other great men, whose names are famed in the pages of Irish literature. At length, being summoned to Rome, in 1623, he set out in company with father Patrick Fleming, and on his arrival in that city was appointed definitor-general of the Franciscans, and honoured with the chair of theology in the convent of Aracœli. His high character had preceded him, and Urban VIII., who cultivated literature, and esteemed all labourers in the same field, welcomed him as a valuable accession to the schools of the eternal city. Indeed, so highly was the poor friar esteemed by the pontiff, that there was no favour which the latter would refuse him; so much so, that when he and Wadding proposed to erect a college for the education of Irish secular priests, Urban not only entertained the project, but commended it warmly to cardinal Ludovisi, who generously founded and endowed that establishment. Nor was this the only religious institution in whose erection he was instrumental, for he had long since co-operated with Florence Conry, in founding St. Anthony's, at Louvain; and now that he was at Rome, even Wadding availed himself of his valuable services in completing the building of St. Isodoro.

Meanwhile, his pen was not idle, for to his Life of Scotus, published in 1620, he now added many other volumes, vindicating the doctrines of the "subtile doctor," and proving, if indeed proof were required, that the great philosopher of the fourteenth century was ably represented by his most enthusiastic and zealous apologist in the seventeenth. While occupied in these metaphysical speculations, MacCaghwell was not unmindful of his countrymen serving in the continental armies; and, in order that they might not want wholesome reading in their native tongue, he wrote for their benefit a valuable little treatise, styled "The Mirror of Penance," which, however, was not published till 1628.

Towards the close of 1625, the see of Armagh, being vacant by the death of Peter Lombard, who departed this life, after a sojourn of many years at Rome, pope Urban resolved that no time should be lost in providing a successor to that learned prelate. The pontiff, was strongly urged to bestow the Irish primacy on Ross MacGeoghegan, a distin-

guished friar of St. Dominic's order, who had already done signal service to religion in his native land; but notwithstanding all the interest that was made for this eminent man's promotion, he was passed over, at the joint solicitation of John O'Neill, earl of Tyrone, and Albert Hugh O'Donel, earl of Tyrconnell, who represented to the pontiff the incongruity of appointing any Pale's-man, no matter how great his merits, to the metropolitan see of Ulster. Urban was influenced by the remonstrance of the Irish princes, who desired nothing so much as MacCaghwell's promotion, and he was accordingly consecrated archbishop of Armagh in 1626. We have already stated that his illness was brief, and we may add, that he himself had a presentiment that it was to prove fatal; for when the pontiff's physician visited him, he delicately declined his kind offices, alleging that all remedies were useless in his case, as he knew he was dying. He then wrote to the pope that he ought not to appoint any one to the see of Armagh, without consulting the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell; and having done this he requested to have the last sacraments administered to him. At his bed side, in the poor cell of St. Isidoro, were two brothers, Edmond and Anthony Dungan, both Franciscans, and his most intimate friends. Turning to the former, he calmly observed: "I have always been weak of body, and am now about to leave this world; to you, then, I bequeath my cross and ring, and to your brother I leave this poor habit, all that I have to give." Then, fixing his last look on a picture of St. Anne, which was sent him from Sicily, and grasping the crucifix, he resigned his soul to God, and his renown to the schools. No one could have been more affected by his premature death than pope Urban, who, on hearing of it, remarked, "We have lost not a man but an angel;" and with equal truth did Vernuleus, in his panygeric of this prelate, observe, "The life of great geniuses is like that of flowers, brief and transitory; and the purple is oftener the apparel of death than of life."

During the episcopate of Peter Lombard, who could not return to Ireland, the primatial see was governed by Rothe, bishop of Ossory, in the capacity of vice-primate; and on the death of MacCaghwell, he was empowered to perform the same duties, till Urban VIII. should think it time to fill the vacancy. As may be supposed, the exiled Ulster princes used all their influence to have the primacy con-

ferred on a man of their own province, and the pope, willingly granted their prayer. Accordingly, the person selected for the highest dignity in the Irish Church was Hugh O'Reilly, bishop of Kilmore, son of Malmorra and Honora, the one a lineal representative of the ancient house of Breffny-O'Reilly, and the other, a member of a junior branch of the same princely race. Hugh, their youngest son, was born in 1580, and received the rudiments of education under the paternal roof, where he made rapid progress in the study of classics and philosophy. His father wished him to join some of the Irish regiments then serving in the Spanish Netherlands, but he preferred ecclesiastical life; and after completing his theological course in Ireland, was ordained priest in 1618. He then set out for Rouen, where he prosecuted the study of canon law in the same school with the justly celebrated John Lynch; and having distinguished himself in every department of academic lore, and earned the reputation of a rare scholar, he returned to his native diocese, deprived of a bishop since the death of Richard Brady, and was appointed vicar apostolic of Kilmore in 1625. Two years afterwards he was consecrated bishop of that ancient see, by Fleming, archbishop of Dublin, in St. Peter's, Drogheda. During his government of the see of Kilmore, Fleming of Dublin, Dease of Meath, and other prelates, were engaged in a controversy about certain exemptions on which the mendicant orders insisted as their right; and among the bishops who then decided in their favour was Hugh Kilmore, who, by an instrument signed with his hand and seal, in June 1627, declared that the Regulars were not bound to contribute, of the precarious income, to the maintenance of the ordinary or of the parish priests of the diocese in which their convents were situated.

In the year immediately following, Boyle, earl of Cork, and Loftus, viscount Ely, were appointed lords justices, in the absence of deputy Falkland, and these two unscrupulous persecutors availed themselves of their ample powers to harass the unfortunate Catholics, fining them for absenting themselves from the Protestant churches, and having their children baptized by their rightful pastors. Not satisfied with this mode of extortion, they gave a sort of roving commission to a staff of greedy officials, whom they styled "surveyors of bells and parish churches," empowering them to go through the country and report

"on the state of religious edifices;" and while on this tour of inspection, "*to cess themselves on the papists for chickens and bacon*, and to arrest all suspected dignitaries of the Romish religion." On arriving in the neighbourhood of Kilmore, where, in virtue of their high powers, all the hen-roosts and hog-styes were placed under contribution, they were informed that Hugh O'Reilly, a popish bishop, had presumed to exercise his functions in that quarter, ordaining, confirming, and administering other sacraments; and they at once resolved to carry him to Dublin, if they could lay hands on such a daring delinquent. The bishop, however, took refuge in the homesteads of his poor flock, and notwithstanding the temptation of large rewards, the executive could not induce any one to surrender him to his enemies. How often, in those evil times, have the Catholic prelates found, in the poor cabin of an Irish peasant, that shelter and protection which they could not hope to get within the moated mansions, inhabited by wealthy lords of their own communion! Another incident, which we cannot omit, will show that, at the period of which we are writing, the life or liberty of a Catholic bishop weighed very lightly in the estimation of an English lord-deputy or his subordinates.

We must first, however, premise that the pope, after a year's deliberation, resolved to confer the primacy on Hugh Kilmore, and that the bull sanctioning his translation to the archiepiscopal see reached Ireland in 1627. Nevertheless, he did not exercise primatial jurisdiction before 1630, as the pallium was not sent to him till the last-named period, when he was succeeded in the see of Kilmore by Eugene Sweeney. Let us now revert to the incident to which we have alluded.

When about to leave the scene of his earliest labours, Hugh, now archbishop elect of Armagh, asked father Cahill, parish priest of SS. Michael and John, to get a Dublin artist to make two seals, one bearing the arms of Kilmore, for the newly-appointed bishop, the other for himself, with the arms of the primacy. Cahill executed his commission, but no sooner were the lords justices made aware of this simple fact, which they regarded as an illegal assumption of ecclesiastical titles, than they issued a warrant for the arrest of the priest, whom, as they could not lay hands on the principal delinquent, they flung into

the dungeon of Dublin Castle, from which he fortunately escaped after a lengthened imprisonment. We mention this circumstance solely to show how intolerant was the bigotry of the Government at the period, and how delighted those justices would have been to trample under foot Hugh, archbishop of Armagh, if he had the misfortune to cross their path. As for him, be it told to his honour, he was not unmindful of what Cahill had suffered in his behalf; for, at a subsequent period, when the poor man was entangled in some difficulties about canonical institution in his parish, the primate generously came to his rescue, and had him rehabilitated.

On taking possession of the see of Armagh, O'Reilly's first act was to convoke a synod of his clergy at Drogheda, where among other ordinances he enacted stringent laws against the use of chalices made of tin and other base metals; for the plunder of the churches and the confiscation of six counties in Ulster, after the attainder of the earls, had impoverished both clergy and people, and compelled the former to celebrate the divine service as best they could, and without strict observance to the rubric, as far as altar requirements were concerned. Another matter of no less interest to his pastoral vigilance was the depravation of morals then pervading all classes in the see of Armagh; for the new colonists, or "undertakers," as they were called, had imported with them vicious habits hitherto unknown to the Irish. To guard his poor flock against such corruption and contagion, O'Reilly laboured incessantly, and it was his good fortune to find his efforts crowned with success; for the survivors of the wars of Tyrone not only clung with fidelity to the religion of their fathers, but kept themselves uncontaminated by the profligate example of the planters. While thus reforming the discipline of the clergy, and reconciling the dispossessed laity to their hard lot, O'Reilly had to proceed with greatest caution, frequently administering confirmation in the woods or on the hill-sides, and occasionally resorting to some shieling for the celebration of Mass. Withal, in the face of those multiplied difficulties, he bore himself courageously as beseemed a great archbishop, with the blood of an ancient and noble race in his veins. When the representatives of the old septs grew wrathful, and would have thought it not ill done to slay the "planters" for whom they had been evicted from their rightful

inheritance, he had only to instance the calamities which had befallen his own family and kindred, in order to stay the uplifted hand and angry blow; but when he addressed himself to their religious sensibilities, and showed that suffering and oppression have ever been the portion of the predestined, and that God, in his own good time might foreclose the term of endurance, they listened to him with reverence, and drew hope and comfort from his holy counsels. For fully eleven years before the rising of 1641, archbishop O'Reilly was obliged to discharge all the functions of his office as it were clandestinely; for, to say nothing of the anti-catholic settlers who were then scattered over Ulster, the principal towns of his see were garrisoned by troops, who, in their fanatic horror of prelacy of any denomination, would have deemed it a goodly act to imprison or hang him. We can, therefore, understand how the foresaid term of his primacy is not characterized by any of those demonstrative proceedings which would have been inseparable from his dignity and position under other and better circumstances. There is, however, one fact connected with the early years of his archiepiscopal government which we may not pass over, namely, his earnest but unsuccessful attempt to have the Gregorian calendar universally received, not only in his own diocese, but throughout all Ireland. In fact, he was the first Irish bishop who endeavoured to supplant the old Julian computation; but his efforts did not succeed, as the attempt was generally viewed in the light of a strange innovation.

Pretermitting all notice of the cruelties and bitter oppression which more immediately instigated the insurrection of 1641, we have only to state, that archbishop O'Reilly, like the other members of the Irish hierarchy, did his utmost to restrain the violence of the people, who would have wreaked vengeance on their persecutors, had they been left to their own wild instincts, at that momentous crisis. With Sir Phelim O'Neill and Magennis, lord Iveagh, he employed his great influence, urging them to keep the armed multitudes in check, and to prevent, as far as in them lay, the massacre and pillage of Protestants. Such salutary restraint, enforced by the exhortations of the primate, produced most happy results; for the northern chieftains, and the rude array they commanded at the first outbreak, respected him too much to violate the lessons of forbearance and charity which he

perseveringly inculcated. It is not our province to deal with the gross misrepresentations which have been written of the conduct of the Irish insurgents at this period, or with the calumnies heaped on the head of Phelim O'Neill and his followers, for they cannot stand the test of historical criticism; but we may safely assert, that archbishop O'Reilly's interposition saved many a life, and protected innumerable homesteads from fire and sword. Borlase, Temple, and others, have utterly ignored his interference on behalf of the Protestant colonists, who were then wholly at the mercy of the insurgents; but we have only to repeat that the exaggerations of those writers would wear some show of truth, if O'Reilly had not interposed his high authority to curb the fierce impulses of men grown desperate by reason of the flagrant injustice with which they had been treated by the canting knaves and bigots who then misgoverned Ireland.

At length, when the revolution had spread through the midland and Munster provinces, and the lords of the pale found it necessary to arm for their lives and freedom of religion, O'Reilly bethought him that the movement might be shaped into a national organization, which, if supported by an efficient parliament, treasury, and army, would be able to sustain the king against his enemies, and secure for the Irish Catholics the repeal of all those odious laws, which ground them down since the apostasy of Henry VIII. This, indeed, was a grand idea, worthy the brain of a great statesman, and never since then, or before that period, has Ireland produced a greater prelate than he who originated the catholic confederacy.

Devoting all his energies to this grand object, O'Reilly convened a provincial synod at Kells, early in March, 1642 when the bishops declared that the war undertaken by the Irish people, for their king, religion and country, was just and lawful. In the May following, he caused a *national* synod, composed of prelates and lay lords, to meet at Kilkenny, where, after having ratified their former declaration they framed an oath of association, to be taken by all their adherents, binding them to maintain the fundamental laws of Ireland, the free exercise of religion, and true allegiance to Charles I. Both synods were attended by the entire of the Irish hierarchy, either personally or by proxy, with the exception of Thomas Dease, bishop of Meath, whose eventful

history is inseparably associated with that of Hugh, archbishop of Armagh.

The family of Dease is one of some antiquity in the county Westmeath, where they possessed considerable landed estates early in the fifteenth century. They were also seized of a goodly property, in the county Cavan, and the head of the family, in 1596 and 1630, was Laurence Dease, father of Thomas, who, on the death of his elder brother, succeeded to the entire estate. This Thomas was born in or about the year 1568, and from his earliest boyhood resolved to embrace the ecclesiastical profession. Having completed his studies at home, where he earned reputation as a poet in the Celtic tongue, and made himself thoroughly master of classical literature, he was ordained priest, and then proceeded to Paris, where he graduated in theology, philosophy, and canon law, and was honoured with the title of doctor in each of these faculties. Paris was the first scene of his clerical career, and in that city he devoted himself to the performance of the most irksome, yet charitable offices that come within the sphere of a missionary priest. At length, his piety, learning, and gentle breeding made character for him at Rome, and Gregory XV. raised him to the see of Meath. Dease was accordingly consecrated at Paris, in May 1622, and arrived in Ireland towards the close of the following October. On taking possession of his diocese, he convened a synod of the clergy, and after exhorting them to co-operate with him in reforming many abuses then prevalent, he warned them of the necessity of proving themselves loyal subjects to the English government in all things compatible with conscience. Unqualified loyalty was the fixed and ruling principle of his life, and nothing would have been more paradoxical in his eyes than an attempt to subvert any government, no matter how despotic or unjust. If anything were wanting to heighten Dease's respect for English rule, at the period of which we are writing, he found it, doubtless, in his constant association with his maternal relative, Richard tenth Baron of Delvin, in whose mansion he resided nearly twenty years after his elevation to the see of Meath. Delvin, it must be recollected, was, in his hot youth, "a rebel," but worked his reconciliation, and saved his estates by turning traitor to O'Neill and O'Donnell, with whom he had, *according to his own confession*, plotted, in 1607, to subvert the govern-

ment of sir Arthur Chichester. Grown old and very religious, he regretted the past, and like many another *pardoned* revolutionist, found it safest policy to make a parade of his loyalty, and to denounce on all occasions the abettors of any attempt at insurrection. The interests of the prelate and the baron were in most respects identical, for both were zealous sons of holy Church, and both were in the peaceful enjoyment of a large estate. Religion counselled obedience to higher powers, and prudence suggested that neither of them ought to compromise a fair inheritance by manifesting discontent or sympathy with "the dispossessed," whose main object was to recover their forfeited lands. Dease, in fact, was one of those prelates, whom Rinuccini describes as, "Timid, satisfied with mere toleration, and content at being allowed to perform their few functions privately, without mitre or vestments, thus preserving the substance of the faith, and keeping themselves clear of all risk."

Actuated by such sentiments, Dease preached submission and obedience to the constituted authorities; and in justice to the latter it must be admitted that they did not trouble themselves about him or his flock as long as they had kept aloof from the insurrection. When, however, the people of Meath did take part in the general movement, Dease found that his pacific homilies had gone for nothing; for, notwithstanding his praiseworthy efforts to save the residence and library of Martin, Protestant bishop of Meath, from destruction, the armed multitude, instead of obeying, told him that he had already overstepped his authority in forbidding them to go to the assistance of Sir Phelim O'Neill, while the latter was besieging Drogheda. What we have now stated will account satisfactorily for Dease's reluctance to take any part in the organization set on foot by the primate whose summons to meet the prelates assembled at Cavan, Kilkenny, and Armagh, either in person or by proctor, he persistently disobeyed. The primate, however, would not despair of gaining him and lord Delvin to the confederacy till he had exhausted his last resource, which was to send Father James Nugent, a Cistercian friar, to wait on and entreat them to join the movement. Fair words and gentle exhortations failing, Nugent was authorized to threaten both prelate and baron with the metropolitan's high displeasure; but before resorting to the latter alternative, he was instructed to employ all his powers of persuasion, in

order to show that the newly-formed confederacy had within it every element that was required to insure ultimate triumph. Vainly, however, did Nugent urge that Owen O'Neill, with a numerous staff of officers, was coming home to supersede the fierce Sir Phelim, and discipline the raw levies which had rallied round the latter; that Father Wadding was getting large subsidies from the cardinals at Rome, for prosecuting the war against the enemies of Catholicity and the king; that the Irish troops serving the crown of Spain had laid up at Antwerp a considerable supply of arms, purchased with the savings of their pay; and finally, that the pope countenanced the movement, nay, blessed it, and promised to sustain it. But all these arguments were lost on Dease; for, after remarking that the condition of a country is never so hopeless as when it has to trust to foreign invasion for redress of grievances; he shrugged his shoulders, and silenced the pleader by quoting that text in which divine wisdom rebukes the improvident and overweening—"What king about to make war with another king, doth not first sit down and think whether he be able, with ten thousand, to meet him, that with twenty thousand, cometh against him?"

In fact, Dease looked on the whole project as imprudent and chimerical, and he consequently flouted it. Delvin, however, did not view it in this light; for, although Dease would fain persuade him that Nugent's threats were not to be heeded, the baron submitted to the primate's counsels, and affected to join the other lords of the Pale, if we may credit a contemporary narrative of one intimately acquainted with all the events of the period. The immediate consequence of Delvin's pretended adhesion was an interruption of the friendship that had so long subsisted between him and Dease, who then betook himself to his mansion of Turbotston, where he resided many years afterwards.

Meanwhile, archbishop O'Reilly had the satisfaction of seeing the confederacy strong and prosperous, supported by a small fleet of its own, a strong army commanded by Irish generals, who had distinguished themselves abroad, and the sympathy of the pope and other continental Catholic powers. In his capacity of spiritual peer he occasionally took part in the debates of the supreme council at Kilkenny, where he signed various commissions, and discharged other duties of his position. His diocese, however, engrossed most of his

care, for he flattered himself that the organization, which was the work of his own brain, would eventually realize his highest hopes, and leave him free to superintend his spiritual charge, without involving him in political broils. But in this he was mistaken, for soon after the arrival of the nunzio, he began to discover that the chief lay members of the supreme council had taken upon them, by virtue of some ancient privilege of the English crown in Catholic times, to nominate bishops to the vacant Irish sees, without consulting him or asking his sanction. This assumption he deprecated in personal interviews with the nunzio, as well as in letters to that personage; but the latter, while ignoring any right of the supreme council to interfere in such matters, undertook the whole trouble of reporting to Rome, on the comparative merits of the bishops-designate. There can be no doubt that O'Reilly approved the nunzio's general policy, and regarded it in every sense as best adapted for remedying the many grievances which weighed so heavily on the Irish Catholics, and for the removal of which they were now in arms. Owen O'Neill was the nunzio's favorite general, and this celebrated soldier was O'Reilly's kinsman. The Ulster forces were the staunchest of Rinuccini's adherents, and we need hardly say that the majority of them was recruited within the immediate jurisdiction of the primacy, on the hills and in the glens of Tyrone, where the traditions of Hugh O'Neill's victories were not yet half a century old. In a word, the brain and muscle on which the nunzio built all his hopes of success belonged to the northern province, and decidedly the most influential and energetic man there at that period was the archbishop of Armagh. His own immediate relatives, and the followers of his ancient house, held high command and served in the confederate ranks, and so great was the reliance of the Catholics on their valour and fidelity, that when Malmorra, surnamed the *Slasher*, was slain on the bridge of Fenagh, near Granard, in an encounter with the Scotch covenanters, his kinsmen carried his corse to the old burying-place, in the Franciscan convent of Cavan, and there raised a monument, with an epitaph, which dolorously set forth that Ireland lay vanquished in the same grave with him—

"LECTOR . NE . CREDAS . SOLUM . PERIISE . MILONEM
HOC . NAM . SUB . TUMULO . PATRIA . VICTA . JACET."

It is almost superfluous to add that at Benburb, the O'Reillys were in the forefront of that memorable battle, and that Philip O'Reilly, Owen O'Neill's brother-in-law, and kinsman to the archbishop, with his followers, helped to achieve a victory unparalleled since the days of the 'Great Hugh"—a victory, indeed, which, for a while, made the nunzio fancy that the object of his mission was accomplished, and established between him and the archbishop a reciprocal friendship which outlived hopes, reverses, and terrible disasters.

There is, however, another aspect of the archbishop's character, which shall evermore command the admiration of the Irish student and scholar, priest and layman. We mean his patronage and encouragement of Colgan, the poor Franciscan of Inishowen, who, in Louvain, at his instance, commenced and completed the "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ"—a work which will perpetuate the name of the author and his patron as long as men value great genius and profound literary research. Gracefully, indeed, has Colgan acknowledged his obligations to the archbishop, for he tells us that, "he cheered him on in his undertaking, and secured for him the sympathy and aid of his suffragans." Colgan and his community were poor, and had not wherewithal to print the noble tome; but O'Reilly, in order to eternise the fame of the Irish saints, gave, out of his scant revenue, moneys for the publication, and had the happiness of seeing it inscribed with his own name. May we not imagine with what complacency he perused those pages in which Colgan so elegantly alludes to his princely origin; the renown of his ancestors in ancient times; their prowess in the battle-field; their munificence to church and cloister; his own promotion to his native see of Kilmore; his elevation to the primacy, and the hereditary valour of his kinsmen, who, worthy of their sires, were then in arms for religion, king, and fatherland. This, indeed, was a patent of intellectual nobility which no monarch could confer.

Reluctant to take any part in the debates of the supreme council at Kilkenny, now that the nunzio was there with his paramount authority, O'Reilly devoted himself wholly to his diocese, from which the Scotch covenanters had fled to the sea-board, after the victory of Benburb. In fact, his see had greater attractions for him than the arena of the senate, and he does not appear to have concerned him-

self with the proceedings of the latter, till the clergy rejected Ormond's thirty articles, at Waterford, in 1646, when he sent Edmond O'Teague, with full powers to act as his proctor, and subscribe the declaration by which the viceroy's treaty was pronounced worse than useless. Thenceforth, that is till 1648, he seems to have been nothing more than a spectator of the events which crowded so alternatingly in that interval. Intelligence of the schism in the confederate council reached him from afar. The only incident that could mitigate such calamity was the success that attended the arms of his kinsman, O'Neill, who, at the nunzio's summons, marched rapidly from Connaught into Leinster, and after beating Inchiquin and the parliament general, Jones, saved Kilkenny for the Catholics. Those, however, were but momentary triumphs, valueless in their results, and no wise compensating the division and discord that were fast breaking up the grand organization on which he had calculated so hopefully, but, alas! so falsely. Let us now leave him for a while, and resume our notice of Dease.

Inflexible in his egotism, this prelate kept aloof from the general movement, calmly watching passing events, tending his diocese, under peculiar disadvantages, and looking to the goodly estate which he had inherited. In this comparative isolation he had grown very old and feeble; so much so, that in 1646, the nunzio wrote to Rome, that he was at the point of death, and that he, Dease, was anxious that his nephew, Oliver, should be appointed coadjutor in the see of Meath. The nunzio's forebodings, however, were not realized; for, six months after the date of that letter, he and the bishop were at variance about an appointment which the latter had made to the ancient monastery of Tristernagh. Dease collated one Gerald Tuite to the priory; but the nunzio, acting under instructions from Rome, resolved that that person should be removed, to make way for father Andrew Nugent, a canon regular of St Augustine, to which order the place belonged before the suppression of religious houses. This, however, was but a trifle compared to the charge which the nunzio laid at Dease's door, alleging that he and the bishop of Dromore had blown the coals of enmity between generals O'Neill and Preston, and so inflamed the mutual dislike of both, that Dublin was lost to the confederates by their want of union.

Two years afterwards, that is in 1648, Dease grew more infirm, and made his will, when some one informed the nunzio that he was really *in extremis*, and beyond all hope. Hearing this, he wrote to Rome—"The bishop of Meath died in his eightieth year, to the great advantage of this kingdom; for he was a man who held opinions little short of heretical; and old as he was, I was obliged to threaten him with a citation before the holy see." But, in about a month after the despatch of this angry missive, he discovered that he had been misinformed, and he thereon wrote again to Rome—"The bishop of Meath is *not* dead, but has been spared to try the patience of the good!" Dease, indeed, did recover, and when grown convalescent, proved himself more than ever contumacious to the nunzio. Oliver Dease, his nephew, it is true, subscribed the rejection of Ormond's peace, in 1646; but as for the bishop, his name does not appear in the proceedings of the confederates, till the nunzio published sentence of excommunication against all supporters of Inchiquin's treaty, in 1648. Foremost among the prelates who stood by that fatal measure was the archbishop of Armagh; but of all those who maintained that it was uncalled for, and ruinous to the common interest, none was more demonstrative than the bishop of Meath. With the nunzio were Owen O'Neill and his Ulster army, and arrayed against both were Preston and his Leinster forces. It was, in sooth, a sad battle; for on the same field were now arrayed against each other, soldiers and theologians, the cope against the corslet; the spiritual against the carnal weapon! No sooner, however, had the foresaid sentence appeared, than the party of the supreme council opposed to the nunzio drew up seven queries, touching the validity of the censures, and submitted them to Rothe, bishop of Ossory, that he might pronounce upon same, for quieting of their conscience and preservation of the commonweal. Rothe thereon returned his celebrated answer to said queries, and satisfied the opposition that the nunzio was in the wrong, and had exceeded his powers. But in order that nothing should be wanting to confirm this pronouncement, Rothe submitted his decision to Dease, who, after maturely weighing all the arguments and objections advanced by his friend, signed a public instrument, in which he declared that the nunzio's excommunication was null and void, *natura sua*, as well as by reason of the

appeal which had been forwarded to Rome. In a word, Dease treated the nunzio's sentence with contempt, and decided that Ossory's "Answers" should be published, "as conducive to the interests of the crown, and inculcating true allegiance to the civil government, according to the laws of God and his Church."

In this conflict of opinions and arms the year 1648 wore out, and in February of the following year the nunzio set sail from Ireland, leaving behind him a people whose utter want of cohesion could not but involve them in speedy ruin. To avert the latter, Ormond had been recalled to take the reins of government in Ireland; and nine bishops, trusting to his promise of protection for religion, life, and estate, issued circular letters to their respective dioceses, exhorting the people to support the viceroy, who, to use their own language, was sure to win "the green laurel of peace," and triumph over the Cromwellians. De Burgh, archbishop of Tuam, was at the head of this party, and Dease, among others, followed in that dignitary's path.

The primate, we need hardly say, objected to those proceedings, and kept himself apart from the bishops who had gone over to Ormond, and made light of the nuncio's commands. But a bitterer and heavier affliction than their defection had come upon him in the midst of this turmoil; for on the 6th of November, 1649, Owen O'Neill died in the castle of Philip O'Reilly, at Cloughouter; where, in the words of his secretary, "he resigned his soul to God, a true child of the Catholic religion, in full sense and memory, many of both secular and regular clergy assisting him in such a doubtful transit." As soon, however, as the primate had bestowed the last honours on the great soldier, and seen him laid in the cemetery of the Franciscan monastery of Cavan, he hastened to Clonmacnoise, to preside at a synod of nineteen prelates, assembled under the shadow of that venerable ruin, when he subscribed a proclamation beseeching the Irish people to unite for the preservation of their religion, king, and country. But such appeals to patriotism and loyalty were of little avail; for Cromwell had already won Dublin, Drogheda, Wexford, and other great advantages. Withal, the archbishop, hoping against hope, presided at other synods, convened for the same purpose, at Loughreagh and in Jamestown in 1650; and in the last of these he was appointed one of the commissioners who

undertook to make a final effort for religion, king, and country. The prelates with whom he acted had selected Galway as the safest place for their deliberations, and he remained there for a brief space, taking part in the councils of his colleagues, who now saw no remedy for Ireland, except the protectorate so generously offered by the Catholic duke of Lorraine, and which, we need hardly observe, was repudiated by the advisers of Charles the second, who would sooner see Cromwell master of the whole island than any Catholic potentate. Having set this negotiation on foot, the primate empowered O'Cullenan, bishop of Raphoe, to sign for him as his proctor, and then took his departure for Trinity Island, in Lough Erne, where, after closing a life of saddest reverses, he resigned his soul to God, A.D. 1652, ÆT. 72. Some generous friends, who consoled his last moments, thought it a pity to leave his remains far away from the old Franciscan monastery of Cavan, and they accordingly had them removed unostentatiously, and interred in the same grave with Owen O'Neill and Miles the "Slasher." Surely it was well thought to lay the bones of so true a prelate in the same soil with the great chieftains of his own race and kindred!

One year before O'Reilly's decease, Dease died tranquilly in the Jesuits' house at Galway, for he had fled to that city thinking that his friend and henchman, general Preston, would be able to hold it against the parliament. Fully satisfied with his past political life, he declared, in his last moments, that he had nothing to regret or retract; and thus he passed away, after having received all the sacraments of the Church, and made his will, in which he provided for the future wants of his diocese, by leaving money for the education of clerics, or, as he calls them "churchmen," who, it would appear, were to be members of his own ancient house. Whatever his errors may have been, there can be no doubt that he was a learned and zealous pastor, and those who differed with and survived him had reason to admit that his application of the gospel parable was not altogether mistaken. His remains, followed by the Jesuits, to whom he was a benefactor, were interred under the threshold of the sacristy of the collegiate church of St. Nicholas, Galway, where his friend and admirer, Sir Richard Bellings, raised to his memory a monument, for which he composed the following epitaph:—

"IN . LACHRYMAS . OCULOS . HIBERNIA . SOLVE . CADATQUE
HÆC . HECATOMBE . SUPER . PRÆSULIS . OSSA . TUI
HIC . PIUS . HIC . PRUDENS . REGI . SUA . JURA . DEOQUE
REDDERE . CALLEBAT . DOCTUS . UTROQUE . FORO
BELLA . FIDEM . REGNUM . CŒCO . DISCRIMINE . CUNCTA
MISCEBANT . FIXA . SED . STETIT . ILLA . PETRA
LŒTA . ILLI . GRAVITAS . ET . MENTIS . AMABILE . PONDUS
ELOQUIO . DULCIS . GRANDIS . ET . INGENIO
INTERNÆ . VULTUS . RUTILABAT . GRATIA . FLAMMÆ
ILLI . ARDENS . ZELUS . SED . RATIONE . SAGAX
EXTRA . TALIS . ERAT . LUBERET . PENETRARE . SED . INTUS
OCCURRET . SERAPHIM . COR . IN . IGNE . MICANS
TANTA . ILLI . CASTÆ . SEMPER . CUSTODIA . MENTIS
UT . LIBARE . DEO . PROMPTUS . UBIQUE . FORET
SI . FLETU . POSSET . REVOCARI . TALIS . IN . AURAS
PRÆSUL . IN . ÆTERNUM LUMEN . UTRUMQUE . FLERET."

CHAPTER VI.

About the close of November, 1645, Rinuccini was received at St. Patrick's gate, Kilkenny, with all the honours due to so high and puissant a personage as the nunzio extraordinary accredited by the Holy See to the confederate Catholics of Ireland. The clergy, secular and regular, awaited his coming in and about the city gate, and as soon as he passed under its arch, he mounted a richly-caparisoned horse, and proceeded towards the ancient cathedral of St. Canice, escorted by the municipal and military authorities. It was a wet and dismal day, the like of which the Italian had never seen in his own bright land, but notwithstanding the rain, that fell in torrents, all Kilkenny was astir, and thousands of the peasantry had gathered within the walls to witness the showy pageant. Four citizens, bare-headed, upheld the shafts of a rich canopy, to protect the nunzio from the rain, and as soon as he came in front of the market cross, the procession halted, while a young student read a Latin oration, extolling the goodness of pope Urban VIII., and welcoming his minister to the chief city of the confederates. To this greeting the nunzio replied in the language of the address, thanking the citizens for the cordial reception they had accorded him, lauding their devotedness to the holy see, and invoking heaven's blessing on their struggle for religion, king, and country. His words on this occasion were few, but spoken with all the fervid animation so peculiar to Italians, and in the

rich, sonorous cadences which characterise their pronunciation of Latin. As soon as he had concluded, the procession resumed its route without halting again till it reached the great gate of St. Canice's, where David Rothe, bishop of Ossory, surrounded by all the minor officers of his cathedral, some bearing lighted torches, others incense and holy water, stood waiting the arrival of the nunzio. After mutual salutation the bishop handed him the aspersorium and incense; and then they both proceeded to the grand altar, from which, after the prayers prescribed for such occasion had been said, the nunzio gave solemn benediction to the vast multitude that crowded the nave and aisles of the holy edifice. Thus met, for the first time, on the threshold and altar-steps of St. Canice's, Rothe and Rinuccini, the one a feeble old man, in the seventy-third year of his age, and twenty-seventh of his episcopacy, spent by marvellous literary toil and incredible hardships; and the other, his junior by some twenty years, hale and fresh from his archiepiscopal principality of Fermo, and knowing nothing of persecution for religion's sake, save what he had learnt of it in the lives of the saints, or from the glowing frescos that decorated the walls of Italian churches. Could it have occurred to either of these high dignitaries that they were one day to part irreconcileable opponents, and that the point of divergence for both was to be that very altar at whose foot they now knelt together, thanking God for favours given, and supplicating him to send the spirit of peace and concord into the hearts and councils of the half-emancipated Irish Catholics? Some there were, indeed, witnesses of this function who augured little good could accrue to Ireland from the presence and overbearing influence of the Florentine patrician-prelate at such a crisis in their country's destiny; but there were many who believed that he, and he alone, had the wisdom that could save the people from ruin; and so thoroughly were they convinced of this, that, when all was lost, they attributed failure and defeat to the obstinacy of those who slighted his advice and repudiated his policy. The bishop of Ossory, however, far from sharing the sentiments of the latter, entertained views totally different, and lived long enough to see the metropolis of his diocese surrendered to Cromwell; but not long enough, unfortunately, to add to his published works a fair and impartial statement of the

causes that brought about such a terrible and irretreivable calamity.

The family from which this prelate descended was one of respectable antiquity in the city of Kilkenny, where they held the position of opulent merchants early in the fifteenth century, and for many generations afterwards. Indeed, it is likely enough that the first of them came to Kilkenny with the first of the Butlers, and established himself there under the protection of that puissant lord; but be that as it may, there is evidence to show that his descendants were ever faithful and devoted retainers of the great house of Ormond. David, whose works were destined to elevate and perpetuate the name of his progenitors and kindred, and whose chequered life—extending over so considerable a portion of the first half of the seventeenth century—would be sufficient to interest us without his celebrity as a writer, was born in Kilkenny, in 1572, a year memorable in Irish annals for the stout resistance of the Geraldines in the south, and the de Burgos in the western province, to Perrot, Fitton, and other armed preachers of the Reformation.

David and his brother Edward, sole survivors of eight children, were left orphans when very young; but owing to the thrifty management of their guardians, they were amply provided for on reaching man's estate. Edward devoted himself to commercial pursuits, and David resolved to embrace the ecclesiastical profession. There can be little doubt that the latter received the earliest rudiments of education in his native city; and it is quite certain that he repaired to the college of Douay for the study of Greek and philosophy. Having distinguished himself there, he removed to Salamanca, where, on attaining canonical age, he was ordained priest, after being promoted to the degree of doctor in civil and canon law, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of the Spanish language. It would appear that he tarried a long time abroad, for, if we may credit a brief notice of him, written by the celebrated John Lynch, he did not return to Ireland till 1610, when he had completed his thirty-eighth year. Long, however, before he set out for home, the fame of his prudence and extensive acquirements had reached the ears of Paul V., who, on the suggestion of Maffeo Barberini, appointed him prothonotary-apostolic, vicar-general of Armagh, in the absence of Peter

Lombard, then an exile at Rome, and, furthermore, empowered him to arbitrate summarily on certain subjects, concerning which the Irish clergy, regular and secular, were then at variance.

Honoured with such signal proofs of the pope's esteem, Rothe reached Kilkenny, just three years after the memorable flight of the earls, the apprehension of whose return with an invading force, gave Sir Arthur Chichester, then lord deputy, so many plausible pretexts for persecuting the Catholics, and their dignitaries especially, who were regarded as emissaries sent by Rome to stimulate disloyalty and rebellion in Ireland. How disguised, or from which of the Irish ports Rothe made his way to his native city has not transpired, but, doubtless, he must have been aided by more than ordinarily favourable circumstances in eluding the keen vigilance of the deputy, who knew well that he stood high in the good graces of Paul V.

At the period of Rothe's arrival, the see of Ossory was vacant, for Strong, its late bishop, banned and exiled from Ireland for non-conformity, had died in Compostella, and as it were, to heighten the misery of the people thus deprived of a chief pastor, Sir Arthur Chichester was carrying out the iniquitous policy of James I., hunting down the "papists," enriching himself with their confiscated lands, and scattering, at the sword's point, whenever he found it safe to do so, the congregations assembled for the celebration of Mass. Kilkenny was more than once the scene of these flagrant outrages; but, happily for the citizens, the house of Ormond had not yet entirely apostatized, and many of its members still adhered to the ancient religion, and protected its worshippers.

Rothe, we need hardly say, was kindly regarded by lord Mountgarret and Richard Butler, both sincere Catholics, and their interposition enabled him to live in comparative ease, and to discharge, though with greatest circumspection, the onerous duties of his calling. Zealous in the fulfilment of all priestly offices, and labouring earnestly for the spiritual welfare of the faithful of Kilkenny, he, at the same time, was an attentive observer of passing events, and took special care to note down all the atrocities which Chichester was perpetrating on the oppressed and plundered Catholics. It was in the very year of Rothe's return to Ireland that O'Deveny, bishop of Down and Connor, was committed

prisoner to Dublin Castle; and, although the latter was guarded with lynx-eyed vigilance while waiting the mockery of trial, Rothe, nevertheless, contrived to maintain a secret correspondence with him, and to obtain from him some valuable notices which he had written of those Irish archbishops, bishops, priests, and laymen, who were either executed or outlawed during the reign of Elizabeth, on fictitious charges of high treason, but in reality refusing to take the oath of supremacy. These notices, or, as the bishop of Down styled them, "Index Martyrialis," suggested to Rothe the idea of a grand work on that terrible persecution, and he at once set about compiling it from the fragments which had thus luckily come into his hands, and also from the oral testimony of many then living, who retained distinct recollection of each and every one of those who figured prominently, the persecutor and persecuted, in that bloody and disgusting drama. While actively engaged on this remarkable undertaking, he received letters from the holy see, commending his zeal and prudence, and constituting him arbitrator between O'Kearney, archbishop of Cashel and Paul Ragget, prior of the Cistertian monastery of Holy Cross, who were at issue on some points of privilege, and had frequently appealed to Rome for the settlement of their pretentions. Rothe, however, reconciled the litigants, and so pleased were Maffeo Barberini and cardinal Veralli, protector of Ireland, with the tact and address he exhibited in dealing with a matter requiring so much moderation and judgment, that they both wrote to congratulate him on the result, signifying at the same time that Paul V. had been fully informed of his efficiency and discrimination. It is almost unnecessary to observe, that his conduct on this occasion secured for him at Rome two most powerful patrons, one of whom, Barberini, was a distinguished poet and generous patron of literary men, and afterwards ascended the Papal throne as Urban VIII.

We have already alluded to the work which he projected with a view to perpetuate the names of the distinguished men who suffered for religion during Elizabeth's reign; but it would appear that long before applying himself to that most important undertaking, he had commenced to write an Ecclesiastical history of Ireland, from the first introduction of christianity down to his own times, taking in all those stirring events in which he himself was destined

to figure so conspicuously. That he did not contemplate the publication of this work during his own lifetime is quite certain, for we are informed by one of his most intimate friends, that he devoted fifty years to its compilation, and left it ready for the press some few months before his death. Of its ultimate fate we will have occasion to speak hereafter.

Another work of kindred character to which he gave many of his leisure hours was that which he styled "Hierographia Sacra Hiberniæ," or a general ecclesiastical survey of Ireland, commencing with the history of Kilkenny, and comprising notices of Irish saints, cathedrals, shrines, dioceses, places of pilgrimage, anchorets, early seats of learning, holy wells, rural deaneries—in a word, a series of essays on Irish archæology, the great value of which is apparent from the few fragments that have been preserved through the agency of transcribers. That Rothe did not intend the "Hierographia" should be a posthumous production there can be no doubt, for after labouring at it in a desultory manner for nearly twenty-one years, he placed the introductory portion of it in the hands of a Waterford printer, with a view to its publication, but owing probably to the distraction of the times, it was not destined to issue from the press.

Reverting to the remarkable work, which we have already stated, was suggested by O'Deveny's memoranda, and which Rothe published under the title of "Analecta" (Collections), and the *pseudonym* "T. N. Philadelphus," the reader should know that he divided into three parts, each of which has a special scope. In the first, he describes the terrible sufferings to which the Catholics were subjected during six months of Chichester's deputyship. The second he evidently meant for an exhortation to martyrdom, for it is addressed to those who were either already marked out for that ordeal, or might, perhaps, have to confess their faith in the face of persecution; and the third, and by far the most important part, he devoted to the history and vindication of those distinguished members of the Irish hierarchy, clergy, and laity who suffered for religion on the scaffold, in the dungeon, or in exile during the reign of Elizabeth, and that of James I. There is some difficulty about fixing the exact time when the *two first parts* of the "Analecta" were published; but as

Rothe dedicated them to O'Deveny, who was executed in 1611, it is probable that these parts were either going through the press, or had already appeared some time antecedently to the bishop's death. Indeed, there can hardly be any doubt on this subject; for the title to the copy published in 1617 sets forth that it was a *second* edition, enlarged and illustrated with notes; and Ware, whose authority on such matters is unquestionable, says that "it was formerly printed," thus intimating that there must have been another and still earlier issue of the same work. Our motive in dwelling at such length on this particular is to enable the reader to form some idea of the earnestness with which Rothe applied himself to his task, and to show how energetically he laboured at it, in the midst of multiplied dangers, and the incessant duties of the priesthood, which, in those evil times, afforded little or no opportunity for the amenities of literature. As for the third part of the "Analecta," which deserves a more special notice, we will have occasion to speak of it hereafter.

Meanwhile, Rothe had the satisfaction of receiving from cardinal Veralli, various letters, in which the latter signified to him, that the holy see was highly pleased with his conduct as vicar-general of Armagh: and still more so, if possible, with the prudence and zeal he exhibited as prothonotary-apostolic in his own native diocese, where, owing to his firmness nnd moderation, the clergy, secular and regular, worked together in harmony, and renounced those mutual rivalries and pretensions which had hitherto been productive of many lamentable results. Constant and indefatigable in the discharge of all sacred duties, and always acting with gravest circumspection, it was his good fortune to elude the toils which were spread for him by the spies and delators of the lord deputy, who did not deem it politic to offend such personages as Mountgarret and Richard Butler, by laying violent hands on their *protégé*.

Towards the close of 1615, Chichester was recalled, and the king appointed, as his successor, Oliver St. John, subsequently viscount Grandison, who had special charge to enforce the oath of supremacy and attendance of "Recusants" in the Protestant churches, under pain of imprisonment or heavy fines. Chichester, it is true, had already been instrumental in carrying out similar instructions; but being mainly intent on enriching himself, he was less

fanatical than his successor, who, some days before his installation, declared in the hearing of many, that in the course of a few years he would not leave a single "papist" in Ireland. Doubtless he meant what he said; for within six months after his accession to office, the prisons of Dublin and those of the provincial towns were overcrowded with Catholics, who either refused to swear the oath of supremacy, or were too poor to pay the fine which was levied on all those who absented themselves from the Protestant service. As it is not our province to enter into a detail of the hardships which the Catholics had to bear during Oliver St. John's deputyship, we will merely observe that that personage was not exceeded by any of his predecessors in bigotry, intolerance, and utter disregard of all forms of justice. Rothe, it would appear, had the manliness to protest against the iniquitous conduct of his agents in Kilkenny, where the craftsman was often obliged *to forsake his work to escape the collectors of the non-attendance fine*; and where a crowd could rarely assemble to extinguish the fires, which, it seems, were then of frequent occurrence in that city, without having their charitable labours interrupted by the gatherers of the odious impost. Finding, however, that this remonstrance was of no avail, Rothe published in English and Spanish, a lengthened statement of the deputy's cruel oppression of the Irish Catholics, in the hope, we may presume, of enlisting the sympathy of their English co-religionists; or what was of greater moment, the merciful interposition of Spain or some other Catholic continental power. We will not venture to assert that king James was at all influenced by this bold denunciation of his deputy; but it is certain that the latter received fresh instructions, in which he was charged to deal more leniently with the poorer order of the "papists," and to reserve all his higher powers for the extirpation, if possible, of their bishops and other dignitaries. The king, indeed, was constantly haunted by the dread of an Irish insurrection, which might be aided from abroad, and this show of affected clemency was probably suggested by that apprehension. The deputy was well aware of his master's motives, and he consequently pursued the line of conduct which he knew would be sure to please him. Thenceforth the oath of supremacy was not so generally demanded of "Recusants," the poorer classes of whom were treated

with indifference or forbearance. The fines for non-compliance with the act of conformity were not so frequently levied, and the Mass-houses, as they were contemptuously styled, were seldom visited by those impious ruffians, who, in their affected zeal, deemed it nowise dishonest to pillage an altar, or to slay, if they were so minded, the worshippers who knelt in its presence. This clemency, however, was not extended to popish bishops and other dignitaries of the Church; and as Rothe belonged to the latter category, and had incurred the deputy's marked displeasure, his friends counselled him to remove to France till some new phase in European politics might induce the king to deal more favourably with the Irish Catholics.

It is not in our power to fix the exact time of Rothe's departure from Ireland; but it would appear that he was in Paris towards the close of 1617, and that he brought with him those unfinished works at which he had been labouring so long and indefatigably, with a view of continuing them in his tranquil retirement. On reaching the French capital, where he was hospitably entertained by a wealthy citizen named Escalopier, he was induced to preach the panegyric of St. Brigid, and so eloquently and learnedly did he acquit himself, that his generous patron requested him to give a Latin version of the discourse, enlarged and amply annotated. To this he willingly consented; but as he was actively engaged in completing the third part of the "Analecta," the former did not appear till after Escalopier's death, when he dedicated it to his sons, Raymond and Balthazzar, as a grateful tribute to the memory of their father.

In the same city he met a kindred spirit, Messingham, rector of the Irish college, who was then compiling the work known as "Florilegium Insulæ Sanctorum," or Garland of Irish saints; and, at the request of that author, he contributed the dissertation "De Nominibus Hiberniæ," to prove that Ireland was called *Scotia*, and the Irish *Scoti*, or Scots, from the fourth to the thirteenth century. To his learned liberality, Messingham was also indebted for the Elucidations to Jocelin's "Life of St. Patrick," which were also inserted in the Florilegium, and gracefully acknowledged by the editor, who tells us that Rothe "was thoroughly familiar with every department of knowledge,

an eloquent orator, acute reasoner, profound theologian, sharp reprover of vice, defender of ecclesiastical liberty, vindicator of his country's rights, and faithful exponent of her terrible wrongs."

While thus engaged earning for himself a celebrity that raised him so far above the level of his Irish contemporaries, Paul V., at the instance of Cardinal Veralli, and in consideration of the eminent services he had rendered to religion as a missionary priest and cultivator of literature, resolved to promote him to the vacant see of Ossory. The pope's announcement was made in a consistory held in October, 1618, and in the course of a few months afterwards Rothe was duly consecrated at Paris, just as he had entered on the forty-sixth year of his age.

There can hardly be any doubt that he returned to Ireland immediately after his elevation to the episcopacy, for, if we may rely on a memorandum of the "popish clergy," which was presented to the government in 1618, Rothe was then in Kilkenny, in his capacity of "titular bishop," often staying with his brother Edward, in the well-known house at Wolf's Arch, and occasionally with lord Mountgarret, in that nobleman's mansion at Balline. Friends and protectors he had many, but it is quite apparent that the Irish executive kept strict watch on his movements, and was well aware of his haunts and harbourers.

The dignity, too, to which he was so deservedly raised, exposed him to greater risks than any he could have encountered while acting as a simple missionary priest, and discharging the duties of vicar-general of Armagh; but his prudence and circumspection, to say nothing of the patronage of the Catholic members of the house of Ormond, enabled him to live in comparative tranquility, and to perform, unostentatiously, the various functions of his episcopal office. In fact, we may regard him as filling at the same time two bishoprics; for, along with his own see of Ossory, he had also to govern that of Armagh, in the capacity of vice-primate to Peter Lombard. In managing the affairs of the primatial see, however, he was efficiently aided by Balthazzar Delahyde, whom he appointed vicar-general, and, notwithstanding the compulsory absence of the learned Lombard, so often denounced by the English cabinet, the persecuted and plundered Catholics of Ulster

were taught to cling with unchanging fidelity to the creed of their forefathers. Within the limits of his own immediate jurisdiction Rothe exerted himself unsparingly, correcting abuses prevalent among clergy and laity, exhorting the former to prove themselves men of zeal and learning, fit to guide their flocks by word and example; and visiting with condign punishment the few of the latter, who, through apprehension of loss or love of gain had fallen away from the faith, and died in apostasy and final impenitence. To such he not only interdicted the rites of Christian sepulture, but even interment in the cemeteries of his diocese, in order that the wavering and dissolute might have timely warning, and be inspired with a salutary dread of an unhallowed grave, for whose tenant it would be impiety to shed a tear or say a prayer.

In the midst of the multiplied cares and responsibilities which had now devolved on him, Rothe, far from discontinuing his literary labours, toiled, it would seem, still more energetically and rapidly at his favourite pursuit; so much so, that in the course of two years after his installation, he had the satisfaction of completing three volumes, all of which prove that he was a man of singular industry and great critical ability.

In 1619 he gave to the world the third part of the Analecta, and in designating this the most important of Rothe's published works, we do not exaggerate its value; for, indeed, nothing could be more painfully circumstantial or historically accurate than the memoirs it contains of Creagh, archbishop of Armagh, O'Hurly, archbishop of Cashel, O'Hirlathy, bishop of Ross, and O'Deveny, of Down and Connor, all of whom, with one exception, were put to death for religion. The importance of this production was, if possible, heightened by the appendix he added to it, under the title of "Diasphendon Hiberniæ," or, in other words, the Dismemberment of Ireland, in which he likens the condition of the Catholic church to that of a human body, bound between two trees, brought forcibly in contact, and rent asunder by their violent resilience. This strange title was suggested by a passage in Livius Florus, and Rothe employed the figure of the two trees to represent the pressure of the two acts of parliament, respecting the oath of supremacy and liturgical conformity. As we will have occasion to revert to this work, we cannot dismiss this brief

notice of it without mentioning that both volumes of the "Analecta" were published at the expense of lord Mountgarret.

The volume on St. Brigid, with its exhortation to martyrdom, addressed to Irish students, then in ecclesiastical seminaries, and its strictures on Dempster's misrepresentations, appeared, as we have already stated, at Paris, in 1620; and in the year immediately following, he published, simultaneously at Rouen and Cologne, the work entitled "Hibernia Resurgens," or "Preservative against the bite of the old Serpent," in which he exposes the fallacies and plagiarisms of Dempster, the celebrated Scotch philologist, who strove to rob Ireland of her early saints, by making them denizens of his own country. This latter work appeared under the pseudonym of Donatus Roirk.

Having now laid before the reader a list of Rothe's *published* works, it is necessary to observe that the "Analecta," the third part of it especially, was impugned, in 1624, by Sir Thomas Ryves, in his book, entitled, "Regiminis Anglicani Defensio," and also by Harris, in his "Writers of Ireland," both of whom charge Rothe with having misrepresented the characters and motives of those distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen who were put to death in the reign of Elizabeth and James I. Rothe asserts that they were martyrs to their faith, which they sealed with their blood, and Ryves, Harris, and Cox would have it appear they one and all were executed for high treason. Rothe wrote a reply to Ryves, but, unfortunately, it remained unpublished, and shared the fate of his other manuscripts. Nevertheless, the gratuitous statements of Ryves and Harris are amply refuted in the "Analecta," and more so, if possible, in the *official* documents relating to those victims of intolerance and bigotry which have recently come to light from the State Paper, and other public repositories.

Had Ryves and Harris taken the trouble to look into those historic records, it is possible that neither of them would have been so dishonest as to attempt to justify the slaughter of innocent men, by charging them with treason, of which no tribunal, having the fear of God before its eyes, could have convicted a single one of them. Who, for example, could have been more loyal to queen Elizabeth

than the unfortunate Creagh, archbishop of Armagh, or who could have done more to curb the wild impetuosity of Shane O'Neill than he did? In fact, Creagh's letter from his prison in the tower of London, to the lords of the privy council, shows that he regarded Ulster as "a barbarous country," and that he did not hesitate to denounce Shane O'Neill to his face in the cathedral of Armagh, and by doing so incurred the hostility of that proud chieftain, who five days afterwards set fire to the venerable edifice, and burnt it to the ground. Shane's threats could not shake Creagh's allegiance to his "*natural* princess," as he styles queen Elizabeth, nor could the tempting offer "of enjoying more of Ulster commodities than ever did any archbishop there since St. Patrick's time," induce him to sanction Shane's fierce inroads "*on her majesty's heretic subjects of the Pale.*" Archbishop Creagh, in fact, cursed (excommunicated) him in the open field, refused to be the bearer of his letters to the king of Spain, communicated to the deputies Sussex and Sydney all that he could learn of his preparations "for burning, killing, and spoiling the English pale, according to his cursed custom;" and had finally to get out of Ulster as best he could, to escape the terrible consequences of his fidelity to the English crown. And yet this learned prelate, so pious and submissive, who concludes all his appeals to the mercy of the privy council by "wishing her majesty and all the realm as much wealth and prosperity of soul and body as ever had any prince or realm," was for no crime of his, but solely for "his hindering the archbishop of Dublin's godly endeavours to promote the reformation," sent from the castle of Dublin to the tower of London, where, after many years of unparalleled miseries, he died of poison given him by his keeper. Who can doubt that Creagh might at any moment have advanced himself to honours and wealth had he been disposed to compromise his soul by subscribing the queen's supremacy; or who that has read Rothe's vivid sketch of his sufferings in the foul dungeons of Dublin castle and London tower, can refuse him the well-earned title of martyr?

Nor does the charge of treason by which Ryves and Harris would justify the execution of O'Hurly, archbishop of Cashel, rest on any other foundation than most gratuitous assertion. Indeed the official correspondence of the chief actors in that revolting tragedy shows he had no political

mission from Rome or Spain, and that his death, with all its horrible concomitants, was brought about by Loftus, who could neither win him over to the reformed religion, nor induce him to countenance it. Betrayed by Fleming, baron of Slane, who subsequently figures in a letter of the deputy, sir William Fitzwilliams to Burghley, as "a person well affected towards her majesty's service," and whose kinsman (of the same name) undertook, in consideration of a bribe from Burghley, to *assassinate* Hugh, earl of Tyrone, O'Hurly was flung into the prison of Dublin castle in October, 1583, and detained there till July of the following year, under hard restraint, and deprived of ordinary comforts. The charge on which he was arrested was alleged treason committed in foreign parts; and the Irish crown-lawyers, taking this into consideration, and doubting whether he could be found guilty, the law not stretching in this particular so far as it did in England, resolved, as he had neither lands nor goods, that he should be executed by *martial* law rather than *by an ordinary trial*.

Foreseeing what his fate would be if arraigned before such a tribunal, twenty-four burgesses of Dublin, availing themselves of a statute passed in the reign of Edward IV., memorialized to have him delivered to them on bail, in order that he might have the benefit of the common law, to which, as a civilian, he was fully entitled. But their application was refused, and the lords justices wrote to London for instruments of torture wherewith to force their victim into a confession of guilt, as the only evidence against him was one Barnwell, who had been with him at Rome, and who had made his peace with the government by renouncing popery, and conforming to the new religion. That O'Hurly could have saved himself by following the same course is quite certain; but he would not. Consequently, the only alternative left him was a revolting death, preceded by agonizing torture, concerning which Adam Loftus and Sir H. Wallop, in their letter to sir Francis Walsingham, wrote thus: "We made commissions to Mr. Waterhouse and secretary Fenton *to put him* (O'Hurly) *to the torture, such as your honour advised us, which was to toast his feet against the fire with hot boots.*" This diabolical proceeding was quickly followed by the court-martial; for archbishop Loftus was apprehensive that his victim

might escape him on Perrot's accession to the deputyship. In order, therefore, to deprive the prisoner of every chance, either of life, or of a new trial by ordinary law, he caused him to be put to death just two days before he vacated the office of lord justice, as he himself tells us in his official report, from which we make the following extract:

"We thought meet, according to our direction, to proceed with him by court-martial, and for our farewell, two days before we delivered over the sword, being the 19th of June, we gave warrant to the knight-marshal, in her majesty's name, to do execution on him, Hurley, which accordingly was performed, and thereby the realm well rid of a most pestilent member, who was in an assured expectation of some means to be wrought for his enlargement, if he might have found that favour to have had his time prolonged to *the end of our government.*"

Assuredly, then, the charge of treason against O'Hurly was not sustained by any reliable evidence; and the very fact of killing by sentence of court-martial in a country governed by law, was nothing short of warfare, in which justice seldom or never has any part. Was not Rothe, therefore justified in styling him a martyr; nay, and the most distinguished of those singularly great men, whose tribulations, constancy, and triumphs shall live for ever more in the pages he has consecrated to their memories? As to O'Deveny and others who perished on the scaffold, as Rothe describes, we have incontestible evidence that they were done to death by corrupt judges, perjured witnesses, and jurors, designedly empanelled for their destruction. Writers like sir Thomas Ryves, indeed, never will be wanting to vilify the characters and motives of catholics of every grade, and especially of those who were sacrificed to lawless tyranny and fanaticism; but history will eventually vindicate their fame; and many a document that has lain for ages in the dust of public and private archives will turn up to confute and silence their unscrupulous slanderers. As for the "Analecta," which has led us into this long digression, we may remark, that it had considerable circulation on the continent, and that O'Sullivan, when writing his "Historia Catholica," borrowed largely from its pages. It is almost superfluous to add that such a work was well calculated to excite the sympathy of foreign Catholics for their Irish co-relgionists.

Resuming our notices of Rothe's government of the see of Ossory, we may state that, although obliged to act with extremest caution during the latter years of Oliver St. John's deputyship, he, nevertheless gave ample proof of unwearied zeal and great administrative ability. Like most of his contemporary prelates, he was often compelled to hold confirmations in the woods and on the hill-sides, and to celebrate the divine mysteries in the open air or under the roof of a shieling improvised for the occasion. The people, however, who knelt before that rude altar, or listened to his exhortations in some secluded glen, respected him as much as if he had been addressing them from the pulpit of St. Canice's; for they not only venerated him in his episcopal character, but also for those extraneous endowments which had rendered his name famous among the celebrities of the time. At length, on the accession of lord Falkland, when the enforcement of the penal statutes began to be somewhat relaxed, he availed himself of such favourable opportunity, to hold frequent synods of the clergy, in which he enacted disciplinary laws for their guidance, and originated an association, the grand object of which was to allay dissensions and unite the entire body of the Irish priesthood, regular and secular, in harmonious action for the preservation of the people and their ancient faith.

Onerous, however, and exacting as his episcopal duties must have been, it would appear that he did not abate his application to literature, for he devoted all his leisure to the completion of the "Hierographia," and the "Ecclesiastical History," of which we have already made mention. Such pursuits naturally involve the additional labour of extensive correspondence with learned men at home and abroad; and it is pleasing to be able to record, that the celebrated Ussher not only communicated with him through the medium of letters, but acknowledged himself indebted to his erudition and research. Rothe recognised the catholicism of genius, and respected it wherever it appeared; so much so, that the protestant archbishop of Armagh, on consulting him either about disputed dates or excerpta which Rothe had made from manuscripts in continental libraries, had no difficulty in obtaining the desired information. Indeed, it is likely enough that Ussher borrowed from him some folios of the "Hierographia," and took from that work the verses on St. Livinus, which he has inserted in the "Sylloge," and grace-

fully acknowledged thus: "These elegiac stanzas, glossed by Rosweyd, were communicated to me by Rothe, a most diligent investigator of his country's antiquities." The same kindly relations were maintained by those singularly eminent men while Ussher was engaged on his "Primordia," in which he elegantly compliments Rothe, from whose works, published and unpublished, as he tells us, he had derived very great assistance. How creditable to him were such encomiums, at such a time and from such a man as Ussher, whose writings shall always command the homage of those who respect great genius and learning of the most extensive order!

While engaged on such congenial pursuits, it would appear that Rothe had to interpose his episcopal authority in deciding some unseemly disputes between the regular and secular clergy, who were once again at issue about their respective privileges, and for the final settlement of which he was obliged to invoke the aid of Maurice Ultan, provincial of the Franciscans, whose name figures in the authentication prefixed to the autograph copy of the Four Masters. Ultan, as became him, acquiesced in the bishop's arbitration, and gave a written promise that there should not be a repetition of the abuse laid to the charge of some overbold members of his order, the chief of whom he relegated to Spain to do penance for his error. It is almost superfluous to state, that Rothe was present in the synod convened by Fleming, archbishop of Dublin, at Tyrcroghan, in 1635, and also in the still more important one held in the metropolis of his own diocese, in 1640. On these momentous occasions he took a leading part, for he was justly regarded as the most learned of the Irish prelacy, and foremost among those who had done greatest services to religion and country.

In the year immediately following, known as that of the great Irish rebellion, Rothe exerted all his influence to prevent the effusion of blood and aggression on the lives and properties of protestants, many of whom found refuge from violence in the house of his brother, then one of the wealthiest merchants in Kilkenny. When, however, the Irish prelates and lay lords commenced to organise the Confederation, Rothe made a conspicuous figure in all their earliest deliberations, which were held under his own roof, where he entertained the prelates while they were debating the question of the justness of a sanguinary struggle for religion,

life, and loyalty. This question, it would appear, had its opponents as well as advocates among the bishops; but when it was submitted to Rothe for his decision, he at once declared that a war undertaken for the king, the abolition of penal enactments, and restitution of the churches to the Catholics was according to all recognised laws, not only just but obligatory in the eyes of God and man. This pronouncement, from one whose age, learning, and wisdom entitled him to be regarded as an irrefragable authority, removed all doubt from the minds of the dissentient few, and caused them to subscribe the opinion of the majority. The revolution thus suddenly effected raised him to the rank of spiritual peer, and as such he took his place in the upper house of the confederates after they had established their parliament in 1642. At that period he had reached the seventieth year of his age and twenty-fourth of his episcopacy; and we may readily imagine with what feelings he must have looked back on the long and dreary interval through which he had to pass before attaining a dignity so exalted, and, in all likelihood, never anticipated.

One of the first acts of the confederate government was to acknowledge Rothe rightful bishop of Ossory. As such he entered into possession of the see and its temporalities, which had been vacated by Williams, the protestant prelate, who fled on the first outbreak of the insurrection. Strange, however, as it may seem, he could not be induced to take up his abode in the episcopal palace, and it was with reluctance he ultimately consented to exchange his brother's house for that of the Deanery; where, on the 11th October, 1642, being St. Canice's day, the mayor of the Irishtown was, according to old usage, duly sworn in his presence. The Deanery was thenceforth the place of his constant residence. His next public act was to reconcile or rehabilitate the cathedral of St. Canice for the Catholic service, and he accordingly performed this ceremony with great pomp in presence of many prelates and members of the supreme council, foremost among whom were his old friends and protectors, lord Mountgarret and Richard Butler. Sadly, indeed, had that venerable edifice suffered during the intrusion of Bayle, so properly styled by Rothe, "Iconoclastes ganeo," drunken iconoclast, who hewed down the altars, smashed the sculptured images, and made away with the gold and silver utensils of the sanctuary.

To repair such wanton outrages on objects venerated by religion and art, and to replace the sacred furniture sacrilegiously purloined, was Rothe's most cherished aim, and as soon as he had accomplished it, he caused a fair monument to be erected in St. Mary's chapel, with an inscription, doubtless composed by himself, to record the period at which the cathedral was restored to its pristine uses, and to mark the spot in which he hoped—how vainly!—that his bones might one day rest in peace. In connexion with this subject we may not omit to mention, that he introduced a novel regulation respecting those who were to have pastoral charge of St. Canice's parish; for he limited their tenure of office to three, and in no instance allowed it to exceed six months, in order that the people might be properly cared for, and the pastors themselves should have ample time for prayerful retirement.

Mainly intent on his episcopal duties, Rothe seldom took part in the political debates of his compeers in the supreme council, but whenever he did, his words fell with great force on all parties, for he was universally respected for his judgment and moderation. His affability, varied learning, and wonderful conversational powers, charmed all who approached him or partook of his frugal board; and so liberal was he of the revenues of his diocese, that he seldom or never was master of a hundred pounds, for he expended all he received in alms to the poor, purchase of altar requirements for his cathedral, and books, of which he was singularly fond.

As for the clergy who had the happiness of living under such a guide and chief, we might easily fancy that their character was all that could be desired; but, fortunately, there is no room for conjecture on this point, since we have it on the authority of one who was intimately acquainted with both, that the priests of Ossory, those of Kilkenny especially, were, at the time of the nunzio's arrival, not only zealous and laborious, but models to their confreres throughout Ireland. "Living in community," says Lynch, "they cultivated learning, were remarkable for their piety, and reflected many of the high attributes of their bishop; so much so, that, when Rinuccini entered Kilkenny, he found there a cathedral properly served by priests who might have been equalled but could not have been excelled by those of his own city of Fermo."

At that time, however, Rothe, as we have stated, was in feeble health and afflicted with all those physical infirmities that usually accompany the decline of a long life spent in the performance of laborious duties and unwearied application to literary pursuits. Withal, his mental vitality, far from being exhausted or impaired, was both vigorous and elastic, and although the nature of his maladies prevented him taking part in the debates of the confederate assembly, his opinions on all controverted issues of policy were invariably heard with respectful attention by the members of both houses, all of whom gave him credit for profound judgment and matured wisdom. Nevertheless, it must be admitted, that he vacillated in his views, and endeavoured to balance himself, as it were, between the two parties into which the confederates resolved themselves soon after Rinuccini's arrival in Ireland. In fact, Rothe not only adopted the policy which that dignitary propounded in the congregation of the clergy at Waterford, in 1646, but threatened to place Kilkenny and its suburbs under interdict in case the inhabitants should declare themselves satisfied with the articles which lord Ormond granted to the Catholics. Two years afterwards, however, Rothe either changed or modified his views and went over to the party of his old friends, lord Mountgarret and Richard Butler. In the meantime his inability to perform episcopal functions became so apparent that the nunzio wrote to Rome, stating that "the aged bishop was so weak as to be hardly able to leave his chamber," and praying that Bartholomew Archer, a native of Kilkenny, then in France, and almoner to the duchess of Orleans, might be appointed coadjutor in the see of Ossory. How this recommendation was received by the holy see we are not informed; but the nunzio wrote again in the course of a few months afterwards to have it superseded. It was, probably, at this period that Rothe wrote a small work entited, "*Samaritanus præscribens remedia Hiberniæ*," with the view, it may be conjectured, of reconciling the conflicting parties in the confederate assembly. This work, however, did not appear in print, and was destined to share the fate of other and still more valuable evidences of its author's indefatigable industry.

At length, notwithstanding his great age and many infirmities, Rothe contrived to be present at that final and

fatal debate in which the supreme council of the confederates rejected the nunzio's policy, and declared for the treaty recently concluded with lord Inchiquin. Exasperated by this futile attempt to affect a fusion of parties so heterogeneous and antagonistic, the nunzio immediately issued sentence of interdict and excommunication against all abettors of said compact, and commanded the censures to be observed in every city and town that presumed to declare for the supreme council. Rothe, however, questioned the nunzio's right to pronounce such censures, and sternly refused to close the doors of his churches in the faces of his people or refuse them the consolations of religion. On learning this, Fleming, archbishop of Dublin, wrote to him that he should cause the censures to be observed, but he continued inexorable and refused to comply. The archbishop's letter was written early in June, 1648, and in the course of a few days afterwards, the leading members of the supreme council submitted to Rothe seven queries, touching the validity of the excommunication, with a request that he would assemble all the able divines then in Kilkenny, and have their verdict on said propositions or queries returned with all possible speed. To this Rothe willingly consented, and, in August, following, he delivered his celebrated answer, in which he proved to the satisfaction of the supreme council that the nunzio's excommunication was null and void. This elaborate document, extending over seven-and-twenty folio pages, shows that its author was thoroughly master of canon law, intimately acquainted with sacred and secular history, and deeply versed in the science of statecraft. Let us add that it was the last great effort of his pen, and the consummation of his literary life. It is almost needless to say, that the nunzio was deeply offended by Rothe's conduct in this business of the censures, or that he suggested to the holy see "that the bishop of Ossory should be suspended, *ad libitum pontificis*, from his functions for having refused to observe the interdict, and acted as though he alone were supreme judge in a matter of such weighty moment. The pope, however, did not gratify the nunzio's wish, and Rothe retained possession of his see till one more inexorable than either pontiff or emperor deprived him of it.

During the entire of 1649 Rothe was confined to his chamber a prey to excruciating pain, and unable to take

any part in the proceedings of the prelates who had adopted his views, and placed themselves under his guidance. In such circumstances death, indeed, would have been a welcome visitation, for those who came to his bedside had little else to speak of save massacres perpetrated in Drogheda and Wexford, the probability that Cromwell would march on Kilkenny, and the certain destruction of a whole kingdom divided against itself. To add to his misery, the plague had already appeared in the city, and on learning this, he arose from his bed, and, his feebleness notwithstanding, took measures for the spiritual and temporal consolation of his flock, among whom he declared he would stay till such time as it might please God to remove him either by Puritan's bullet or the less merciful agency of the pestilence which already swept away the greater part of the garrison and reduced it to four hundred men. Even so, the brave heart of the venerable bishop never failed him for a moment at this terrible crisis ; for, instead of escaping from the city as he could have done, he caused himself to be carried in a litter from door to door, in order that he might have the satisfaction of ministering with his own hands relief to those who were struck down by the plague. The mysterious shadows of approaching dissolution were already visible on his pale and wasted features ; and when the dying beheld him borne along in their midst, or looked up to him from their straw pallets while he was pronouncing the last benediction over them, many and many a one derived consolation from the thought that the pastor would not tarry long behind his flock.

It was on the 22nd March, 1650, that Cromwell appeared before Kilkenny, and summoned its garrison to surrender. Sir Walter Butler, however, notwithstanding the smalless of the force at his command, resolved that the city should not fall without an effort to maintain it. But despite the heroic resistance which he and his four hundred men offered to the besiegers, he was obliged to capitulate in less than six days. The terms of surrender were negotiated on the 26th March, and Edward Rothe, the bishop's brother, was nominated by sir Walter Butler one of the four commissioners appointed to see the treaty duly carried out ; he himself, Rothe, remaining a hostage in Cromwell's camp for its fulfilment. Among other stipulations entered into on this occasion, there was one which especially regarded

the clergy; for when that subject was mooted to Cromwell, he sent a written answer to sir Walter Butler, couched in his usual laconic style, but, withal, satisfactory enough, if we consider that he might have dealt as he pleased with the city and its inhabitants. "*As for your clergy as you call them*,"—so ran Cromwell's reply—"*in case you agree to a surrender they shall march away safely with their goods; but if they fall otherwise into my hands I believe they know what to expect from me.*" Availing himself of this saving clause, the bishop left the city on the 28th, with the remnant of the brave garrison; but he had not gone more than half a mile outside the walls when his carriage was set upon by some stragglers of Cromwell's army, who arrested and robbed him on the spot of one hundred pounds, all that he possessed. Intelligence of his capture was immediately conveyed to Cromwell, and in justice to the latter it must be told, that he gave permission to have him brought back to the city, and handed over to his kinsfolk, who were then, we may suppose, residing in the family mansion in Wolf's Arch. There surrounded by his sorrowing friends, he lingered slowly till the 20th of April, when, after receiving all the comforts of religion, he resigned his soul to God. Strange as it may seem, when we reflect on what must have been the state of Kilkenny at that period, it is, nevertheless, certain that Cromwell allowed the obsequies of the deceased bishop to be performed without constraint or interruption; for Lynch tells us, that he was waked by torchlight, and that his remains were deposited in the family vault in St. Mary's church, after the last offices had been duly solemnised by his friends. Indeed, the latter strove to have him interred in St. Canice's, under the monument which he himself had erected there; but owing, propably, to the fact of Axtell's regiment being quartered in the sacred edifice, they were not able to carry out their intentions. Certain is, that Axtell's soldiers destroyed the sumptuous tomb of the Ormond family, and *spared that of Rothe*, which was subsequently treated with less respect by Parry, Protestant bishop of Ossory, whose "ill-judged zeal" has been justly censured by Harris, in his notice of that prelate's life.

As for Rothe's unpublished works, comprising the "Hierographia," "Ecclesiastical History," and "Samaritanus præscribens," etc., they were all either carried

off or destroyed by the Cromwellians who pillaged the Deanery. Happily, however, owing to the research and literary zeal of the reverend James Graves, a highly-gifted clergyman of the established church, a few fragments of the "Hierographia" have been recovered; few, indeed, but more than enough to make us lament that he has not been able to find the missing parts. Perhaps, some more fortunate investigator may, one day, bring those things to light; and this wish we would fain accompany with the hope that a skilful hand will yet do justice to Rothe's biography, and supplement the shortcomings of the present writer.

CHAPTER VII.

Of all the towns which Rinuccini visited during his stay in Ireland, Waterford was the one that impressed him most favourably, and came nearest to his ideal of a Catholic city, whose inhabitants were not only remarkable for their devotedness to the ancient religion, but also for their commercial intercourse with France, Spain, Belgium, and other great emporiums of the time. We may also add that he was thoroughly acquainted with the history of the persecution which the Waterfordians had suffered for the maintenance of their faith at the first attempt to propagate the reformation there; and at a period much nearer his own, when lord Mountjoy disputed with John White and O'Callaghan, the Dominican, about the exact meaning of some abstruse passages of St. Augustine's theology, and ended the controversy by threatening to cut king John's charter with king James's sword, in case the Catholics should insist on the public exercise of their religion and the retention of those old churches which their forefathers had erected to the glory of God and the honour of his saints. Indeed, to such a man as Rinuccini the history of Waterford, during an interval little short of a quarter of a century before his arrival in Ireland, must have presented a series of incidents that could not but excite his admiration for a people who, despite every species of oppression, still clung unswervingly to the old faith, and scornfully rejected that most stupid of all modern dogmas, the king's spiritual headship. Rothe's "Analecta" and O'Sullivan's "Catholic History" were works with which he must have been

familiar, and from these as well as other sources he, doubtless had learned how the mayors and other leading men of Waterford submitted to fine and imprisonment rather than swear the supremacy oath; nay, and for refusing to take it, had been deprived of their charter, and robbed of all municipal privileges and immunities for a term of over nine years. Constancy and fidelity to the Catholic religion in the midst of unmitigated hardships during the reign of James I., and that of his ill-starred son, were the grand characteristics of the citizens of Waterford; and we may, therefore, readily imagine with what feelings of respect and reverence Rinuccini, whose sole and undisguised aim was the absolute triumph of catholicity. But along with these there were other motives which inspired the nunzio with a warm affection, if we may use such a phrase, for a city so heartily devoted to the holy see—motives that were founded on his just appreciation of those eminent ecclesiastics to whom Waterford had given birth, and whose celebrity in the domain of literature was then acknowledged by all the great schools of the continent from Rome to Salamanca. Waterford was the birth-place of Peter Lombard, archbishop of Armagh, with whom the nunzio must have been personally acquainted in the days of Gregory XV., nor can we doubt that he was intimately familiar with the "Memoir of Ireland," which that learned prelate presented to Clement VIII., in order to secure that pontiff's sympathy for Hugh O'Neill, then in arms against queen Elizabeth, and all but king of Ireland from Gweedore to Kinsale-head. How grateful to the nunzio's ear must that euphonious name, Pietro Lombardo, have sounded, and how often must it have reminded him of another Pietro —he of the Sentences—whom Thomas of Aquino pointed out to Dante among the blessed in paradise, crowned and refulgent, for having, like the poor widow in the gospel, given *his all*, the mintage of his great intellect, to the treasury of the church!

But there was another of her citizens of whom Waterford had greater reason to be proud, and that was Luke Wading, whose mother, Anastasia Lombard was near akin to the archbishop, and whose renown, as a man of unparalled erudition, not only reflected honour on the place of his nativity, but raised the character of Ireland in the esteem of the entire continent. A singularly-gifted family, indeed, was

that of the Waddings; for at the period of which we are writing, no less than four of them, all born in Waterford, were filling chairs of divinity and philosophy at Louvain, Prague, Dillingen, and Coimbra. Luke, however, or, as he was familiarly called at Rome, "Padre Luca," inherited a larger amount of talent than fell to the lot of any of his kinsmen; so much so, that, notwithstanding, the claims which each of them has to our respect, they are all outdazed by the splendour of his fame, and seem like so many stars set in the aureole with which religion and science have encircled his head.

Before leaving Rome for the scene of his nunciature, Rinuccini, doubtless, had frequent interviews with father Luke whose intimate knowledge of the condition and resources of the confederate Catholics at that period, entitled him to be regarded as the most reliable authority whom the pope's minister could consult on subjects of such great importance. Without, however, pretending to divine all that may have transpired in the conversations of those two eminent men as they sat together in St. Isodore's, probably in the little chamber where hung the earliest portrait of the great Franciscan, and where he had deposited those priceless relics of Irish literature saved from the universal wreck, we may safely assert that Wadding advised the nunzio to proceed straight to Waterford, and make his first public appearance in that city. That Rinuccini intended to do so is quite certain; but on his way, as we have stated in a former paper, the San Pietro frigate, which bore him and his fortunes, was chased out of her course by an accursed parliament cruizer, and had to run before the wind for the bay of Kenmare. Indeed, there were many reasons which disposed the nunzio to prefer Waterford for the place of his landing, and among the chiefest of these was the cordial greeting with which he knew he would be received there, not only by the great majority of the citizens, but also by the opulent classes, the Waddings, Wises, and Lombards, whose high social position, and zeal for the confederate cause were notorious, not only in Ireland, but at Rome. Then, again, the harbour of Waterford was a very desirable place for taking ashore the specie and arms which he had brought with him to pay and equip the confederate levies; and above all, the strong fort of Duncannon, with its commanding batteries and catholic artillerists, would not only thunder out its sa-

lutes on his arrival, but would afford him what he did not prize less, safe anchorage for his ship, and an open seaboard to maintain correspondence with the continent. But the parliament commodore thwarted his projects, and reduced him to the alternative of making for the Kerry coast. As soon, however, as all peril of being intercepted had passed, the San Pietro made sail for the haven of Waterford, and there dropped anchor right under the guns of Duncannon, which Rinuccini himself tells us was, during his nunciature, of all places in Ireland, the most devoted and loyal to religion and the holy see.

Anxious, however, as the nunzio must have been to present himself to the people of Waterford, he was not able to make his appearance there till February, 1646, that is to say, four months after his arrival in Ireland On approaching the city, accompanied by father Scarampi and others of his retinue, he was met by many of the principal citizens, who presented him with a congratulatory address, and made him an offer of their hospitality. Foremost among the burgesses, who were most courteous to him on this occasion, was Thomas Wadding, father Luke's cousin, a very opulent man, who placed his town residence and suburban villa at his disposal, and entertained him with a series of costly banquets to which all the most distinguished citizens were invited to heighten the *eclat* of the occasion. Thenceforth, whenever Rinuccini visited Waterford, he invariably fixed his residence in Wadding's mansion, and it is unnecessary to say, that while staying there, he never lacked any of those obsequious attentions to which his high and influential position entitled him. Horses and equipages were at his command, and father Luke's kinsman thought he could never do enough to manifest his respect for the pope's minister.

But the grandest fête of all was the reception given him in the ancient cathedral of the holy Trinity, at whose threshold he was met by Patrick Comerford, bishop of Waterford and Lismore, a venerable and learned prelate, whom Rinuccini, in all probability, had met at Rome, but with whose zealous and patriotic character there can be no doubt, he was long and thoroughly acquainted. The function performed on the occasion to which we allude was truly grand, strictly in accordance with what the rubric prescribes for such occasion, and satisfactory to the critical

eye of the nunzio, who, although extremely fastidious about the minutest details of ceremonial, professed himself surprised and edified by the accurate and graceful deportment of the bishop and his subordinates. In fact, Comerford was a prelate modelled according to Rinuccini's ideal—one who was intent on restoring not only the open and untrammelled exercise of religion, but the revival of all its gorgeous accessories—one, in fact, who, had he the power to do so, would have surrounded the altar of his cathedral with a splendour which might have vied with that of St. Peter's, at Rome. In the person of this bishop the nunzio discovered a man who, like himself, was truly in earnest for the absolute triumph of Catholicity, the restoration of the churches to their rightful claimants, and the due observance of the ancient ritual without compromise or curtailment.

Patrick Comerford, or "Quemerford," according to the orthography of the fifteenth century, son of Robert Comerford and Anastasia White, was born in Waterford, about the year 1586, just two years before his eminent friend and fellow-citizen, Luke Wadding, came into the world. Robert, father of the future bishop, was an opulent merchant, and brother to Nicholas Comerford, a distinguished scholar, who, after taking his degree in Oxford, in 1562, returned to his native city, and was there ordained priest. Refusing to conform to the new religion, he was obliged to betake himself to Louvain, where he was honoured with the degree of doctor of divinity in 1575; and leaving the latter city, he proceeded to Madrid, where he joined the Jesuits, and died after having composed various works, which exhibit indubitable marks of a highly cultivated intellect. This simple fact is of itself sufficient evidence of the devotedness of the Comerfords to the ancient faith, but the fragmentary history of the family proves that Anastasia, mother of Patrick, was a constant and faithful friend to the persecuted priests in those days of calamity, when that arch-hypocrite, Miler Magrath, held, along with his numerous pluralities, the see of Waterford and Lismore *in commendam*. Among the priests who partook of Anastasin's shelter and hospitality, there was one Dermot O'Callaghan, whom she selected as tutor for her child, and at this good man's knee young Patrick was initiated in the first rudiments, and prepared for entrance into the cele-

brated school of Kilkenny, of which Peter White was then president. There it was the boy's good fortune to have for his fellow-pupils Peter Lombard, Richard Stanihurst, Luke Wadding, and other celebrities, whose after career was destined to reflect such credit on the "lucky schoolmaster," as Peter White was called. At length, having completed the course of belles-lettres, and made up his mind to adopt ecclesiastical life, Anastasia Comerford, then a widow, resolved to send her boy, in charge of father Dermot O'Callaghan, his first perceptor, to the Irish secular college of Lisbon. Having tarried some time in that establishment, he proceeded to the seminary which de Sourdis, cardinal-archbishop of Bourdeaux, had founded in that city for the education of Irish priests, and there the young lad distinguished himself, not only as a clever humanist, but as an able composer of Latin verses. Owing to weak health, however, he was obliged to quite the vine-clad banks of the Garonne for those of the Suir and Blackwater; but as soon as he found himself reinvigorated, he set out again for Lisbon, and applied himself to the study of philosophy. His success in this department was highly creditable, for he disputed a public thesis, and won the applause of all who witnessed this intellectual tournay. Having completed his philosophical studies, Comerford entered the novitiate of the Austin Hermits in Lisbon, and at the close of the probationary term, his superiors sent him to their convent at Angra, capital of Terceiro, in the Azores, where he professed rhetoric for four years. At the close of that period, he was recalled to Lisbon, where he prosecuted his theological course, and defended a thesis comprising the entire cycle of divinity. His talents were now universally pronounced to be of a high order, and the Austin Hermits of Lisbon had good reason to congratulate themselves on having among them one who, although still very young, was, nevertheless, deemed amply qualified to quit the form of the pupil for the professor's chair in any of the various departments of science which were cultivated at the time.

Having attained his twenty-fourth year in 1610, Comerford was ordained priest, and as his services were required at Brussels, he immediately set out for that city, where, on his arrival, he was advanced to the chair of theology in the school attached to the convent of his order. There can

be no donbt that he spent many years thus employed in the Belgian capital, from which, however, he was summoned towards the close of the pontificate of Paul V., to assist at a general chapter of his order which was held at Rome. Comerford's fame had preceded him, and the pope recognising his merits, resolved that he should not leave the eternal city without receiving substantial evidence of the esteem in which he was held. Little, indeed, could a pontiff do at that period for the *material* advancement of any member of the religious orders in Ireland, where the conventual domains had been so ruthlessly alienated to lay proprietors; but as the latter did not care to invest themselves with the designation of prior or guardian, such titles, albeit honorary, were still in the gift of the supreme head of the Church, who bestowed them as he willed, with the twofold object of protesting against spoliation, and rewarding eminent merit. At the period of which we are writing, the ancient monastery of the Austin Hermits of Callan, founded by James Butler in the fifteenth century, had no prior, and as Paul V. was importuned to collate to the vacancy, he gladly availed himself of the opportunity to testify his appreciation of Father Comerford's worth, by advancing him to a place which although stripped of its temporalities, was still one of great respectability.

Thus honoured, Comerford set out for Ireland; and on passing through Florence, the far-famed Academy della Crusca, enrolled him among its members, and conferred on him the degree of doctor of philology. On reaching his native land he immediately presented himself to Rothe, bishop of Ossory, and that learned prelate welcomed and congratulated him on his appointment to the priory of Callan. The once stately monastery, with its splendid church, was then little better than a mere ruin; but the Austin brotherhood still continued to live in the vicinity, where they toiled energetically for the preservation of the old faith. Lands and revenues they had none, but despite proscription and oppression, the generosity of the persecuted Catholics sustained them, and on many occasions saved them from imprisonment and death. Father Comerford discharged the duties of his office with great zeal during the ten years he held the priory, residing almost constantly with his poor community, and occasionally going to Waterford to console and encourage the faithful

citizens who were still groaning under the vexatious tyranny of penal enactments.

It was during one of those periodical visits that some one told him that a brother of his had been captured by an Algerine cruiser, who carried off his prize to Mogador, where the prisoners were to be sold in the slave market. On hearing this, Father Comerford lost no time in ascertaining all the particulars of the disaster; and having satisfied himself of its truth, he resolved to go to Spain, in order to enlist the aid of the Trinitarian monks, whose grand mission was the redemption of captives out of the hands of those fanatic barbarians, from whose bloody raids no European seaboard was then secure. Being supplied by his kinsmen and friends with a considerable sum of money, he set out for Gibraltar, and a few months after his arrival there had the happiness of embracing his brother, for whose liberation a large ransom had been paid. Unfortunately, however, the latter died soon afterwards, and Comerford had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing him laid in a foreign grave!

After passing some time in Spain, Comerford proceeded to Rome, whither he was called for the arrangement of certain matters relating to the Irish Augustinians; but he had not been long in the eternal city, when he learnt that Urban VIII. meant to promote him to the see of Waterford and Lismore. The late bishop of that diocese had been some time dead, and bulls were expedited for the advancement of the Cistertian abbot of Inislaunacht, commonly called "de Suir," to the vacancy; but he, too, had died before the arrival of the papal diploma. Such being the case, the clergy of Waterford memorialized the holy see to bestow the bishopric on Comerford, and Urban VIII., after due deliberation, resolved to grant their prayer.

Indeed, Urban was well assured that Comerford possessed all the qualifications which are essential to the episcopal character, and that he was not only a man of irreprehensible life, but truly zealous, and largely endowed with knowledge, both as a legist and theologian. The see to which he was about to be raised was poor and persecuted, and desirable as it might have been in other times, the dignity of chief pastor of Waterford and Lismore, at the period of his elevation, was one which exposed him to innumerable

hardships and imminent risk of liberty and life. No need had he to echo the prayer of Paulinus, bishop of Nola—"Grant, Lord, that I may not be plagued with handling gold and silver"—for the latter had been seized by the Reformers, but there still remained what was, in his eyes, far more appreciable—a flock whose fidelity had been tested in many terrible ordeals, and a clergy renowned for zeal and high attainments, who though they were not driven to the alternative of consecrating in wooden chalices, were, nevertheless, golden priests—men, in a word, who realized St. Boniface's ideal of sacerdotal perfection. As for Comerford, or as we may now style him, the bishop-elect of Waterford and Lismore, he belonged to an institute which made solemn profession of poverty, and we may add, that if the revenues of the diocese to which he was about to be promoted, had been at his command, he would have used them in the same manner as Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, his contemporary, used those of the rich see of Milan. Poverty and persecution in their most revolting phases had no terrors for a man so minded, and he accordingly accepted at the hands of Urban VIII., his nomination to the episcopacy, with all the consequences which it might involve.

Towards the close of March, 1629, a large assemblage had met in the beautiful church of St. Sylvester, on the Quirinal, to witness the consecration of Patrick Comerford. Many of his countrymen were present on the occasion; some mere striplings who were pursuing their studies in the eternal city, and some grey-haired retainers of O'Neill and O'Donnell, who were either proscribed in their native land, or preferred passing the residue of their years near the tomb of their great chieftains on the Janiculum. But of all those who came to witness the ceremony, the most distinguished was Father Luke Wadding, who laid aside his books for awhile, and walked down from St. Isidore's to congratulate his fellow-citizen, early playmate, and school companion on his well-deserved promotion. Comerford was then in his forty-third year, and Wadding was two years his junior; the one had attained the highest honour the pope could bestow, but the other, had even then won for himself, in the world of letters, a celebrity which was destined to be perpetual. What imagination could realize the emotions that must have quickened the hearts of those

two men at that moment when Wadding knelt for the bishop's blessing! May we not fancy that visions of home rose before their memories, and that they thought of the olden time when they conned their lessons in Peter White's school on the banks of the Nore?

Comerford set out for Ireland soon after his consecration; but before leaving Rome he had an audience of pope Urban, who charged him to do his utmost for the revival of the Irish houses of the Austin friars, and appointed him apostolic-vicar-general of the regular canons of St. Austin, whose establishments were very numerous throughout the island in those times when the monasteries flourished. He was, indeed, grateful for this last proof of the pontiff's esteem, but he hardly required any exhortation to stimulate him in behalf *his own* order, for whose restoration he had already laboured successfully.

On arriving in his native land he fixed his residence in Waterford, and applied himself to the discharge of his episcopal duties, cautiously avoiding all demonstrations that could provoke the bigotry and intolerance of the lords justices, sir Adam Loftus, and Boyle, earl of Cork, who then held the reins of government in the absence of lord Falkland. To such men as these the life and liberty of a catholic bishop was a matter of utter insignificance; for they affected to regard all such dignitaries as political agents, employed by Rome and Spain, to effect a counter-revolution in Ireland, which, if successful, would strip them of their unjustly acquired estates, and restore the church property to the "papists." To persecute, and, if possible, to extirpate the "Romish prelates," was therefore sound policy, not only consonant to the spirit of the lay supremacy, but dictated by the suggestions of self-interest. It is needless to say that long experience and close observation had made Comerford acquainted with the bigotry of men of this stamp, and that he did not neglect to fence himself about with such prudential caution as might keep him from falling into their hands.

But besides those who were then governing Ireland from Dublin castle, there were others against whose malignity and intolerance he had to be, if possible, still more constantly on his guard, and those were the Protestant bishops of Waterford, Boyle and Atherton, who, during their usurpation of that see, harassed the unfortunate Catholics in

the most cruel manner by levying fines for "recusancy," and obstructing the priests in the discharge of their duties. Indeed, it was no easy matter for one in Comerford's position to escape the toils which were often spread for him by those two fanatics, whose schemes for persecuting the less enlightened members of his flock, by the agency of schools and bribes, he invariably and successfully thwarted. To such men, indeed, any catholic bishop would have been a "scandal and a stumbling-block," which they would gladly have swept from their path; but one with his energy and unquestionable hold on the hearts of the Catholics of Waterford, was something worse—a great difficulty to the progress of the reformed doctrines, and a "hinderer of truth," whom they could not regard but with feelings of personal hatred. Nevertheless, despite their unwearied vigilance, he contrived to keep the faith alight in the souls of his people; and notwithstanding all their precautions, he held synods of his clergy, ordained clerics, and confirmed multitudes of the young by day and by night, either in private houses or in the woods, whither he was often obliged to betake him in order to perform such functions without interruption.

At length, when the Catholics of Waterford joined the movement of 1641, and Atherton, their bitter enemy, had closed his career by a disgraceful death on the scaffold, Comerford employed his influence in repressing the violence of those who were but too well disposed to inflict summary vengeance on the Protestants, at whose hands they had received little else than cruelty and vexatious oppression, not indeed for disloyalty to the state, but for fidelity to the church of their fathers. Indeed, his charity and merciful interposition at that crisis, saved many from the wild passions of the populace; and some of those who, before then, regarded him as an implacable enemy, had good reason to thank God for having sent them such a friend and deliverer, as he proved himself on the occasion.

Being summoned to assist in framing the Oath of Association, and establishing the Confederacy in Kilkenny, he took an active part in all those preliminaries, and was one of the first of the Irish prelates to declare, that the war which the Catholics were about to wage, was not only just in the sight of heaven, but actually necessary for the welfare of the Irish Catholics. In 1642, the supreme council,

of which he was a member, succeeded in reducing Duncannon fort, and in the same year, he had restored to him all the temporalities of his see, which had been so long in the possession of Anglican intruders. He then lost no time in *reconciling* his cathedal church of the Holy Trinity, and replacing the sacred furniture of which it had been stripped by the Reformers, and so great was his zeal for the honour and splendour of religion, that the faithful of Waterford supplied him with abundant means to rebuild the altars, and furnish the holy places, the cathedral especially, with all necessary requirements. As a matter of course, he was frequently present at the deliberations of his compeers in the Confederate Assembly; but his chief care was bestowed on his flock, among whom he resided almost constantly, in order that he might repair the many iujuries which religion had sustained during the intrusion of the protestant bishops, and confirm the faithful in their devotedness to that creed, for which their fathers had endured such cruel persecution. None, indeed, could have loved the splendour of religion more than he did, and none could have laboured more indefatigably for the revival of the Ritual in all its minutest details. Indeed, in the interval between the formation of the Confederacy and the nunzio's arrival in Ireland, he succeeded in making his churches resemble those of Rome, as far as ceremonies were concerned, so much so, that Rinuccini declared that he had nowhere seen sights more edifying or pompous than those which he witnessed in Waterford. As for the Augustinians, he took special pains to benefit them when the means for doing so had come into his hands; and in order that he might be surrounded by members of the community he loved so well, he bestowed on them the church of St. Catherine and the oratory of the Blessed Virgin, which, in the olden times was a dependency to the cathedral. In the midst of all these solicitudes he was not unmindful of sacred literature, for in his leisure moments he composed a work on polemical theology, and made an accurate transcript of the list of the Deans of Waterford from the earliest period. Loved and venerated by his flock and clergy, he was justly styled the most popular bishop then in Ireland, and, to confirm his claims to universal respect, the nunzio wrote to Rome that Comerford was a model whom all his colleagues might copy to advantage.

This, indeed, is but a feeble sketch of the bishop who impressed Rinuccini so favourably, and who had excited the enthusiasm of his people in favour of that personage long before he set foot in Waterford. Let us now see what use the nunzio made of the influence he had attained in that city, and for which he was mainly indebted to the encomiums and honest prepossessions of its spiritual chief.

It must be premised, however, that, long before Rinuccini's first appearance in Waterford, a strong faction in the confederate council, who were styled the moderate party, resolved to accept a treaty of peace, which lord Ormond had been negotiating, but which the nunzio and his party determined to reject, because it did not give ample security for the free and open exercise of the catholic religion. The moderates, or Ormondists, were fully satisfied with the viceroy's overtures, but the entire body of the clergy, the Jesuits excepted, and most of the bishops maintained that they would be unfaithful to the oath of association, if they subscribed any treaty or cessation of hostilities that did not restore them the churches, with their revenues, and abolish all penal statutes that had been enacted since the apostasy of Henry VIII. Rinuccini was also disposed to insist that the goverment of Ireland should be committed to a *catholic viceroy*—a very reasonable stipulation, indeed, as the Catholics then, as well as now, formed the majority of the population; but all these propositions were looked upon by lord Ormond's creatures, who were a strong element in the supreme council, as impracticable and exorbitant. Rinuccini, therefore, resolved to crush the latter faction if he could, and, after considering where might with greatest safety assemble a meeting of the clergy, in order to carry out his intentions, he pitched on Waterford as the place best suited to his purpose. Indeed, the selection of that city proved that he was a man who did not act precipitately or without making ample provisions for his personal safety, in case the latter might be endangered by the bold and defiant attitude he was about to assume; and surely, there was no spot in the whole island which could offer him greater security than that which Waterford was prepared to afford him. His popularity there had already driven away the herald who came to proclaim lord Ormond's peace; Comerford was his most enthusiastic admirer, and most ardently

devoted to his policy; the strong fort of Duncannon, with its catholic garrison, would shelter him if he needed its protection; and, finally, his frigate—the San Pietro—rode at anchor in the harbour, and was ready, at a moment's warning, to carry him off, should any unforeseen accident drive him to that last and most humiliating alternative. Far, however, from apprehending any of those eventualities, the nunzio calculated on triumph, for at that moment he was flushed by intelligence of O'Neill's victory at Benburb, the capture of Bunratty in the south, where he himself took part in the siege operations, and finally, by the success which General Preston had achieved at the head of the Leinster Confederate forces in the west.

Leaving Kilkenny and his enemies behind him, Rinuccini therefore proceeded to Waterford, and at a synod which he summoned there, the bishops, and clergy, with the exception of the religious order already named, declared that the peace to which the Ormondists had consented was null, and that all those who had worked to bring it about, or should subsequently countenance or adhere to it, were *ipso facto*, perjurers and excommunicate. From that moment the bishops, with the nunzio at their head, took on them the government of the country, after having by an extra-legal proceeding, arrested and committed the abettors of lord Ormond's peace to the prison of Kilkenny castle, where, as the nunzio tells us, they consoled themselves "by toasting the ruin of religion, in flowing bumpers of beer." Drink, however, as they might, Rinuccini's power, whether for good or for evil, had then attained its culmination, and foremost among the twelve archbishops and bishops, who took a leading part in raising him to such a height and approving his future policy was Patrick Comerford, of Waterford and Lismore. It is almost unnecessary to remark, that notwithstanding this temporary triumph, the nunzio's power gradually declined, and that despite the simulated union between the two generals, O'Neill and Preston, a long series of reverses, the natural consequence of mutual distrust and personal rivalries, attended the government assumed by the congregation of the clergy. Withal, Comerford's allegiance to Rinuccini remained unaltered, and notwithstanding the many attempts to alienate him from the latter, he continued

faithful to him through every phase of his ill-starred mission.

Such were the intimate relations that existed between those two personages, and such the esteem they cherished for each other, that Rinuccini passed many months of the year 1647 under Comerford's roof, where he was entertained with splendid hospitality, and where, we may reasonably suppose, there was no lack of sycophants—for how could such a personage as a nunzio be without them?—to intoxicate him with the poisoned perfume of their flattery, and applaud that uncompromising policy in which he persevered to the last. To him, indeed, Waterford, with its religious pomps, devoted bishop, and admiring inhabitants, was a city of "perfect delight;" and next to it, in his estimation, was that frowning citadel of Duncannon, for which he expended such large sums on the purchase of arms and gunpowder, in the full assurance that religion could never be wholly destroyed in Ireland as long as that place was held by an orthodox garrison. Accompanied by Comerford, he was in the habit of paying long and frequent visits, for relaxation as well as business, to this his favourite fortress; and, indeed, it would appear that some of the most anxious moments of his life were passed there in 1648, when, as we learn from his own narrative, he spent whole hours sweeping the horizon with a *perspective glass* fixed in one of the embrasures to catch a glimpse of the ship in which the dean of Fermo was coming to his aid, with specie, ammunition, and fresh instructions from Rome. Having dwelt at such length on what may be called Comerford's *private life*, let us now see how he acted as a public man towards the close of the nunzio's connection with Ireland.

Without recapitulating the history of the latter personage's proceedings it may suffice to mention here, that early in 1648, lord Inchiquin, actuated by resentment to Lisle, the parliamentary lord-lieutenant, who had been sent to oust him from his command, changed sides once more, declared for the royal cause, and protested against the further exercise of the nunzio's power. The supreme council then made a truce with Inchiquin, but as it did not give ample sureties for the freedom of religion, Rinuccini, and a large party of the bishops, comprising those whose appointment was made at his recommendation,

set their faces against it. His next step was to summon a synod, as he had already done in 1646, and there, with the concurrence of the majority of the bishops, he pronounced sentence of excommunication against the framers and abettors of the aforesaid truce, and laid under interdict all parts of the kingdom where priests or people would be found to accept it. We have elsewhere told how Preston's soldiers, who were not *excommunication-proof*, went over to O'Neills standard, and how several cities and many leading personages besought the nunzio and those bishops, who were delegated by him to release them from the censures, and how finally the great majority of the people still adhered to his policy. Nevertheless, the minority proved to be the stronger party, and the division among the bishops paralysed, if it did not altogether destroy, Rinuccini's power. The revolted supreme council forbade the people to obey the sentence of excommunication and interdict, and the *lay authorities* borrowed additional strength from the adhesion of eight bishops, a few of the regular orders, some deeply-read canonists and the Jesuits, all of whom asserted that the censures were null, as resting on civil matters, and having been published without the sanction of the entire body of the Irish prelates. In the midst of this conflict of opinions Rinuccini established himself in Galway, to watch the result of his extreme measures.

Comerford, we need, hardly say, adopted his views, and enforced the sentence in Waterford, where he closed the churches, forbade the celebration of Mass, and all other ministrations, according to the strict letter of the interdict. The supreme council, on learning this, summoned him to their presence; but on his refusal to comply with their mandate, they wrote again, deprecating his conduct in denying the people access to the churches and the consolations of religion, which they had purchased with the effusion of their blood, during a war that had extended over seven years. "Your lordship should remember," wrote they, "how the people stood by you in the time of persecution, and how the venerable bishop of Ossory was not so uncharitable as to deprive his people of the use of his churches. You should also bear in mind that, along with the archbishop of Cashel, you professed yourself satisfied with the appeal which we have forwarded to Rome, an appeal by

which the sentence has been suspended; nor can we account for your conduct, otherwise than by ascribing it to your desire of gratifying the ambition of Owen O'Neill, whom the nunzio patronizes at the instance of the bishop of Clogher. We, therefore, implore you to desist from this violent proceeding, and give your people free access to the churches, which were polluted till they had purified them with their blood. Should you, however, persist in your present course, we have no alternative but to deprive you of your temporalities, according to the obligation of your oath, and the laws which were observed here in the most Catholic times." This letter was subscribed by Lucas Dillon, Robert Lynch, Richard Belling, Gerald Fennell, John Walsh, and Patrick Brien, all of whom were sworn enemies to Rinuccini, partisans of lord Ormond, and active agents in compassing the ruin of Ireland on the arrival of Cromwell. Two days, however, after its delivery, Comerford returned an answer, which must have stung these traitors to the quick; for it not only justified his own action, but proved that he was not to be frightened by their threats:—"I have received yours of the 12th instant, signifying that you will revoke my temporalities if I insist on enforcing the sentence of interdict in Waterford. I therefore inform you that, on receipt of the nunzio's command, I assembled the most learned of the clergy, secular and regular, and, after mature deliberation, without a single dissentient, we concluded that we were bound, under most grievous penalties, to observe the interdict, not, indeed, from a desire to favour any party or individual, but rather to satisfy our obligation of obedience. As to your insinuation touching what I said about the suspension of the censures by an appeal to Rome, all I can remember is, that I expressed myself then merely in a discursive manner; and as to the model you propose to me in the conduct of the bishop of Ossory, with all deference to that prelate's deserts, I may observe that I have before me the example of other bishops as learned and charitable as he. Great, indeed, as are my obligations to this city, both as its pastor and native, you must bear in mind that there are others equally binding and stringent. As to my temporalities, which you threaten to alienate, all I need say is, that the enemy has anticipated you, for he is already seized of a goodly portion of same; and as for the remainder, it is in the hands of certain

noblemen of the confederate council, as I have already notified to you in the return I have forwarded of the revenue of my diocese. But although I were to be stripped, justly or unjustly, of all the world could give, for my submission to the decrees of holy Church, I will, nevertheless, persevere in obedience, nor will I cease to pray God that you may well and faithfully guide the councils of the confederates of this kingdom."

This rebuke closed Comerford's correspondence with the supreme council, nor does it appear that he took any part, by proctor or otherwise, in the proceedings of those bishops, who, steadfast in their adhesion to the nunzio's policy, strove, at Galway and elsewhere, to maintain the cause of religion and country against Cromwell's precursors. That he was sorely harassed by Inchiquin, who, with the sanction of his new allies, after reinstating the Puritan ministers in Cloyne and Ross, swept the county of Waterford with fire and sword, because its bishop observed the censures, is quite certain; but, happily for him, the fort of Duncannon sheltered him within its walls, and enabled him to set at defiance all the machinations of his enemies. There, indeed, he was secure from Inchiquin's violence; for, notwithstanding all the efforts which were made by Belling and his colleagues to get possession of the place and the bishop's person, the garrison could not be bribed or forced to surrender to them.

Meanwhile, Cromwell appeared before Waterford, in November, 1649, and although the city was but feebly garrisoned by some detachments of Ulster troops, commanded by O'Farrell, the inhabitants refused admission to a strong force sent to their aid by lord Ormond, simply because that nobleman had declared against the nunzio and his censures. Nevertheless, the resolution of the citizens was such, that Cromwell, not wishing to lose time, struck his tents, and proceeded to invest Dungarvan, while Ireton had to retire from before Duncannon, which was then commanded by Wogan, a brave officer, entirely devoted to the *old* confederacy. As for Comerford, his conduct at this crisis was in every respect consistent; for, while attending sedulously to the spiritual interests of his people, he did not fail to exhort them to hold out to the last against the parliamentarians, whom he justly characterised as enemies to God and man. As it is not our province to go into a detail

of the incidents connected with the siege of Waterford, or the stout resistance which its inhabitants offered to the Cromwellians, we must content ourselves with stating that Comerford's care of the people during the ravages of the plague was, in every sense, worthy of his zeal and pastoral devotedness. Though feeble and worn out by anxiety, he was ever ready to minister consolation to the dying; and his means, which, indeed, were then very slender, were always at the service of the poor and sick. At length, when the city had to yield to Ireton, whose unmerciful character was even then proverbial, Comerford, knowing what fate awaited him if he remained in Ireland, embarked for St Malo, where he arrived towards the close of August, 1650. After residing two years in that seaport, he ultimately removed to Nantes, where he closed his mortal career on the 10th of March, 1652, at the ripe age of sixty-six. His remains were interred, with great pomp, in the grand cathedral of that city, and, seven years afterwards, his friend and colleague, Robert Barry, bishop of Cork, was laid in the same sepulchre.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Rinuccini arrived in Ireland he found several sees vacant, and his first and chiefest care was to have them filled. The candidates were proposed to him by the supreme council of the Confederates, and he recommended them for appointment by Innocent X., selecting those who were remarkable for their attachment to his own policy, and their devotion to the apostolic see. Towards the close of 1647, the bulls nominating the new prelates arrived from Rome, for the most part in accordance with his recommendation, although the archbishopric of Tuam, as we have seen, was given to de Burgh, whose political views were of the moderate order, and shaped by those of lord Clanricarde, his kinsman and the chief of his name. The bishops, as a matter of course, took their places in the legislative assembly, and were admitted to vote in right of their sees, and, indeed, there were only three excepted from this established usage—the most remarkable of whom was Boetius Egan, bishop of Ross, whose right to sit in the supreme council was questioned, as he had been appointed

without the consent of the lay-lords; some of whom refused to advance to their temporalities the prelates of the nunzio's nomination; but as the other bishops already in possession protested against such interference, the objection was overruled, not, however, without a stormy debtate among the canon lawyers, who were always armed with countless precedents of rights and privileges vested in the English crown, centuries before the Reformation. Rinuccini, set little value on such special pleading; and far from admitting that either the king or his representatives in the supreme council had any inherent right to nominate to bishoprics or benefices, he scouted all their pretensions, alleging that such right, although recognised in catholic times, had been forfeited by heresy, and reverted to the apostolic see; and that he, in his office of nunzio and representative of the sovereign pontiff, was empowered to pronounce on the fitness of the candidates independently of the primate and the whole body of the Irish hierarchy. In order, however, to reconcile the ultra loyal members of the supreme council to his views, he told them that in case king Charles became a Catholic, the holy see would recognise his just claims, and adopt a course of action that would meet all their wishes. Till then, however, he would not abate a title of what he considered to be the exclusive right of Rome, or enter into any compromise with those who were meddling in matters which were not of their competence. It is needless to observe, that no member of the supreme council entertained the hypothesis of the king's conversion, and they therefore abandoned the controversy about the royal veto.

Towards the close of 1645, Rinuccini was informed that James O'Hurly, bishop of Emly, had fallen into bad health; so much so, that it was absolutely necessary to provide him with a coadjutor. This infirm and aged prelate, a member of the order of St. Dominic, had made his religious profession under the shahow of the ancient and once splendid monastery of Kilmallock, and after completing his studies in Spain, was raised to the see of Emly in 1641. His tenure of the episcopate was comparatively brief; and all that we have been able to learn concerning his character is, that, like the generality of his order, he was distinguished for learning and zeal. His illness, it would appear, was protracted; for it is quite certain that he did not die till the time in August, 1646, that is to say twelve months

after the nunzio's arrival in Ireland. The wish of the dying prelate was, that his place might be filled by another Dominican; and the nunzio being of the same mind, wrote to Rome, recommending Terence Albert O'Brien, provincial of the order in Ireland, as a person eminently qualified for the coadjutorship, and to succeed O'Hurly whenever the death of the latter might occur. Three months, however, after he had despatched that recommendation, he wrote again to Rome in favour of William Burgat, vicar-general of Emly, for whose appointment to the coadjutorship, it seems, many of the bishops were then extremely desirous; but their memorial, though endorsed by the nunzio, was not entertained. Burgat, however, had the satisfaction of being allowed to retain the vicar-generalship; and of being advanced, when O'Hurly died, to the more responsible dignity of vicar-apostolic, pending the vacancy of the see. It seems strange, indeed, that the recommendation of the nunzio failed to procure his elevation to the mitre; but this may be easily accounted for, if we bear in mind that the pope's representative looked with suspicion on all candidates proposed to him by the supreme council. As a matter of course, he forwarded to Rome the memorial signed by the bishops and temporal peers, praying that Burgat would be appointed; bnt although he subscribed the instrument, and stated that he was personally acquainted with the candidate, and knew him to be equal to the requirements of a bishop; nevertheless, he was chary of praise, and his recommendation lacked that warmth and colouring, without which he was well aware it could not possibly succeed. It would, however, be a gross injustice to the nunzio's memory, to suppose that he was capable of playing a double part; but it must be admitted that his conduct in the particular instance at which we have glanced, as well as in many others of a similar nature, proves him to have been weakminded, and somewhat inconstant—in fact, one of those who are as sensitive to first impressions as they are quick to efface them, on discovering that they are nothing but shadow, surface, and outline. This peculiarity might have been a defect of temperament, and therefore pardonable; but the traits which rendered his character unamiable, and gave umbrage to the frank and buoyant Irish, with whom he was constantly in contact, were frigid reserve, formal manners, immobility under most exciting

circumstances, and perpetual anxiety, to mystify all his projects, in the hope of producing effects which he meant to be sudden and striking; but which, when realized, far from startling or amazing, proved to be nothing more than ordinary results of a plodding brain. We may also add that he lacked decision, treated friend and foe with the same impassibility, and allowed all suitors to leave his presence with a conviction that he interested himself in their schemes and aspirations, while in reality he had little or no sympathy with anything that did not bear directly on the object of his mission.

This estimate of Rinuccini's character, far from being fanciful or overcoloured, is, on the whole, faithful, and, indeed, nothing less than a duplicate of the portrait made of him by Belling, who was his companion on the memorable voyage from Rochelle to Kenmare, and had ample opportunity during the three years of the nunziature, to make himself acquainted with his inner and outward man. Justice, however, compells us to acknowledge that Belling's was no loving hand, and this reflection might lead us to conclude that the charge of inconstancy and want of decision was invented, if we had not from the nunzio's own pen ample evidence to show that the broad shadowing of his picture was nowise exaggerated. Pretermitting many passages of his letters, which would not be pertinent here, we need only repeat that, on his arrival in Ireland, he urged the holy see to appoint Terence A. O'Brien to the coadjutorship of Emly, and that in three months afterwards he postulated in behalf of Burgat, who, he said, was fully qualified for the dignity, and finally, after the lapse of six months, he wrote again to Rome, to have Burgat superseded, and O'Brien preconized in his stead. The holy see, however, had already anticipated the latter recommendation, for although Rinuccini may have been ignorant of the fact, or wished to keep it a secret, O'Brien's elevation to the diocese of Emly had been determined in the last year of the pontificate of Urban VIII., that is to say, in 1644. Burgat, indeed, might have proved as good a bishop as O'Brien, but the biography of the latter forbids us to suppose that he could have been excelled as a true and eminently distinguished patriot.

Terence Albert O'Brien was born in the year 1600, in the city of Limerick, of parents who were said to trace their

descent from the princes of Thomond; but be that as it may, he was destined to reflect fresh lustre on the historic name he bore, and to maintain its honour and integrity at a period when others of the same ancient race were degrading it by recreancy to religion and country. While yet a child he received the earliest rudiments of education from his pious mother, and an aged priest who found constant welcome and protection in his father's mansion, and who, in all likelihood, was the first to inspire him with the notion of devoting himself to the ministry. As he grew to boyhood the desire struck deeper root in his heart, and he lost no time in placing himself in communication with his uncle, Maurice O'Brien, who was then prior of the Dominican convent of his native city. The uncle wes not slow in seconding the lad's wishes, and he accordingly had him received into the poor novitiate of the friars preachers—for we need hardly say that the monastery of St. Saviour, founded in the thirteenth century, by Donat O'Brien, had long since shared the fate of other religious houses in Ireland. Father Maurice was a tender tutor to the young aspirant during the probationary term, and at its close he had the satisfaction of seeing him duly admitted—

> "One of the lambs of that blest flock
> Which Dominic so leads in righteous ways;"—*Dante.*

in other words, a professed member of the order of preachers. The prior's next care was to provide for his nephew's philosophical and theological education, and in order to perfect him in these branches, he sent him to the convent of St. Peter Martyr, at Toledo, where there was then a vacancy for an Irish student. Young O'Brien accordingly set out for the far-famed city of unrivalled swords, the seat of the Spanish metropolitan, and arrived just he had entered his twentieth year.

The Dominican school of Toledo was then one of the most renowned in Spain, and the professors who filled its various chairs were far-famed for their erudition in every department of knowledge. Under such able masters, it was only natural to expect that one gifted with the genius and earnestness of purpose which had fallen to young O'Brien's lot, should make rapid progress, not only in the Aristotelian philosophy, which St. Thomas of Aquino had reduced to regular system, but also in the "Sum of Theo-

logy," which for many centuries had been recognized as the grand code of Latin Christianity, embodying all the moral and dogmatic doctrines of the Church. It is to be regretted that we have only few and spare allusions to O'Brien's collegiate career; but such as have come under our notice warrant us in believing that he distinguished himself as a student, and proved to his Castilian teachers that he possessed an intellect to which the fine distinctions and subtle definitions of the angelic doctor were nowise impalpable. At length, after having passed eight years in the cloisters of St. Peter's, he was ordained priest, and as the exigencies of the Irish mission were then pressing, his superiors commanded him to lose no time in preparing for the homeward journey. Sad must have been the leave-taking when he bade adieu to the good fathers of St. Peter's, and looked his last on the Alcazar and towers of Toledo's rich cathedral—sad, no doubt, must have been his farewells as he turned from the banks of the Tagus towards those of the Shannon; but what would they have been had some angel's hand lifted the veil that mercifully hid the future from his eyes?

On arriving in Ireland, the scene of his first mission was Limerick, where he abode with the Dominican fathers in a house which they rented in the city, and where they lived in community as well as the circumstances of the times allowed. It was a period of peril to all priests, but to those of the religious orders especially; for Falkland, the lord deputy, was then enforcing the penal enactments, and racking and otherwise torturing various priests, supposed to be emissaries from the son of the late earl of Tyrone, who, if rumour could be believed, was preparing to invade Ireland from Flanders. That the apprehension of the government in regard to this business was purely affected, is quite certain: but lord Falkland made it a pretext for setting a strict watch on such of the clergy as he imagined were corresponding with their brethren in Spain, or elsewhere beyond seas. We can, therefore, conceive with what circumspection the priests, secular and regular, had to act in order to be able to discharge their duty to the people, and avoid the suborned delators, who were ever on the alert for the wage of their infamy. Strange, however, as it may appear, the government at that period did not entertain so virulent a hatred for the Irish Dominicans as

it did for the Franciscans, and consequently the former were allowed to enjoy a comparative freedom of action. This, indeed, may seem anomalous, but it will cease to be so if we remember that the Franciscans were the most numerous of all the religious orders then in Ireland, and the most notorious for their adhesion to Tyrone and O'Donnell during the late war. We may also observe, that the Irish chieftains employed the Franciscans as their agents at foreign courts, patronized them as their annalists, and selected their churches in Valladolid, as well as in Rome, for their place of sepulture. The Dominicans, on the other hand, took no demonstrative part in the transactions to which we have alluded; and this single circumstance accounts for the toleration extended to them by Falkland and some of his predecessors.

Availing himself, therefore, of the opportunities which were thus afforded him for doing good, Father O'Brien settled down in the little convent at Limerick, where, with the rest of his brethren, he toiled through many dreary years, in the quiet performance of the duties which belonged to his calling. Affable and unaffected, he was universally esteemed for every good attribute, but above all, for that true modesty, which has ever been the distinctive mark of steady heads and great souls. Carefully eschewing notoriety, that despicable ambition of vulgar minds, he spent his time as became a true son of St. Dominic, labouring for the preservation of the faith, inculcating its morality, dispensing its blessings, and proving, however unconsciously, that he was a living commentary on the holy rule he professed. Most marked, indeed, was the contrast between the humble chapel of the Limerick convent and those splendid temples of Toledo where he had passed his youth; but if the poverty and simplicity of the former ever caused him a regret, he assuredly had wherewith to console him, when he reflected that the highest efforts of human genius could produce no ornament so worthy of God's house as that true piety and faith of which he was a daily witness, and which his precept and example kept alive and active in willing hearts.

The deplorable absence of all documents, manuscript as well as printed, relating to the Dominican community at Limerick, during the sixteen years Father O'Brien spent there, must account for our silence on that long interval,

which we may reasonably conjecture, could not have passed without incidents and episodes of thrilling interest. Fortunately, however, there is evidence to prove that his abilities, zeal, and prudence were duly valued by his superiors at home and abroad; so much so, that he was twice elected prior of his native convent, after having already held the same grade as that of Lorragh. But a far more responsible dignity was reserved for him in 1643, when the Dominican Chapter, assembled in the abbey of the Trinity at Kilkenny, unanimously elected him their provincial. A short time previously he had seen his native city identify itself with the confederates, and we may readily imagine with what feelings of gratitude he and the other members of his order must have regarded the men who restored to them that splendid temple, which William Marshall, earl of Pembroke, in 1225, erected for the honour of God, and as a last resting place for himself.

Towards the close of 1643, Father O'Brien was called to Rome, to assist at a general Chapter of the Dominicans, which was held in the following year, when many ordinances were decreed for the better government of the Irish province, and the revival of the order in Ireland, where it had suffered so terribly during the persecutions of Elizabeth and James I. The Acts of this Chapter, indeed, throw some light on the state of the Irish Church at the period, and it is only reasonable to suppose that we are indebted to O'Brien for the valuable information they contain. As provincial, he must have been consulted by the general on all matters affecting the order in Ireland; and, doubtless, it was he who, when a question was raised about precedency between the Irish priors, decided the point by a quotation from an ancient manuscript, preserved in the works of Sir James Ware. In fact, there can be little doubt that the council was mainly guided by Father O'Brien's judgment in all its decisions regarding "Dominican Ireland," for, assuredly, there was no Irishman then present better qualified to deal with subjects of such importance. We may also remark, that his inspirations are clearly perceptible in the projected revival of Dominican schools in Dublin, Limerick, Cashel, Athenry, and Coleraine; and also in those decrees which have special reference to the Irish Dominican institutions for men and women in Lisbon. It was he, doubtless, who moved that

all the alms given to the far-famed miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin at Youghal, should be applied to the use of the Dominican convent of that town; and we may further state that it was he who recommended that the convent of Sr. Peter's Cell, in Limerick, should be confirmed to Dame Catherine Duggan, and the other ladies who resided with her there. These few facts show that the council entertained profound respect for Father O'Brien's wisdom and experience; and, indeed, the general of the order was so thoroughly convinced of his deserts, that he would not suffer him to leave Rome without some sensible mark of his appreciation. He, therefore, sanctioned the decree which raised O'Brien to a mastership in theology, and further enhanced this honour by appointing him judge in Munster, with ample powers to decide all controversies that might arise, regarding the ancient limits and boundaries of the Dominican convents in that province.

As soon as the council terminated its sessions, O'Brien set out for Lisbon, to visit the Dominican houses which had been founded in that city by O'Daly, who was then engaged on his "History of the Geraldines," a work, we may observe, which is the best that has yet appeared on the subject of which it treats. Would to heaven that O'Daly had left us a fuller biography of his friend, for, indeed, the notices he has given of him in the "Persecutions," are meagre and most unsatisfactory. O'Daly, however, could not have foreseen the fate that was in reserve for O'Brien, or assuredly he would have taken more pains to acquaint himself with all the particulars of his family and early life.

About the middle of July, 1644, while O'Brien was still in Lisbon, intelligence from Rome led his friends to believe that it was the intention of Urban VIII. to advance him to the coadjutorship of Emly; and, indeed, this announcement seemed so reliable, that he at once set out for Ireland, to take part in the election of his successor in the provincialate. There can be little doubt that pope Urban did mean to have him consecrated bishop, but as his holiness died in the very month the nomination is said to have been made, the bulls were not dispatched; and O'Brien's promotion was consequently postponed, and did not take place before the third year of the pontificate of Innocent X. To differ with such a high authority as the learned

de Burgo, on a matter-of-fact, may appear rash or presumptuous, but the documentary evidence on which our statement rests, is too well authenticated to leave any doubt that that most reverend personage was mistaken as to the date of O'Brien's consecration.

On his return to Ireland, O'Brien fixed his residence in the convent of Limerick, where, as provincial and prior, he exerted himself indefatigably for the interests of his order, which had recently gained a large accession to its members from Rome, Louvain, and other places on the continent. The state of Ireland at the period called for this influx, for it was looked upon as the fitting time for the reconstruction of all those venerable corporations which had been scattered by the sword of persecution during the preceding two reigns. Now, however, a notable change had come over the entire island. The greater part of it was in the power of the confederates, who led the religious orders to believe that they should be speedily repossessed of their suppressed monasteries, and probably of a good portion of their lands, for which some of the lay-impropriators were disposed to compound. The people, it need hardly be told, were delighted at the prospect that unfolded itself to their imaginings; for they flattered themselves that they would soon exchange their inexorable lay-tyrants for ecclesiastical bodies, who, in all ages, were proverbially the best and most indulgent landlords. It was only natural that a man of O'Brien's ardent temperament should have shared the general enthusiasm; nay, and persuaded himself that the religious communities were on the eve of being redeemed for ever from the trammels of those sanguinary laws which had heretofore doomed them to death and expatriation. May we not therefore suppose that he counted on seeing his own order re-established, its grand old sanctuaries restored to their rightful owners, and the youth of the land frequenting Dominican schools, as they did in those days when the friars-preachers built the *first* bridge across the Liffey for the convenience of their scholars? At that moment, indeed, the course of events was calculated to confirm his belief in these forecastings; and if it ever occurred to him that they were nothing more than pleasing illusions, surely all misgivings must have vanished when he heard that a high minister from the holy see had already landed on the Irish coast, bringing with him arms, specie, and munitions for

the encouragement and maintenance of the confederate Catholics.

Although Rinuccini's correspondence does not mention the fact, there is every reason to suppose that father O'Brien was present at the grand reception given to that personage on his arrival in Limerick; nor can we doubt that he assisted in another solemnity that took place there, when the nunzio, accompanied by Walsh, archbishop of Cashel, the clergy, secular and regular, and the entire garrison, walked to St. Mary's, to give God thanks for the signal defeat which the Scotch covenanters had sustained at Benburb. All Limerick was astir on this occasion, and the nunzio himself tells us that even the windows were filled with groups anxious to get a sight of the tattered banners that were wrested from the covenanters on the victorious field. How could the provincial of the Dominicans and prior of Limerick be absent at a moment of such thrilling solemnity? A few days afterwards there was another display of a similar character in the streets of the ancient city, when the nunzio again went to St. Mary's, to chaunt *Te Deum* for the fall of Bunratty, where he himself directed the siege operations, and father Collins, a Dominican, crucifix in hand, led the storming party to the breach, and drove the enemy out of their entrenchments. The acquisition of this place was a matter of great moment to the confederates, and as its capture was in some measure due to a simple Dominican priest, it is more than likely that his provincial did not absent himself from the solemnity which Rinuccini caused to be observed in honour of such an important event.

As the forgoing notices of father O'Brien are at best only conjectural, we now turn to others that are beyond the reach of all doubt and cavil. We have already said that he was *not* consecrated in 1644, as De Burgo and O'Daly would have us believe, and this assertion is fully borne out by the nunzio, who, in a letter dated Kilkenny, January 1st, 1646, writes thus:—"Father Terence, provincial of the Dominicans, is a man of prudence and sagacity. He has been in Italy, has had considerable experience; and the bishop who wishes to have him for his coadjutor is, I am told, in very feeble health." Eight months after the date of that letter, that is to say, in August, 1646, when the bishop of Emly was on the point of death, the nunzio

wrote again to Rome, recommending various candidates for dioceses that were then either vacant or about to be so, and among others, he distinctly names O'Brien, "as one who deserved the highest advancement Rome could bestow, and whose claims and qualifications were duly set forth in a memorial which the clergy had forwarded in his favour. The answer, however, did not reach Ireland till October, 1647, when Rinuccini had the satisfaction of learning that the holy see sanctioned O'Brien's promotion, and that of the other candidates for whom he was interested. O'Brien's consecration was solemnized in the following November, but we confess our inability to name the church where the ceremony was performed. It is certain, however, that the nunzio acted as consecrating prelate on the occasion; and there is some reason for believing that the function took place in Kilkenny, either in the Dominican church, or in the cathedral of St. Canice.

Having now attained the dignity to which he was well entitled, O'Brien lost no time in taking possession of his see, and making provision for the flock committed to his charge. But the condition of his people at that period was truly deplorable, and the wild raids of the renegade Inchiquin afforded him little opportunity for tending his diocese as he would fain have done. The victory of Conoc-na-noss made Inchiquin absolute master of nearly all Munster for a while, and no part of suffered so fearfully us the district lying west of Cashel. Brief space, therefore, had the bishop for repairing and reconciling the dismantled and desecrated churches; and as Inchiquin hated the nunzio, we may readily conceive with what feelings he must have regarded a prelate who, though of his own name and race, was devotedly and zealously attached to the policy of the Italian. Nevertheless, O'Brien did all he could for his poor flock, exhorting them to patience and endurance under their hard trials, and labouring as well as the circumstances of the times allowed to keep the faith alive and active in their hearts. It is needless to observe, that in performing these duties he exposed himself to great risk, and had to be constantly on his guard against Inchiquin's followers, many of whom, like their chief, were recreants to creed and country. Withal, he did his work earnestly and efficiently, breaking the bread of life to the young and old on the hill-sides and in the glens, till the Ulster Irish, under Owen O'Neill,

swooped down on the plains of Munster, drove Inchiquin before them, and placed the Catholics once more in possession of their churches. Triumphs such as these, however, were short lived; and the reverses that followed in quick succession compelled the pastor to leave his flock in charge of a vicar, while he himself was absent at Kilkenny, advocating the nunzio's policy, condemning the truce with Inchiquin, and approving the fatal recourse to excommunication and interdict against all abettors of that unsatisfactory adjustment. Anticipating the consequences of this proceeding, the nunzio fled to Galway, to watch the course of events, and make preparations for his departure from the scene of his ill-starred mission.

Meanwhile, lord Ormond returned to Ireland, resumed the government, and intimated that the nunzio must leave the kingdom with all possible speed. As for Ormond, some of the bishops, French, of Ferns; O'Dwyer, of Limerick; and John, archbishop of Tuam, hailed his arrival as the harbinger of a new era, and employed all their logic to convince their colleagues that the salvation of Ireland could not be effected till it accepted his dictatorship, or in other words, submitted itself to his guidance. It was deemed expedient, therefore, to get up a congratulatory address embodying this sentiment; and the prelates we have named wrote to Walsh, archbishop of Cashel; Comerford, of Waterford, and O'Brien, of Emly, inviting them to Kilkenny, to take part in the proceeding which, as was alleged, had already been approved at Rome. O'Brien obeyed the summons; but on finding that the projected address was not authorized by the holy see, he made his escape from Kilkenny, and set out for Galway, to give the unfortunate nunzio the last proof of his unaltered allegiance. He was not destined, however, to have that melancholy satisfaction, for on arriving at a village, within three miles of Galway, word was brought him, that the "San Pietro" had come round from Waterford, and sailed with the nunzio and his suite for the coast of France. What could O'Brien do but wish his friend and patron a fair wind to waft him on his way, and keep him clear of the parliamentary ships that were then cruising in the Irish waters under the command of the notorious Plunket?

Notwithstanding all the difficulties that beset him for his devotedness to Rinuccini's policy, O'Brien returned to his

diocese soon after the former had taken his departure, and remained there toiling for his flock till May, 1650, when the progress of the Cromwellians compelled him to return to Galway. At that period Munster was a scene of desolation and carnage; among those who sealed their loyalty with their blood was Boetius Egan, bishop of Ross, whom Broghill executed in the neighbourhood of Carrigadrohid. A brave and energetic prelate, indeed, was that good Boetius, and even at the risk of digressing, we may not omit a brief notice of him.

He was a native of Duhallow, in the county of Cork, took the habit in the Franciscan monastery of Louvain, was the contemporary and friend of Colgan, Fleming, and other great men, whose names are famous in Irish literature, and returned to Ireland many years before the insurrection of 1641. The nunzio esteemed him highly; thought him the fittest man for the see of Ross; and, despite the opposition of Muskerry and others of lord Ormond's partizans, had him consecrated in 1648. The Ormondists were loud in their outcries against his advancement, strove to withhold from him the temporalities of his see, and did their utmost to deprive him of a seat in the assembly, on the plea that the pope could confer no temporal barony in Ireland. All this clamour, however, was overruled by Rinuccini and the Irish bishops, and Boetius Egan accordingly took his place in the legislature. As matter of course, he remained unshaken in his fidelity to the nunzio, seconded all his views, and endeavoured to have them carried out in his diocese. His tenure of the episcopate was brief indeed; for when the Cromwellians had overrun Carberry, he was obliged to betake himself to the fastnesses of Kerry, where David Roche, had cantoned some six or seven hundred confederate soldiers. Along with this force the bishop marched into the county Cork, and on the 1st May, 1650, just as the vanguard had reached Macroom, lord Broghill attacked and routed it, and made the bishop prisoner. Broghill, we need hardly say, was a merciless scoundrel; for although he had pledged his word that no harm should be done the captive prelate, he, nevertheless, caused him to be hanged with the reins of his horse, on a hill overlooking Carrigadrohid, and there left his remains, till they were removed, at dead of night, by some commiserating peasants, who buried them in the ancient cemetery of Aghina.

In August of the same year, 1650, O'Brien acted with those prelates, who, after discarding lord Ormond, and insisting on the appointment of Clanricarde as viceroy, sent a deputation to the duke of Lorraine, offering him the protectorate of Ireland, on certain conditions, which, as we have seen in a former paper, were never realised. He then returned to his diocese, and after a sojourn there, fixed his final abode in Limerick, just as Ireton was marching on that devoted city.

As the history of the siege is too well known to need repetition here, our notices must be limited to such passages as have special reference to the bishop of Emly, and, indeed, it is almost superfluous to state that his conduct during that six months' memorable struggle, was honourable and heroic to the last. In the midst of the pestilence which carried off five thousand citizens, he proved himself a man of zeal and charity, and in the council chamber, where a clique of traitors from time to time insisted on the necessity of capitulating, he protested energetically against all accommodation with Ireton. It has been said that the latter offered him a large sum of money, with freedom to go where he liked, provided he induced the garrison to surrender; but although such assertion may be gratuitous, there are instances enough to show that he was as true as he was uncompromising. O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick, and Walsh, archbishop of Cashel, were within the walls during the siege, but neither of them acted the brave and manly part which earned for O'Brien the inexorable hostility of Ireton. The two former dignitaries, indeed, laboured unsparingly in the pest-house for the spiritual comfort of the plague-stricken, and in the hospitals, which were crowded by soldiers mortally wounded; but O'Brien, instead of confining himself to hospital or pest-house, made the ramparts the scene of his charity, and there, like cardinal Ximenes, and other fighting prelates, with whose history his Spanish studies made him acquainted, he acted the double *role* of priest and soldier, encouraging the faint-hearted, and absolving the dying as they fell at his feet.

It must also be recorded to his honour, that he sternly opposed Ireton's proposals from first to last, and did his utmost to convince the council of war that the city had abundant resources to sustain a more protracted siege; and, finally, that approaching winter, dearth, and infection

must compel the parliamentarian general to break up his camp, and retire from before the walls. The divisions, however, that grew rife in the town, and above all, the treason of Fennell, whom major-general O'Neill so unwisely spared at Clonmel, marred all his patriotic efforts, and gave Limerick to Ireton. The latter, as might be expected, could not but regard O'Brien as his mortal and persistent enemy, and, notwithstanding all negotiations which were attempted in his behalf, nothing could induce Ireton to include him in the list of those who were "received to pardon."

Knowing the fate that was in reserve for him, when the city surrendered, O'Brien retired to the pest-house, not, indeed, for the purpose of secreting himself, as has been commonly thought, but rather that he might devote the last moments of his life to the benefit of his suffering fellow-citizens, and prepare himself for death. The officers who were charged with his arrest found him thus employed, and they instantly conducted him to the headquarters of Ireton, who told him that he was to be tried by a court-martial, and imprisoned till sentence was found. O'Brien heard this without moving a muscle; and when Ireton demanded did he want counsel, he calmly replied, that all he required was his confessor. This boon was granted, and father Hanrahan, a member of his own order, was suffered to pass the whole day and night of the 30th October with him in his prison cell. On the following evening the finding of the court was announced to him, as he lay stripped on a pallet, and the officer charged with this lugubrious duty gave him to understand that the sentence was to be carried out on the instant. On hearing this he got up to dress himself, but before he had time to do so, the provost-marshal's guard pinioned his arms, and thrust him out of the cell almost in a state of nudity. It was only natural that his fine sense of delicacy should resent this cruel insult, but finding that all remonstrances were lost on the posse who surrounded him, he paused an instant, as if to collect himself, and said, in a solemn tone, that "the time was not distant when Ireton should stand before God's tribunal to account for his bloody deeds." Surely they must have jeered him as a prophet of evil!

It was a long way from the prison to the place of execution, and as the cortege proceeded it was encountered at

every step by sights more appalling than that of a man going to the gallows. For two days previously Ireton's troops had been allowed to pillage and slay as they liked, and there was hardly a house that did not bear witness to their fierce licentiousness. Windows shattered, doors wrenched from the hinges, corses of men and women lying stark in the kennels, wares of every sort scattered and trodden under foot, showed that destructiveness had revelled to satiety. No living thing appeared along the route of that sad procession, and the universal stillness would have been unbroken were it not for the heavy tread of the doomed man's escort, and the ringing of their weapons as they clinked on the pavement. O'Brien, however, conducted himself with his accustomed firmness, and though distressed at being obliged to parade the deserted thoroughfares on that winter's evening in a state little short of absolute nakedness, his step was as steady and his bearing erect as either could have been on that memorable day when he followed the trophies of Benburb to St. Mary's cathedral. On reaching the foot of the gibbet, he knelt and prayed till he was commanded to arise and mount the ladder. He obeyed, seized the rungs with vigorous grasp, and turned round, as if anxious to ascertain whether any of the citizens had ventured abroad to witness his death-scene. Having satisfied himself that a few of them were present, and within hearing, he exhorted them to continue true to the faith of their fathers, and hope for better days, when God would look with mercy on unhappy Ireland. A few moments more, and his soul was with the just. Thus did Terence Albert O'Brien pass out of this life, on All Saints' Eve, 1651. As soon as life was extinct, the executioner lowered the body to the ground, and after the soldiers had discharged their muskets at it, he hacked off the head, and impaled it on the tower of St. John's gate, where it remained many a day, a ghastly evidence of Ireton's vindictiveness.

O'Brien's execution was speedily followed by that of many priests of the Dominican order, among the most distinguised of whom were fathers Wolf and Collins. The one belonged to an ancient Limerick family, which had already given a hostage to the Church in the person of the celebrated legate of the same name; and as for Collins, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader that it was he who

led the storming party at Bunratty. Both were sentenced by court-martial, and both died as became them, with christian courage and christian hope. Ireton, indeed, dealt unsparingly with the Dominicans, for he knew that they were the nunzio's most faithful and uncompromising adherents, and that every member of the order, with one solitary exception, advocated his policy, not only while he was in Ireland, but when he was far away in his principality of Fermo. Persistently heroic during the siege, they exhibited the same undaunted composure on the scaffold, and their conduct in the latter instance contrasted strongly with that of the temporizing major-general Purcell, who swooned at sight of the halter, and had to be assisted by two musketeers while mounting the ladder.

Among the laymen who suffered at this time there were two whom we may not pass over in silence. These were Dominic Fanning and a personage whom a contemporary manuscript styles the baron of Castleconnell. Fanning, we need hardly say, was in the interest of the nunzio's party throughout, and when the city surrendered, he fled and secreted himself in the tomb of his ancestors in the Franciscan church. While lying hid there, a picket entered the place, and lit a fire for the purpose of cooking; and when Fanning saw them thus employed, he crept out, and begrimed as he was, sat down to warm himself. The captain of the party kicked him off, and he then endeavoured to escape out of the city, but was arrested at the gate, brought back, and being identified, was immediately hanged. The servant, it seems, involved himself soon afterwards with the soldiers, and in a scuffle that ensued was killed on the spot by the captain who had driven Fanning from the fire. The writer to whom we are indebted for this information, gives the following account of the baron of Castleconnell:— "Being sentenced to die, he applied to Ireton for respite of execution till his return from his lodgings, where he broke open his trunks, and finding there a new suite of white taffetty, he attired himself in it. He then rode gallantly to the place of execution, and behaved so jocosely that he caused wonder. Being asked about change of clothes, he replied, 'that if to marry a creature he would have done no less, why should I not do so now when I believe I am about to marry heaven?'" Who this baron was we have not been able to ascertain, but it may be remarked that the

title was in dispute at that period. Of O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick, and the archbishop of Cashel, we have only to add that Ludlow pleaded for the former, that he did not belong to the extreme or nunzio's party, and that the latter had the same extenuating circumstances in his favour. O'Dwyer was suffered to escape, and the archbishop went quietly away, "both," says the author already quoted, "being protected because they were of the party of Ormond and Clanricarde."

It was on the 10th of November, when all this cold-blooded butchery was done, that Ireton was seized with the epidemic, which had been ravaging the whole island for nearly an entire year. In the course of a few days he grew gradually worse and more faint, and, at length, inflammatory fever supervened. "In his delirium," says sir Philip Warwick, "he shouted repeatedly, 'blood! blood! I must have more blood!'" and if we may believe other writers who had similar opportunities for informing themselves concerning the last moments of this cruel man, the bishop of Emly was so palpably before him, that he had to turn his face to the wall to avoid the ghastly sight. In the wild outbursts of his frenzy he over and over again repeated that he was guiltless of the bishop's death, that he had no hand in it, and that the court-martial alone was responsible for the sentence and execution. These, however, were nothing more than echoes of a guilty conscience, unsoftened by a single expression of regret or repentance—unavailing protestations and arguments thrown away on the bloody spectre that never quit his bedside till God called him to judgment, after sixteen days of unmitigated suffering. Need we say that O'Brien's prophecy was fulfilled, and may we not suppose that he confronted his murderer at God's tribunal!

There can be no doubt that Ireton's conduct to O'Brien was merciless and exceptional, for he pardoned Hugh O'Neill, who was as obstinate as the bishop in refusing to capitulate; nay, more, had Ireton been disposed to act considerately or impartially, he surely would have discovered that the man by whom he was beaten at Clonmel, and who left him nothing there but "a breached and bloody wall," was less entitled to mercy than an ecclesiastical dignitary, who, as such, was nowise amenable to a military tribunal. The remonstrances of his officers induced him to

cancel the sentence pronounced against O'Neill; and O'Dwyer, though excepted from the articles of treaty, received protection at his hands. Why he did not extend the same benefit to O'Brien we cannot say, but it may be fairly presumed that any kindly feeling he possessed must have been neutralized by his intense hatred of that illustrious personage.

In conclusion, let us mention a fact not generally known. Ireton not only pardoned O'Neill, but conferred on him unmistakable proofs of his esteem and friendship, "for," says the M.S. authority from which these particulars are taken, "so tender was Ireton of O'Neill's safety, that he charged his lieutenant, upon pain of his displeasure, to wait on him; and when he was on the point of death, he commanded his said lieutenant to use all good behaviour to the Irish general, and send him with his corse into England. He also bestowed on him three horses, one for himself, the other two for two servants to wait on him, with a lackey, all at his proper expense. And so it was, for Hugh O'Neill accompanied the remains to London, and he was there released." The corse, we need hardly add, was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, but it does not appear that O'Neill was present when John Owen, minister of the Gospel, delivered Ireton's funeral oration, which he afterwards published under the title of "The Labouring Saint's Dismission to Rest."

CHAPTER IX.

At the commencement of these papers we stated that the secret instructions given to Rinuccini, when about to set out for Ireland, charged him to select as his special and most confidential advisers, Malachy, archbishop of Tuam, and Heber, bishop of Clogher, whose zeal, clearsightedness, and ability in the management of public business, had won them high repute at the court of Rome. Having spoken of the former of these prelates, we will now address ourselves to the biography of the latter, whose fidelity to the cause of religion and country has made his name famous in popular ballads, as well as in those graver pages, where friend and foe have represented him as a grand historic figure.

Heber, or Emeric, son of Turlough MacMahon and Eva O'Neill, was born in Monaghan, in 1600, a year memorable for the arrival in Ireland of the lord deputy Mountjoy, whose acknowledged ability as a statesman and general was destined to crush the Spaniards at Kinsale, and subjugate the entire island to English rule. Heber's father had fought on the side of the northern chieftains, from the beginning of the war which the latter waged against queen Elizabeth; and on every field from Clontibret to the great victory of the Blackwater, he acted the part of a brave soldier, proving himself on all occasions a worthy representative of an ancient race, always renowned for valarous achievements. The child, Heber, was only seven years old when his kinsman, James Colla MacMahon, was obliged to join the Earls in their flight from lough Swilley; and in the course of a few years afterwards, his father was reduced to comparative poverty by the bill of attainder, which proscribed the fugitives and their adherents, and confiscated the best part of Ulster to the crown. Obliged to seek shelter with the survivors of O'Neill's and O'Donnell's clansmen in the then almost inaccessible wilds of Donegal, Turlough, with his wife, Eva, and their only child, fixed his residence in the vicinity of Kilybegs, and there lived as best they could, hoping that he would, sooner or later, be restored to some parcel of those grand domains which were so cruelly and unjustly wrested from him and his. News, however, reached Ireland towards the close of 1608, that James MacMahon and his companion in misfortune, lord Maguire had died immediately after their arrival at Genoa; and the executive, acting on this welcome intelligence, confirmed the grant of Turlogh's patrimony to the new occupier, and thus annulled all the claims of the rightful owner. At that period Turlough was too old to take service in the Spanish armies; and as he was suffering from wounds received on the disastrous day of Kinsale, he resolved to remain at home, and devote the remainder of his days to the initiating young Heber, his sole hope, in the rudiments of the military profession till the lad would be fit to sail for Flanders, and there enlist into the Irish regiment, which was then commanded by the eldest son of the banished earl of Tyrone. Heber, indeed, did inherit the chivalrous instincts of his father; but his mother, it would appear had no ambition to see him trailing halberd or lance, and she

consequently resolved that his hopes and aspirations should take an opposite direction, and yearn for the still higher honour of serving in the weakened ranks of the Church, then truly *militant*, in Ireland. Heber seconded his mother's wishes, and laid down sword and target for book and pen; and that nothing might be wanting to forward his education, she called into her humble homestead a Franciscan friar of Donegal, who, in return for the bread and shelter afforded him, taught the boy Latin, Greek, and Spanish, and made him thoroughly familiar with the history of his unfortunate country. Towards the close of 1617, Heber set out for Douay, and entered the Irish college, which Cussack, a priest of Meath, had endowed in that old Flemish town. Having completed his philosophical course there, he removed to Louvain, in order to avail himself of the lectures of the learned Franciscan MacCaghwell, who was then esteemed one of the most profound theologians of his time. What honours or distinctions he may have obtained during his collegiate cereer we know not; but it is certain that his application and industry were rewarded with the respect of his various professors, and secured for him the congratulations of those truly eminent Irish ecclesiastics, who then devoted themselves to educating priests for the home mission. At length, having gone through the prescribed cycle of studies, and attained his twenty-fifth year, Heber was ordained priest in the chapel of the Irish Franciscan convent at Louvain; John Colgan, Donatus Mooney, father O'Cleary, and other celebrities assisting on the occasion. In the interval his parents had passed out of this life, after seeing their inheritance alienated to the thrifty colonists with whom James I. replaced the native population, and the ancient churches of Clogher given over to fanatical preachers, Scotch and English, whose aim was to outroot "popery" from the soil where it had flourished so vigorously during those days when O'Neill and O'Donnell would not suffer any Anglican priest or prelate to set foot upon it.

At the time of his ordination, Louvain and, indeed, every other garrison town in Flanders, swarmed with Irish troops commanded by Owen Roe O'Neill, Preston, of the house of Gormanston, O'Cahan, and others, who were destined to take part in the eventful vicissitudes of their native land at a future period. Had MacMahon wished to remain

among his exiled countrymen, he could easily have found advancement at the hands of the archdukes, Albert and Isabella, then the steadiest friends of the Irish Catholics; but knowing that his services were required in the land of his birth, he hastened home, and devoted himself with heroic zeal to the duties of his calling. On his arrival in his native diocese, he found the Catholics deprived not only of their lands, but of their churches, and obliged to assist at the divine sacrifice wherever it could be celebrated, without attracting the notice of the "Undertakers," in the recesses of the mountains, and oftener still on the hill sides which commanded a view of the surrounding districts, and enabled them to take precaution against being surprised or interrupted. Withal, the people clung steadfastly to the ancient faith; and, notwithstanding the perils to which they were hourly exposed for the observance of its ordinances, nothing could induce them to abandon it or betray its ministers to the myrmidons of the executive, who were ever on the alert for their apprehension. The people respected MacMahon not only as a priest, but as one of the representatives of the ancient nobility of Ulster who had suffered so much for religion and country; and we may easily imagine with what weight his words fell on their hearts, when he exhorted them to persevere in the same profession, and beseech God to take compassion on their endurance. Cautiously avoiding all overt acts that could provoke the intolerance of lord Falkland, and the deputies who succeeded him, he toiled as a simple priest, twenty years in the diocese of Clogher; and so efficiently that O'Reilly, vicar-apostolic of Kilmore, and subsequently archbishop of Armagh, wrote to Rome, that he deserved the highest honours to which the holy see could advance him. The primate, doubtless, regarded him as eminently qualified to preside over the ancient see of Clogher; in a word, as one whose election to that dignity would be hailed with delight by the people, who, in the midst of their reverses, still maintained traditional reverence for the son of the Orgiellian chieftains.

At the commencement of the agitation which heralded the insurrection of 1641, MacMahon signified to lord Ormond, that the Catholics of the north, unable to bear the oppressions of the Scotch and English undertakers, would assuredly rise in arms, unless the executive took means to

protect their lives against the repeated acts of aggression to which they were hourly exposed; but this timely warning was utterly thrown away on Parsons and Borlase, whose aim was to goad the "papists" to rebellion, in order that they might share between them the remnant of property that was still in the hands of the latter. At length, however, endurance reached its extremest limit, the northern Catholics appealed to arms, and among those who were involved in the abortive attempt to seize Dublin castle and the persons of the lords justices, was Hugh MacMahon, the near kinsman of the subject of this memoir.

At the outbreak of the revolution, Father Heber exerted all his power and influence to restrain the licentiousness of the multitudes who flocked to the standard of Sir Phelim O'Neill and the other northern leaders, and such were his exertions in behalf of the Protestants, that many of them owed their lives and preservation of their property to his charitable interference. As soon, however, as the "rising" assumed the character of a general movement, he co-operated with archbishop O'Reilly and the other prelates who assembled at Kells, and finally at Kilkenny, to direct the people in laying the foundations of the confederacy. On all these occasions, the prelates and lay lords gave attentive ear to his suggestion, and regarded him as one whose wisdom was only equalled by his well-known courage. At length, when the confederacy was fully organized, and the prelates had resolved to fill those sees that were vacant, a memorial was forwarded to Rome, praying his holiness, Urban VIII., to promote MacMahon to the bishopric of Clogher, as no other could be found more deserving of such advancement, either by ancient descent or grand services rendered to the new government. The holy see granted the prayer of the petitioners, and MacMahon was consecrated at Drogheda, early in 1643, after having held the see of Down and Connor as *bishop-elect* for two years previously.

The motives that determined this selection were twofold —spiritual and temporal—for the holy see not only appreciated the services which MacMahon had rendered to religion, but set due value on his acknowledged influence with the people of his province, who recognised him as the representative of their ancient chieftains, and were nowise loath to follow him to the field, whenever he might find it impe-

rative to lay aside crook and mitre for sword and helmet. In fact, he was the fittest man for the dignity to which he was elevated, for, it is likely that no other could have been found at the time possessing so many attributes of a militant prelate. His first essay in that capacity was made a year before he received the bull appointing him to the see of Clogher, when he marched at the head of a strong detachment of troops, to congratulate his early friend, Owen O'Neill, on his arrival in Ireland, and tender to that brave general the aid of his sword whenever he might need it. Strange as such a proposition may appear to us, it could not shock or surprise O'Neill, who, doubtless, was aware that many Spanish and Italian prelates, and pope Julius II. especially, had dared death in the field, and he therefore accepted the chivalrous offer with a soldier's thankfulness.

But what O'Neill desired most at that juncture was the removal of his kinsman, Sir Phelim, from the command of the Ulster forces, and to have at his disposal large levies of stalwart youths who, when, disciplined after the Spanish fashion, were to be officered by those gallant and experienced men, who had seen service with him in many a campaign, and shared his laurels at Arras. 'Tis almost unnecessary to say, that Father Heber voted Owen Roe general-in-chief of the northern confederates, and spared no effort to procure recruits for that chieftain's standard, till he had the satisfaction of seeing him at the nead of a large and highly disciplined army. Such truly valuable services were fully recognised at Rome, where father Wadding, and others not less influential, commended them to the notice of the holy see; and we have glanced at them here in order to explain why it was that Rinuccini was instructed to make a confident of Heber, bishop of Clogher. The first meeting of these two personages took place in the castle of Kilkenny, immediately after the nunzio's arrival in that city, and then commenced that friendship and continuity of intercourse, which lasted through so many years of triumph and reverses. Indeed, one of the nunzio's earliest despatches shows that MacMahon realized his ideal of a true and energetic bishop; for when enumerating the many difficulties he had to encounter from the opposition of the older prelates, who made small account of "the splendour of religion, through fear of not being able to maintain it," he reports to the holy

see, that the *recently* consecrated bishop of Clogher was most anxious for the restoration of the splendour and publicity of ecclesiastical ceremonies; and that that personage, although guided by political precedents, afforded a marked contrast to the *old* bishops, who, having passed through the days of persecution, were constantly haunted by a dread that such times might come again. *They* lacked resolution and boldness, but in the person of MacMahon he found all that he could desire—a will conformable to his own, and a spirit of daring, that was always prepared to encounter the most formidable emergencies. With such an ally, Rinuccini flattered himself that he would be able to overrule the wide-spread feeling of opposition to his religio-political projects; and, indeed, there can be no doubt that he would have succeeded, had he been able to reconcile conflicting parties and interests, and unite all in opposition to the common enemy. He failed to accomplish this; and though representing the delegated majesty of Rome, his efforts to bring about a union of Irish politicians were utterly unavailing.

MacMahon, although occupying the place of a spiritual peer in the supreme council, was not advanced to the temporalities of his bishopric till after the battle of Benburb, when that victory gave the confederates a short-lived triumph in Ulster; but even then, he resided less frequently in his diocese than in the immediate vicinity of the nunzio and the camp of Owen O'Neill, who was entirely directed and influenced by his counsels. As might be expected, MacMahon subscribed the rejection of the peace of 1646, and took an active part in the congregation of the clergy at Waterford, where the bishops assumed the government, under the presidency of the nunzio, and committed the sad blunder of calling O'Neill's army from the pursuit of the Scotch puritans to support the new regime. Thenceforth he became, if possible, still more devoted to the nunzio, approved all his projects, and maintained that his policy and Owen O'Neill's sword were the sole means for rescuing Ireland from present and future oppression.

Acting on this conviction, he caused O'Neill to signify to the nunzio that the preponderating military power, which the victory of Benburb had secured for him, was entirely at his service, and that the Ulster forces were ready t march on Dublin whenever he might think fit to sanction

that enterprise. The reduction of the capital, we need hardly say, was one of Rinuccini's most cherished projects, and as MacMahon was well aware of this, he insisted that no time should be lost in making the attempt. The nunzio hesitated, not, indeed, through apprehension of failure, but rather from fear of giving umbrage to queen Henrietta Maria, then at Paris; and it was not till after several weeks of inaction he resolved to summon the metropolis to surrender.

In the beginning of autumn, 1646, O'Neill advanced with his Ulster men through the north of Leinster, and being joined by the forces under Preston, they pitched their camps at Leixlip and Newcastle, while the nunzio and MacMahon took up their quarters in the immediate vicinity, to hasten the operations of the two generals. Acting on the advice of Castlehaven, Ormond wasted the country all around before he retired into Dublin, and as the winter had set in with unusual severity, the confederates were but ill supplied with provisions. Worst of all, the old jealousies between Preston and O'Neill had broken out afresh; and to add to this complication of difficulties, Lord Clanricarde, a Catholic and hitherto neutral, appeared on the scene to tamper with Preston, whose hatred of O'Neill was only equalled by his want of firmness. Preston would not advance, and a rumour reached O'Neill's quarters that the former had concerted measures with Ormond for falling on his army in front and flank. O'Neill, therefore, had to take precautions against surprise, for he was led to believe that Preston meant to destroy him and his. As for the citizens of Dublin, they were terrified by the proximity of the nunzio's armies, and as they gazed, night after night, from the tower of Christ's-church on the numerous camp fires, that blazed along the north bank of the Liffey, from Castleknock to Lucan, they prayed God to deliver them from those wild Ulstermen, who boasted, however, unwarrantably, that *they* were the pope's chosen soldiers. Little, however, did the good burghers think that bickerings were rife in the confederate camps, and that the two armies which had come to seize the city, were more disposed to fly at each other's throats! In the midst of these dissensions, the nunzio felt himself bewildered, and apprehending that he must lose all chance of taking Dublin if he failed to unite the two generals, he went, accompanied by the bishop of

Clogher, to Preston's quarters, to effect a mutual understanding. The Leinster general behaved on this occasion with marked reserve, and though he had been urged to arrest the bishop of Clogher, he refused to do so. The conference, however, did not bring about the desired reconciliation; and much as the nunzio plumed himself on his courage in traversing the level country north of the city, "where a few straggling horsemen might have picked him up and carried him to lord Ormond," all his efforts went for nothing, so much so, that on a rumour of a parliamentary squadron having dropped anchor in the bay, O'Neill and Preston struck their tents, and retired hastily in the direction of Kilkenny.

After tarrying some days at Lucan, to examine articles of accommodation, which Clanricarde proposed on Ormond's behalf, the nunzio and the bishop of Clogher hastened to rejoin the confederate generals, in the hope of bringing them back to resume the siege of Dublin. This, however, they found utterly impracticable; and the only result of all their pleading was to induce O'Neill and Preston to subscribe a document, by which they bound themselves to be true to each other on all future occasions when the interests of the confederacy might require their combined action.

Having aided in effecting this temporary reconciliation, MacMahon retired to his diocese, and there passed the greater part of 1647, holding conferences of his clergy, administering confirmation, restoring churches, and zealously performing all the other functions of his episcopal office. At length, however, when news reached him that Preston had been defeated at Trim by Jones, to whom lord Ormond surrendered Dublin for a sum of thirteen thousand pounds, he wrote to Owen O'Neill to march with his army, and save Kilkenny from the parliamentary forces. The Ulster general gladly obeyed the summons, marched rapidly on Trim, occupied the ground where Preston had been so shamefully routed, and kept Jones's troops in check for fully four months. This bold manœuvre was, indeed, the the salvation of the confederates; for O'Neill's sudden appearance on the scene of the late disaster caused Jones to retire within the walls of Dublin, and abandon his design of reducing Kilkenny. MacMahon joined the Ulster general at Trim, and remained constantly in his camp till

summoned by the nunzio to Kilkenny, to take part in the momentous debates which at that period distracted the confederate councils.

At the close of 1647, the Ormondist faction resolved, if possible, to get rid of the nunzio and his adherents, and, in order to accomplish this, they gave out that the recent losses and wide-spread poverty from which the whole country was suffering could not be remedied, except by appealing to the pope, and other foreign potentates, for assistance in money and munitions. It was also suggested that the terms proposed by Ormond, in 1646, should be reconsidered and accepted, provided the guarantees for religion were amplified; and, finally, that deputations should be sent to the various Catholic courts, to represent the miserable condition of the confederates, and obtain whatever aids they might be disposed to advance. This, indeed, was an adroit ruse to get shut of Rinuccini's partisans, and, according to the programme, it was voted and carried in the assembly, that M'Mahon should proceed, with lord Muskerry and Doctor Brown, to the court of Queen Henrietta Maria at Paris. The bishop, however, saw through the scheme, and resolved to defeat it. He, therefore, besought the council to substitute some one in his place; "For," said he, "I am ignorant of the French and English languages. and the queen has conceived strong prejudices to me, as it has been told her that I took an active part in promoting this war, and rejecting the peace of 1646. Moreover, I have reason to think that I would be hazarding my life were I to undertake this mission; for Digby, the queen's secretary, and her special favourite, St. Germain, are my sworn enemies. Find some one else for this business; for nothing shall induce me to embark in it." This declaration surprised and confounded the Ormondists; and so indignant were Muskerry, Taaff, Preston, and others. that they waited on the mayor of Kilkenny, and charged him to have the bishop of Clogher placed under arrest for contumacy and breach of privilege. The mayor, however, instead of doing as they commanded, made the bishop an offer of his protection, alleging as his reason for doing so, that he did not feel himself bound to obey the order of the assembly in this instance. On hearing this, Preston left the city to assemble his troops that were encamped in the neighbourhood; detachments of the garrison were turned out to patrol the

streets, and the gates were closed to keep the bishop or any of his friends from communicating with O'Neill, whose tents were visible from the ramparts of the city. Next day, however, MacMahon took his place in the assembly; but such was the excitement provoked by his appearance, that he was forced to retire while the Ormondists were gravely discussing the legality of committing him to prison. That, indeed, was a serious question; and those who were for incarcerating him cited countless precedents, furnished by history and the statute book; but, as the bishops then present demurred to such special pleading, the Ormondists insisted that a written order should be sent to MacMahon, forbidding him to leave the city. The bishops, however, would not sanction this; and so strenuous was their opposition, that the assembly caused their written order to be cancelled, and commissioned their speaker to wait on MacMahon, and request him not to go beyond the walls. Irritated by this untoward proceeding, the nunzio insisted that the Ormondists had "violated ecclesiastical immunity," and were, consequently, bound to make reparation for their error, if they were not prepared to encounter the resentment of Owen O'Neill, who, in his camp at Maryborough, told the agent of the French court that he would never set foot in Kilkenny till ample apology had been made to the offended prelate, who was his especial friend and adviser. Alarmed at this, the assembly made the required atonement, and appointed the marquis of Antrim to be one of the deputation in lieu of the bishop of Clogher, whose presence in Ireland was indispensably necessary at that moment, when Rinuccini was about to resort to those extreme measures, for the enforcement of which he required the aid of the carnal weapon.

It is almost superfluous to say that the bishop of Clogher figured prominently in the council of prelates who rejected Inchiquin's truce, and from fourteen of whom Rinuccini procured a conditional power, to excommunicate all favourers of that overture, in conjunction with four specified bishops, or in case of their non-attendance, with four to be named by himself. Indeed, in this instance, MacMahon did nothing more than what might have been expected from one whose antecedents proved that he was devotedly attached to the nunzio throughout, and the more as the latter had always shown a decided preference for

Owen O'Neill and the Catholics of Ulster. Actuated by such sentiments, he aided the nunzio in effecting his escape from Kilkenny, and accompanied him to O'Neill's camp at Maryborough, where he tarried some time meditating what was best to be done at such a moment, and how he might be able to make his final exit from Ireland. Sad and perilous, indeed, was Rinuccini's sojourn with Owen Roe, for the forces which were then at his disposal could not cope with the united armies of Preston and Inchiquin, had they marched on Maryborough; but far more poignant than the apprehension he entertained of being surprised and utterly routed by his sworn enemies, was the intimation which Rinuccini gave him of his approaching departure from the kingdom. O'Neill implored him to abandon his intention, and MacMahon urged that the great body of the clergy, notwithstanding the political defection of eight bishops, and three-fourths of the entire population, still adhered to his cause. But all in vain, for Rinuccini clearly saw that no permanent benefit could come of his presence in Ireland, and that he was utterly powerless to bring about a union of the conflicting parties who were more intent on sacrificing each other than acting in concert for the common good. Full of this conviction he took leave of O'Neill, and proceeded to Athlone, where, on the refusal of the four authorised bishops to sanction his last and most daring measure, he summoned four others in their stead, and with their consent pronounced sentence of excommunication against the abettors of Inchiquin's truce, and laid all parts of the kingdom, where it would be accepted, under interdict. The bishop of Clogher subscribed the sentence, and had the gratification of learning soon afterwards, that two thousand of Preston's soldiers, terrified by the church's thunders, had deserted that general, and ranged themselves under O'Neill's standard. Elated by this momentary success, and exasperated by the Ormondists, who pronounced him guilty of high treason, O'Neill broke up his camp at Maryborough, and proceeded northwards, in order to reinforce his little army. On this expedition he was accompanied by the bishop of Clogher, and such was the enthusiasm of the Ulstermen for both chieftain and prelate, that O'Neill soon found himself at the head of ten thousand infantry and fifteen hundred horse, indifferently armed it is true, but

ready and willing to follow wherever their general might be disposed to lead them. With this contingent O'Neill and the bishop returned to Leinster, routed Preston, and then advanced by forced marches into the county Tipperary, where four thousand brave peasants enrolled themselves under the confederate banners, and solemnly pledged themselves to stand by the cause of the "old Irish" and the Church. Nenagh, Banagher, and other strong places on the Shannon were speedily in the power of O'Neill's troops, and in this brief but brilliant campaign, the nunzio tells us that the Ulster chieftain defeated seven generals who were opposed to him, and thus, for the fifth time, saved religion and Ireland from the enemies of both. Having accomplished all this, O'Neill and the bishop returned to the north, to protect the people of that province from the inroads of the parliamentarians.

Meanwhile, lord Ormond had resumed the government, and signified to the nunzio that he must quit the kingdom without further delay. The intimation was soon followed by that personage's departure for the shores of France, and O'Neill and his faithful adherent, the bishop of Clogher, were left to take whatever course they deemed best for the good of the country and their own preservation. Finding himself thus abandoned by his former friends, and driven to desperation by want of provisions and military supplies, O'Neill was constrained to accept the overtures of sir Charles Coote, who proposed to furnish him with a considerable quantity of powder and ball, on condition that he would march to the relief of Derry, then besieged by the Scotch, under lord Montgomery. O'Neill accepted the offer, marched against the Scotch, who fled across the Bann at his approach, and was splendidly entertained at Derry by Coote, who professed himself under lasting obligations to his deliverer. This unnatural alliance, which nothing but extreme necessity could justify, was not destined to last, for the English parliament rebuked Coote for treating with O'Neill, and the latter, disgusted with the hostility he experienced from those whom he had so generously relieved, resolved to break with them, and make a tender of his services to lord Ormond. During his short sojourn at Derry, O'Neill was seized with a mortal malady, occasioned, it was said, however unwarrantably, by poison, with which Coote caused his wine to be drugged, or, as others

would have it, by a pair of poisoned russet boots, sent him by one Plunket of Louth, and in this condition he had to be carried in a horse-litter to Cloughouter, the residence of his brother-in-law, colonel Philip O'Reilly. O'Neill's sufferings were painful, and, despite the science of the many physicians who strove to save him, he sank gradually—"his hair and nails falling off," and expired on the sixth of November, 1649. The bishop of Clogher never left the gallant patient's bedside during his protracted illness, but remained constantly there preparing him for the "doubtful transit," and receiving his last instructions for the maintenance of the Ulster army." Two days after the melancholy event, O'Reilly, the primate, Magennis, bishop of Down, and Heber, of Clogher, accompanied by all the kinsmen and officers of the deceased, followed his mortal remains to the Franciscan monastery of Cavan, and there committed them to a grave which, from that time to the present, has not had a single stone to distinguish it, and, doubtless, must remain so till the Irish people shall have learnt to worship the memory of their true heroes.

Being thus deprived of their general, the officers of the Ulster army resolved that no time should be lost in electing some one to fill his place, and they accordingly assembled for that purpose, at Belturbet, early in March, 1650. The meeting was held in the house of MacSweeny, bishop of Kilmore, who was named to preside on the momentous occasion. Among those present were the marquis of Antrim, sir Phelim O'Neill, Henry O'Neill, Con MacCormack O'Neill, lieutenant-general O'Farrell, Philip MacHugh O'Reilly, Heber, bishop of Clogher, the bishop of Down, and many other ecclesiastics. The O'Neills contended that the generalship belonged of right to them, and that it was hereditary in their family. O'Farrell, on the other hand, maintained that he, as lieutenant-general to Owen Roe, was entitled to the command; and the marquis of Antrim pressed his own claims, which he grounded on the intimacy that had so long subsisted between himself and Owen Roe, to whom he had rendered many signal services. The debate was protracted and stormy, and the assembly considering the danger that was likely to ensue, by electing any of the aforesaid even Henry, son of the deceased general, and the most deserving of all, resolved to put an end to further intrigue, by nominating Heber,

bishop of Clogher, to the vacancy. As matter of course, this selection could not please all parties, for some asserted that MacMahon was not equal to the requirements of the situation, and others, not having the fear of the consequences before their eyes, and affecting to be scandalized, did not shrink from asserting, that the combination of crook and sword was a thing which no true Catholic could stomach. Withal, as there was no remedy for this seeming incongruity, they resolved to follow wheresoever the bishop would lead them, for they knew that he was the depository of Owen O'Neill's confidence, and fully cognizant of the treaty which the latter had concluded with lord Ormond just one month before his decease.

Having now assumed the command, the bishop lost no time in mustering his troops, and being joined by detachments of Ulstermen, drafted from the garrison of Waterford, and several regiments which had seen service in Leinster and Connaught, under O'Cahan and other distinguished officers, he marched into the county Monaghan at the head of an army amounting to about 5.000 foot and 600 horse. The influence of MacMahon's name and lineage in his native province caused multitudes of young recruits to rally round his standard, and, in the course of a few months, he had the satisfaction of seeing his available force largely increased, and well-disciplined by O'Farrell, whose commission of lieutenant-general had been confirmed by the Belturbet council. Leaving that officer in temporary command, the bishop proceeded to Loghreagh, in order to take counsel with lords Ormond and Clanricarde, and procure for them such aids as were required for carrying on the war against sir Charles Coote, Venables, and other leaders who, notwithstanding the recent murder of king Charles I. and the proclaiming of his successor, still stood out in open rebellion to the king. Ormond received the bishop cordially, condoled with him on the death of O'Neill, in whose honour, he said, he always placed implicit trust; and, after congratulating him as successor to the deceased general, confirmed the appointment with a commission of the following tenor:—

"To our trusty and well-beloved bishop, *Ever MacMahon.*

"ORMOND.

"Whereas, upon the treaty with general Owen O'Neal,

deceased, it was, amongst other particulars, concluded and agreed upon, that in case of death or removal of him, such other general or commander-in-chief should be authorised by commission from us to command his Majesty's forces of the province of Ulster, natives of the kingdom, as should be by general consent of the gentry of that province elected and made choice of for the same. And, whereas, in a general meeting lately held by the gentry for that purpose, it was agreed upon, and so represented unto us, that you should exercise that command over the said forces. We, therefore, upon the consideration thereof, and of the care, judgment, valour, and experience in martial affairs, as also of the readiness and good affections of you, to do his majesty service, have nominated and appointed, and we do hereby nominate and appoint you, the said bishop, *Ever MacMahon*, to be general of all his Majesty's said forces, of horse and foot, of the province of Ulster, natives of the kingdom. Giving, &c., &c.

Having concerted with Ormond and Clanricarde the plan of the approaching campaign, and obtained from them assurance of plentiful supplies of field artillery, victuals, and ammunition, MacMahon returned to Monaghan, and placing himself at the head of his army, marched on Charlemont, where he and his chief officers published a manifesto, in which they invited the Scots to forget the animosities that had hitherto existed between them and the Irish, and to sink all distinctions of nation and *religion* for the sake of the royal interest and service. Many of the Scots were converted to royalism by this appeal, but the great majority of Coote's forces revolted at the idea of serving under the standard of a "popish bishop," no matter what side of the quarrel he chose to take, and therefore resolved to share the fortunes of their old leaders.

Seeing there was no hope of detaching the Scots from Coote and Venables, the bishop resolved to attack them in detail, and, if possible, prevent the juncture of their respective forces, as neither of them would have been able to fight him single-handed. With this object, he marched northwards along the Bann, stormed Dungiven, Ballycastle, and other places of no great importance, and finally crossed the Foyle, near Lifford, in order to maintain a communication, through Ballyshannon, with Connaught, whence he expected the supplies promised by Ormond and

Clanricarde. This, however, proved to be a disastrous manœuvre, for it enabled Venables to send Coote, who was then encamped at Skirfolas, in the neighbourhood of Letterkenny, a reinforcement of one thousand veteran soldiers, who had seen service under Munroe, from the commencement of the Irish war. On the twenty-first of June, 1650, the two armies were within an hour's march of each other; and as both were pretty equally matched, the bishop resolved to risk a battle, contrary to the advice of his most experienced officers, who insisted that he should hold a council of war, and abide by the decision of the majority. To this he submitted reluctantly, and while he and his chiefs were engaged discussing the momentous question, a woman of uncommon stature, gaunt, and dressed in white, forced her way into their midst, and quoted an old prophecy which foretold that the Irish were doomed to be overthrown on the banks of the Swilly. MacMahon, however, paid little heed to the crazed virago, and, perhaps, less to the unanswerable arguments of Henry Roe O'Neill, who urged, that instead of engaging the enemy on broken ground, where the Irish troops could not act with precision, it would be more prudent to wait till the former should be obliged, through want of provisions, to shift their quarters, when it would be easy to fall on them, and cut them up in detail. It was also urged, that the force at the bishop's disposal had been weakened by the absence of a large body, which he detached to seize Castle Doe; but all arguments were thrown away upon him, for he was obstinate as he was rashly brave. The other officers concurred with Henry O'Neill, and besought the bishop to act on their unanimous decision, but, far from doing so, he taunted them with cowardice, and more than hinted that they were over squeamish in shedding their own or the enemy's blood. Smarting under this rebuke, the chiefs summoned their men to arms, and demanded to be led against Coote. The attack of the Irish was impetuous, but, as Henry O'Neill had foretold, the rugged and stony nature of the ground would not suffer them to act in compact masses, and, notwithstanding all their chivalry, they were taken in flank and rear by Coote's forces, who, in the course of a few hours, routed them with slaughter. Eighteen captains of the O'Farrells were slain on the fatal field, and fifteen hundred of the common soldiers perished before the fire of Coote's

musketeers. Henry O'Neill, and many others of his name and kindred, were captured, and brought to Derry, where Coote had them summarily executed, after quarter given, and notwithstanding the heavy ransom which was offered for their lives. It was, indeed, a disastrous battle to the Irish—ill-advised as any could have been; and the long train of calamities which followed it was altogether attributable to the phlegmatic obstinacy of the prelate, whose only qualification for such a scene was animal courage. The army of Ulster, which had been so long the mainstay of the war, was thus entirely broken up, and the Cromwellians were left at liberty to parcel out the land among their adherents, who, doubtless, could not but be grateful to the rashness of Heber MacMahon.

As for him, he contrived to make his escape from the bloody field of Letterkenny, in company with lieutenant-general O'Farrell, and some squadrons of horse, riding day and night, without meat or drink, for twenty-four hours, till he and his jaded followers reached the neighbourhood of Enniskillen, where they were set upon by a detachment from the garrison. The bishop's escort offered what resistance they could, but were soon obliged to yield to superior force, and surrender at discretion. He himself was severely wounded in this last action, and so was O'Farrell; but less fortunate than the latter, who made his escape, MacMahon was carried prisoner to Enniskillen, and there committed to the common jail, to wait Coote's final sentence.

At that period, John King, afterwards raised to the peerage by Charles the Second, was governor of Enniskillen, and, it must be told to his honour, that he treated the captive bishop with singular humanity; for he not only visited him frequently, but was so charmed by his frank, soldier-like bearing, that he resolved, if possible, to save his life. Actuated by this generous impulse, he wrote to Coote that it would be disgraceful to trample on a fallen enemy, or shed the blood of a man whose followers were crushed and scattered, and could no longer bear arms against the parliament forces. This representation, however, was useless, for Coote replied, that MacMahon must be hanged forthwith. The despatch that brought this order enclosed the death-warrant; and on perusing it, King thought he detected some legal informality, which justified him in postponing execution till he had made a last appeal for the pri-

soner's life. He, accordingly, wrote again to Coote, beseeching him to revoke or commute the sentence; but all in vain, for he received an angry reply, rebuking him for remissness, and charging him to lose no time in consigning the "popish bishop" to the gallows. King was sorely grieved at being obliged to communicate this sad intelligence; and when the bishop signified that he needed some priest to prepare him for his doom, he found no difficulty in obtaining that favour. King took leave of him, and rode away from Enniskillen, that he might not witness the revolting death of a man whom he had learnt to esteem.

The close of MacMahon's career was such as might have been expected from one, a goodly portion of whose life had been divided between the church and the camp; and much as the Cromwellian troopers admired his undaunted resolution, they never were so deeply impressed by it as on that July evening when they escorted him to the ancient castle of Enniskillen—the place appointed for his execution. Marching some paces in advance of the musketeers, his bearing was calm, dignified, and martial, so much so, that a casual wayfarer might have mistaken him for the officer in command, were it not for the presence of an ecclesiastic, with whom he conversed in tones inaudible to every one else, and a small gold crucifix that he kept constantly moving between his lips and eyes. On reaching the scaffold he knelt and prayed in silence for a while, and then, turning to the troops who kept the ground, told them that he thanked God for having given him that opportunity of laying down his life in the cause of religion, king, and country. MacMahon's soul had scarcely gone to its account, when the executioner, in compliance with the barbarous usage of the times, flung the corse to the ground, hacked off the head, and spiked it on the tower of the castle, where it remained till birds of prey, rain, storm, and time destroyed every vestige of the ghastly trophy. The mutilated trunk, however, had a happier fate, for major-general King allowed some sympathising Catholics to convey it to Devenish island, where it waits the resurrection, under the shadow of St. Laserian's oratory.

THE END.